Jan. 10, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Brownsville Raid—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—Milo O'Shea and the rest of a fine cast directed by Mike Nichols act out the philosophical (and political) implications of comedy, as seen by the playwright, Trevor Griffiths. A serious and funny play. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land—A pair of short comedies by Tom Stoppard, imported from London. Francis Bethencourt, Cecilia Hart, and Remak Ramsey are among those in the cast. Directed by Ed Berman. Previews through Monday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but these days all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ipi-Tombi—An all-black musical that originated in South Africa and has been playing in London and other cities. Conceived and directed by Bertha Egnos. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 11. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Cleavon Little heads the cast in a musical (based on the Old Testament story) with a book, music, and lyrics by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, imported from London. Directed by Frank Dunlop. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams is a specialist in castaways, and he has brought an admirable assortment of them together in this play. With Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A superb and, for once, complete operatic version of Gershwin's masterpiece. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent

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CHARLES F FROST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SLY FOX—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW—Molly Picon and Hans Conried in a soppy sitcom about old folks in love. The author is Henry Denker. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—A play by John Bishop, with John Cullum in the leading role. Directed by Terry Schreiber. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 5, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 6.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion, and a good way to pitch headlong into 1977. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,953 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Moves on Wednesday, Jan. 12, to the Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St., 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Freddie Trenkler. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 23. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule (and *really* tentative, because of labor negotiations)—Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "La Sonnambula," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Chansons Madécasses," "Saltarelli," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 9, at 1: "La Source," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7: "Saltarelli," "Chansons Madécasses," "Agon," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Chaconne," "The Cage," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "The Concert."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Saltarelli," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Chansons Madécasses," "Hommage à Bournonville" (première), and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "La Sonnambula," "Saltarelli," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Jan. 5, and will end on Sunday, Jan. 30. "Coppélia" will be presented through Sunday, Jan. 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MARION RICE'S DENISHAWN DANCERS—Two benefit performances of Denishawn dances, introduced by Carolyn Brown. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8. For information about tickets, call 777-1594.)

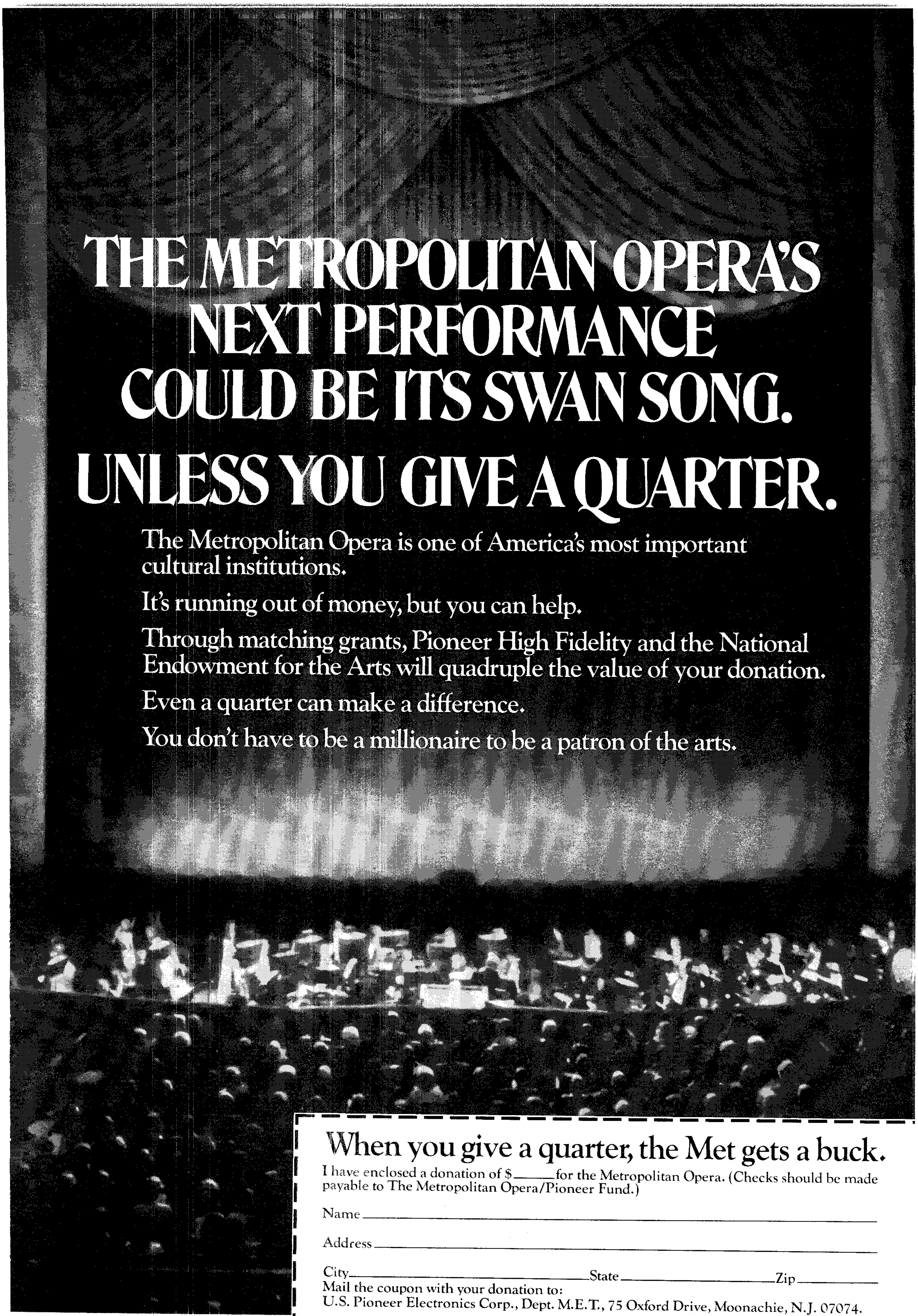
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer **RASHIED ALI**, and his wife, Patricia. Tenor saxophonist Frank Wright heads up a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 8; Ali himself, along with his quintet, will provide the music beginning Tuesday, Jan. 11. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, outthere jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter **DANNY**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOORE and his quintet will be here Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8; Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 9-11, **ROLAND PRINCE**, a fine young guitarist, will lead *his* quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer Vicki Sue Robinson performs opposite Michael Henderson and his band Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 5.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine bop sideman and composer for years, is at the piano with bass accompaniment through Saturday, Jan. 8. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Gershwin, Porter, Coward, et al. are here in spirit; **BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, are in the Café Carlyle in the flesh through Saturday, Jan. 8. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, singer **TEDDI KING** will begin subbing for Short and company, who will be taking a two-month-plus leave. The first set begins at ten. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar, and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. A spirited blues quintet from Brooklyn, the Rice Miller Band, is present on Wednesday, Jan. 5. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, Talking Heads will perform its offbeat, repetitive, harpsichord-like harmonies, its simple, limited rhythms, and its near-falsetto, chantlike, oops!-I-just-stubbed-my-toe vocals. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who has been living in Europe for some thirty years, is paying a rare visit to the city. He's keeping busy at the keyboard weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, pianist Ralph Sutton, who was discovered in the mid-thirties by Jack Teagarden at the Kirksville State Teachers' College prom and who later became the intermission pianist at the old Condon's, will sit in with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 9, saxophonists **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** will co-pilot a quintet from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Sunday, Jan. 9, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** leads a trio from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-five-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

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HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—On Thursday, Jan. 6, pianist **BILL EVANS**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND** will arrive for a nine-night stint. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays and Wednesday, Jan. 5.

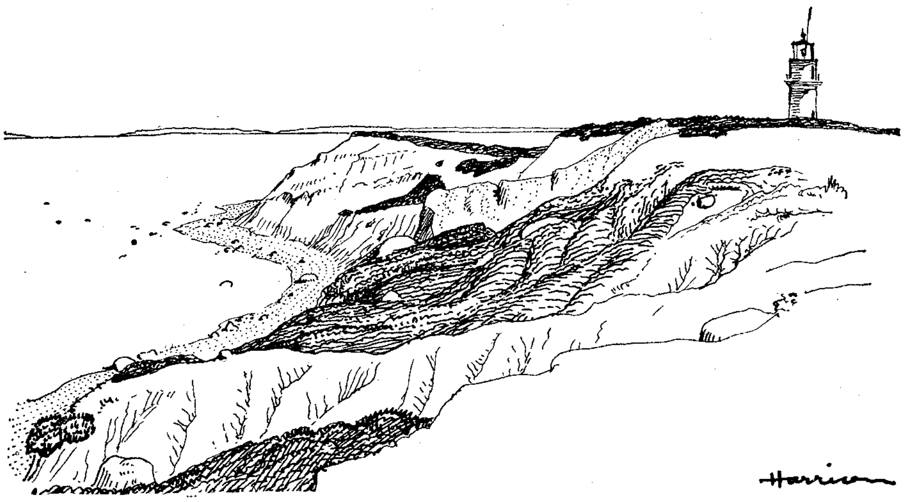
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** has rounded up bassist **MILT HINTON**, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN**, saxophonist **BOB WILBER**, and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** to serve as his quintet here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Miroslav Vitous, jazz-rock bassist and now guitarist, too, will come in with his band Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 6-9. On Wednesday, Jan. 12, **NAT ADDERLEY**, an earthy cornettist and raconteur, will arrive with a fine rhythm-and-blues-flavored jazz quartet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.



RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Oscar Brown, Jr., tall, dashing, and theatrical, does a variety of jazz-based standards and originals through Saturday, Jan. 8; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 9-10, singer Jane Olivor claims the stage; and on Tuesday, Jan. 11, David Forman, a young, raspy-voiced, derivative (sometimes he sounds like Randy Newman, other times like an R.-&-B. falsetto) singer and composer, will start performing his tunes with his band. Shows at nine and midnight. Thursdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, seemingly fragile, direct voice. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta, whose playing is sometimes eclipsed by his stalwart sidemen, will work Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8. Basie alumni **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will head up a combo beginning Monday, Jan. 10. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, malletmen David Friedman (on vibraharp) and David Samuels (on marimba) hold sessions; and pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Taksim, a Middle Eastern jazz group, will perform; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** will inspire his young cool-jazz quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Four fine young musicians—pianist **MIKE ABENE**, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, guitarist **MIKE GARY**, and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG**—team up through Sunday, Jan. 9. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, **RON CARTER** will bring along his current quartet, which comprises pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**. Carter has lately taken up the piccolo bass, which produces a considerably less full and (for some listeners) a less satisfying sound than his usual double bass. The hours are from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, the broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young Boston quintet that stormed this place last fall, is back. Shows Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, **DICK GREGORY** will trade sets with the **DIZZY GILLESPIE** quintet; the following Friday and Saturday (Jan. 14-15), Gregory will alternate with **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK** and his quintet. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**ART BLAKEY** and his latest crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will perform Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** will bring in his fiery quartet. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 5, and Sunday, Jan. 9.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **Jo Jones** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays are given over to George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet that usually includes ex-Basie-ites **Earle Warren**, Paul Quinichette, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bay City Rollers—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, Hubert Laws, and **Earl Klugh**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The third in a series of four concerts, this one performed by the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Interludes—The first offering in the winter/spring series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **Tommy Tune** on Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 5:45.

Bob Greene's World of Jelly Roll Morton—With Eubie Blake, Cathy Chamberlain, and Bill Russell. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors of his favorite subjects—labyrinthine walled cities and towering racing yachts—drawn with his characteristic crackling line and enlivened with his geometric planes of pure color. Through Jan. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Léon Hartl (1889-1973)—A small retrospective of this lyrical artist's delicate, painstaking paintings and drawings of interiors, flower arrangements, cityscapes, and sylvan parks. Through Thursday, Jan. 13. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Two cement-mold sculptures—up to ten feet in length and placed along the floor—patterned after lava-rock formations. Through Feb. 4. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Small sculptures, mostly in bronze or terra-cotta, and all in what might be called the vernacular style: a woman shaking out a rug, for instance, or stretched out on a sofa in a luxurious yawn, or with a child sprawled all over her lap. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Nickle—Collages of found paper; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Vincent Smith—Canvases of oil, sand, and collage based on the African landscape, and watercolor illustrations for a book of African folktales. Through Jan. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Wells—Formal carvings, in Carrara and black marble, travertine, and wood, mostly of female heads and torsos, plus quick figure studies in pencil and watercolor portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Aztec Stone Sculpture—Long since deprived of a society that believed in them, these squat, brooding deities are now biding their time, waiting for another turn in the wheel of fortune. There are seventy-seven carvings in all, some of them merely decorative and not especially religious. Through Jan. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **Gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Asger Jorn, Jan Müller, Giorgio Cavallon, and Emerson Woelffer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **Knoedler**, 19 E. 70th St.: A show devoted to the early paintings of Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and Frank Stella. Through Thursday, Jan. 13. . . . **Nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Abstract paintings in precise, orderly patterns that seem to pulse with warm color. A twenty-year span of work is represented here. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Joseph Binder (1898-1972)—A small retrospective of clean-cut, bright-colored posters, as simplified as an arrow, in form and message, by this Viennese-born master of the craft, plus some of his abstract paintings and pastels. Through Friday, Jan. 14. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Thursday, Jan. 6, and Saturday, Jan. 8.)

Paul Cadmus—On one large, crowded canvas, roughly eight feet long, entitled "Subway Symphony," which is the centerpiece of this show, the artist manages to incorporate all seven of the more familiar deadly sins and add a few of his own; to give you an idea, in the left foreground a hardhat wearing a Nixon button glowers at a black man who has his arms around a provocative blonde. Preparatory drawings and individual personifications of the seven big sins are also on exhibit. Through Jan. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract drawings, done in pencil on paper prepared with an acrylic background. Through Friday, Jan. 7. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract mixed mediums on paper. Through Jan. 29. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence McCabe / Joseph Fiore—Abstract metal and wood sculptures, some of them painted. / Realist landscape paintings. Through Jan. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Landscapes of New England in all seasons. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: All the works in this exhibit were done ten years ago by gallery regulars Jack Beal, Peter Saul, H. C. Westermann, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.) . . . **Heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Kinetic sculptures, Optical paintings, and graphics by a group that includes Victor Vasarely and Jesús Rafael Soto. Through Jan. 29. . . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Among the nice surprises that follow one after another in this show of European masters—Matisse, Klee, Magritte, Malevich, and so on—are a couple of tender watercolors of flowers (a chrysanthemum and an amaryllis) by Mondrian before he went all squares. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings. Through Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Tina Girouard—These decorative abstract works on paper come in sets, each set consisting of four drawings worked out with four stencils using four colors, by an artist-dancer who has made four-ness of this sort a big thing in her painting career. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Dale Henry—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Jackie Ferrara—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarskjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—Drawings, prints, and works in mixed mediums by three Latin-American artists: Jafet Heisler, Liliana Porter, and Luis Camnitzer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan / Aaron Siskind—Recent photographs of beach scenes, along with 8 x 10

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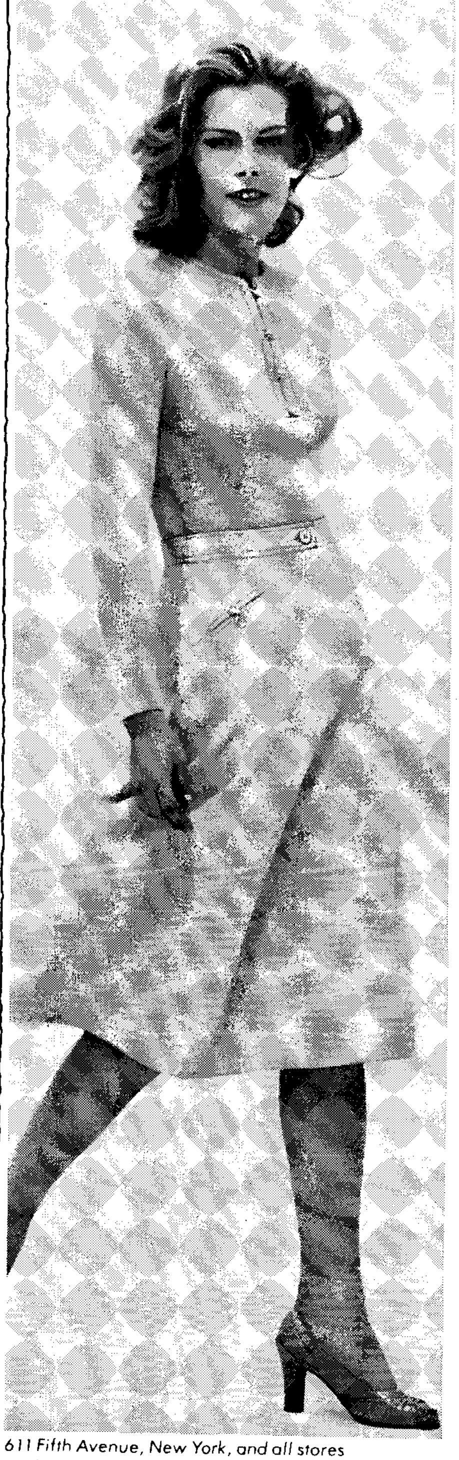

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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snapshots of his family, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Eighty prints made from 1966 to 1975. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Christenberry—Small-format color pictures of architecture and grave sites in deepest Alabama, taken with a Brownie camera, plus three-dimensional wood-and-plaster models of some of the subjects, plus further photographs of the *models*. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Janie Eisenberg—Forty photographs, half of them devoted to New York City bigwigs—Felix Rohatyn, Patrick Cunningham, Mayor Beame—and the other half to non-bigwigs. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Crossroads at Chess City, 2639 Broadway, at 100th St. Daily, noon to midnight.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Consuelo Kanaga—A retrospective made up of photographs that date from 1924 to 1974 and that include studies of Southern blacks in the thirties and forties. Through Feb. 6. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

Lucas Samaras—Small, tricked-up color photographs of the artist, usually shown in the nude striking dramatic poses, and one large abstract tapestry, built up like a quilt. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Cole Weston / Ilse Bing—Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties, plus recent color photographs, by the youngest son of Edward Weston. / Photographs of Paris in the thirties and other works by a German-born photographer. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Jan. 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 31, when the moth threat is over. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Maurice Prendergast from his Boston Public Garden sketchbook and from other sources. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty photographs make up a retrospective of the works of Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 8. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Light Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Jan. 16.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition that includes samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—One work from the sixties plus a recent work by each of six artists (Held, Kelly, Martin, Noland, Poons, and Stella) who are closely identified with hard-edge abstraction. Through Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The new quarters for the museum's collection of African objects are now open on the first floor. . . . ¶ The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of photographs by Consuelo Kanaga. Through Feb. 6. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Kanaga show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Books as Troublemakers": close to two hundred volumes that have been successful in raising general hell—starting revolutions, assassinating characters, and all the rest. John Cleland, Charles Darwin, Adolf Hitler, Margaret Sanger, Walt Whitman are some of the authors. Through Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 13.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ "The Dutch Republic in the Days of John Adams," a loan show of paintings, furniture (including two room settings), maps, and other items that illustrate eighteenth-century Holland. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Figurative paintings and drawings by Murray DePillars. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Sculptures (bronze and glass) by Geraldine McCullough. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

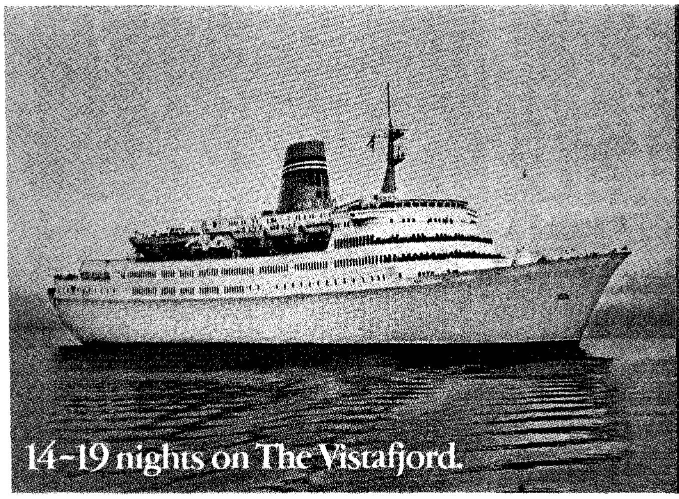
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

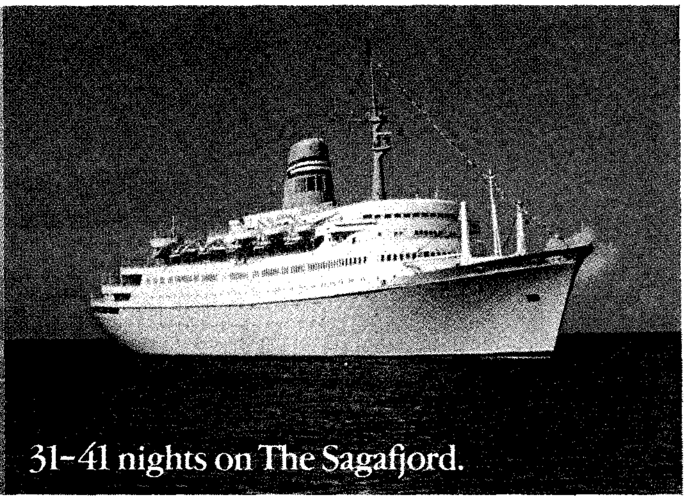
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Edita Gruberova, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Allan Monk, and Ragnar Ulfung; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Ryan Edwards, and John Macurdy; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Edita Gruberova, Kenneth Riegel, Theodor Uppman, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 10: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Cynthia Munzer, Stuart Burrows, William Walker, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Ryan Edwards, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Cynthia Munzer, Stuart Burrows, William Walker, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita

No matter how much time you've got, we've got a great place to stay in Europe.



14–19 nights on The Vistafjord.



31–41 nights on The Sagafjord.

Cruising on the Vistafjord and the Sagafjord offers you the best possible way to see Europe. Because you sail right up to your destinations in a fabulous floating hotel. No constant unpacking. No missed reservations.

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The service is also superior, because there's one crew member for every two passengers. And the crew is all European, and all trained by us. (We've had over 65 years' experience.)

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And all the ports include one of the most exciting places in the world. The Vistafjord.

Fjords and Baltic	Jun. 2	17 Nights
North Cape	Jun. 16	17 Nights
Spitzbergen/North Cape	Jun. 28	19 Nights
Iceland/Spitzbergen/ North Cape	Jul. 16	22 Nights
Baltic	Aug. 4	17 Nights
Fjords and Baltic	Aug. 17	19 Nights
Black Sea	Sept. 8	17 Nights
Egypt/Near East	Sept. 22	17 Nights

As enjoyable as a Vistafjord cruise is, The Sagafjord offers more. More ports in Europe. And more time to enjoy the luxuries of cruising, as you cross the Atlantic, from New York or Port Everglades.

And since you spend more time at sea, it's even a little roomier. (It was built under Norwegian registry, and is large enough to carry twice the number of people we built it for.)

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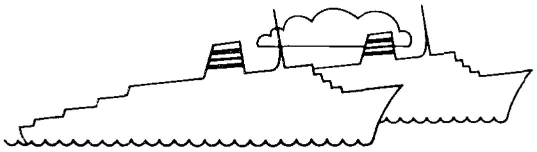
Spring Mediterranean and Egypt	Apr. 16	41 Nights
Scandinavia, Baltic and Eastern Europe	May 28	32 Nights
North Cape, Fjordlands and Northern Europe	Jun. 30	33 Nights
European Vacation Cruise	Aug. 2	31 Nights
Fall Mediterranean and Adriatic	Sept. 3	38 Nights



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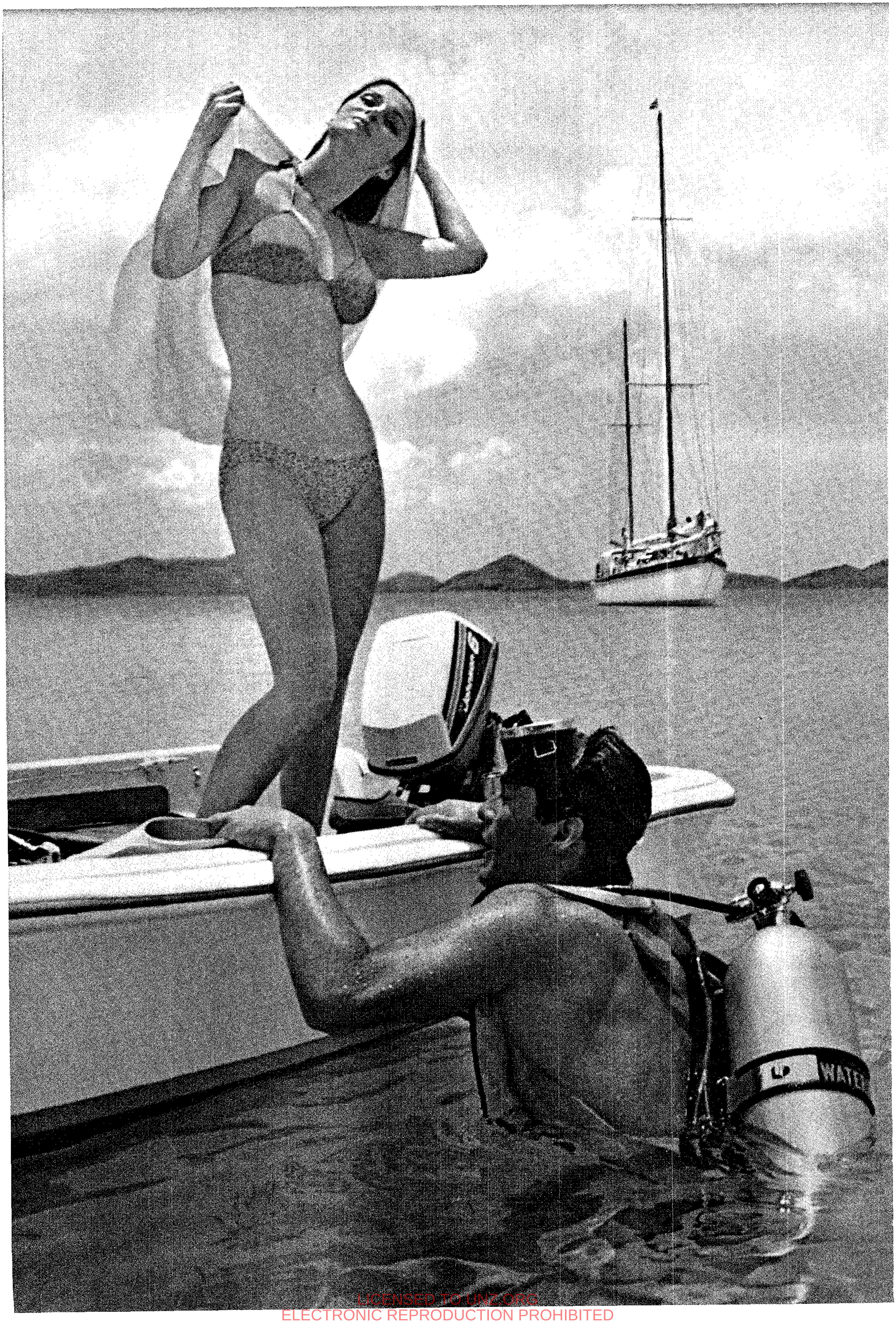

WATE

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In sunlight. Yachting and swimming and skin-diving. In water so clear you can almost see China. Golfing and tennis and deep-sea fishing. Sightseeing through old sugar plantations and flower-covered forts and hideouts of pirates. Shopping down alleyways through old Danish warehouses.

In moonlight. Place-hopping and people-meeting. Biting a lobster and sipping a wine. Finding a jazzy little jazzspot by the sea. Dancing in the cool of emerald hills and cooling it with Virgin Islands rum.

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United States Virgin Islands

St. Croix · St. John · St. Thomas

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Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, and Nico Castel; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Ryan Edwards, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Salome," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Barbro Ericson, Robert Nagy, Guillermo Sarabia, Frank Little, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

The Plays of Daniel and Herod—Performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas. The cast includes Lee Richardson, narrator; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Ray DeVoll, tenor; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Judith Davidoff, vielle; Frederick Renz, harpsichord; and the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration. "The Play of Daniel": Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Play of Herod": Saturday, Jan. 15, at 5:30. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For information about tickets, call 678-6886.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," in English. Staged by David Drisin, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repertory Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 733-2100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—James Levine conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Francesco Cavalli's opera "Giasone" in concert form, with Susan von Reichenbach and Susan Davenny Wyner, sopranos; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; John Angelo Messana, countertenor; Robert White, tenor; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the United States première of Smetana's "Dalibor" in concert form, with Teresa Kubiak and Gabriela Benackova, sopranos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program entitled "Music of Vienna—The Historical 20th Century," with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Concert Royal—Seven instrumentalists in a program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber Music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.) Tickets for either concert at the door on the night of the performance.

Karen Shaw—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, in the second in a series of three programs of vocal chamber music, this one with Gilbert Kalish, piano; Susan Jolles, harp; George Mgrdichian, oud; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 5:45.)

Festival of Winds—The second in a series of four concerts, this one a program of brass music of the seventeenth century performed by the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

William Grubb—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—With Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of three Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute and violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Nina Tichman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

Paula Robison and Kenneth Cooper—Flute and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program called "Masterworks of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries," with Jeffrey Gall, countertenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"The World Is a Beautiful Place . . ."—A program of music and poetry conceived and composed by pianist Gerald Ginsburg, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano; Rose Taylor, contralto; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Ronald Hedlund, baritone; and the New York City Opera Children's Chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Osipov Balalaika Orchestra—Victor Dubrovsky conducting. A company of seventy-five, including dancers and singers of the Bolshoi, Kirov, and Kiev Theatres. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 15.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 8, and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 15.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 6.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Front."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 6: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings" and "Janis."
From Jan. 7: "Two-Minute Warning" and "Family Plot."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 11: "Carrie."
From Jan. 12: "Seven Beauties."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rocky."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Voyage of the Damned."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pink Telephone."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Enforcer."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 11: "In Search of Noah's Ark."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rocky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Nickelodeon."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Nickelodeon."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silver Streak."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 6: "Seven Beauties."
From Jan. 7: "Two-Minute Warning."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Enforcer."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"King Kong."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Voyage of the Damned."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rocky."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Monkey Hustle."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Pipe Dreams."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 11: "The Enforcer."
From Jan. 12: "Small Change."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Marathon Man."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Pink Panther Strikes Again."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Thief of Paris."
Theatre 2: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Theatre 3: "Edvard Munch."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 6: "The Starlets" (X-rated). From Jan. 7: Two X-rated films by Russ Meyer—"Up" and "Supervixens."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Across the Great Divide."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Jan. 12: "The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."
From Jan. 13: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Shaggy D.A."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 11: "Norman . . . Is That You?" and "Logan's Run."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Mikey and Nicky."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 6: "Across the Great Divide."
Jan. 7-11: To be announced.
From Jan. 12: "Small Change."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Enforcer."
Theatre 2: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
Theatre 3: "Marathon Man."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Front."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 11: "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" and "Delusions of Grandeur."
From Jan. 12: "Le Chat" and "Male of the Century."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"In Search of Noah's Ark."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 5: "Quality Street" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, and Cora Witherspoon; and "The Little Minister" (1934), directed by Richard Wallace, with Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Donald Crisp.
Jan. 6: "The Go-Between" (1971), directed by Joseph Losey, with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Hireling" (1973), directed by Alan Bridges, with Robert Shaw and Sarah Miles.
Jan. 7: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk (X-rated).
Jan. 8: "Heat" (†) and "Lonesome Cowboys." (†)
Jan. 9: "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Plisetskaya Dances." (†)
Jan. 10: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, and Marjorie Weaver.
Jan. 11: "The Brig" (†) and "The War Game." (†)
Jan. 12: "A Brief Vacation" (†); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
Jan. 13: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†) and "Tout Va Bien." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 5: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
Jan. 6: "Mourning Becomes Electra" (1947), directed by Dudley Nichols, with Rosalind Russell and Michael Redgrave.
Jan. 7: "Red Dust" (†) and "Mogambo." (†)
Jan. 8: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk (X-rated).
Jan. 9: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "The Abdication." (†)
Jan. 10: "French Provincial" (†); and "Une Simple Histoire" (1958), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun.
Jan. 11: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†) and "The Three Musketeers." (†)
Jan. 12: "The Talk of the Town" (†) and "Once Upon a Time." (†)
Jan. 13: "The Long Voyage Home" (†) and "Summer Holiday." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 5: "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould; and "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings.
Jan. 6: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
Jan. 7: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976), directed by Lewis John Carlino, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson; and "Don't Look Now." (†)
Jan. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).
From Jan. 9: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 8: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.
Jan. 9-10: "Travels with My Aunt" (1972), directed by George Cukor, with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.
Jan. 11-12: "Heller in Pink Tights." (†)
From Jan. 13: "Adam's Rib" (1949), di-

rected by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne; and "A *Bill of Divorcement*" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Jan. 5: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "Soldier Blue" (1970), directed by Ralph Nelson, with Candice Bergen, Peter Strauss, and Donald Pleasence.

Jan. 6-8: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

Jan. 9-10: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (†) and "Charly." (†)

Jan. 11-12: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

From Jan. 13: "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "Start the Revolution Without Me." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Jan. 6: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.

Jan. 7-8: "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush; and "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry.

Jan. 9-10: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Jan. 11: "The Hustler" (†) and "Hud." (†)

Jan. 12-13: "Our Modern Maidens" (†) and "A Woman's Face." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 6 at 2:30: "Road to Rio" (1947), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: A program of six Japanese animated films, 1924-30, by Zenjiro Yamamoto, Yasuji Murata, and Kenji Masaoka. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8:30: A program of seven Japanese animated films, 1930-56, by Noburo Ofuji, Kosei Seo, and Wagoro Arai. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: Thirteen Japanese *animated films, 1924-56. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: "Road* to Rio.". . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "The Three Caballeros" (1945), a Walt Disney live-action and animated musical film. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: Six Japanese animated films, 1924-30. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5: Seven Japanese animated films, 1930-56. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: "Movie Crazy" (1932), directed by Clyde Bruckman, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "The Three Caballeros.". . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 5: "Fine Manners" (1926), directed by Richard Rosson, with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien; and "Kiki" (1926), directed by Clarence Brown, with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman, part of Reel 2 missing. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "Mauvaise Graine" (1934), in French, directed by Billy Wilder, with Pierre Mingand and Danielle Darrieux; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8:30: "The Passion According to Berenice" (1976), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Jaime Humberto Hermosillo, with Martha Navarro, Pedro Armendariz, Jr., and Emma Roldan; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 9: "Railroad Turnbridge" (1976), directed by Richard Serra; "Standard Time" (1967), directed by Michael Snow; and "Barn Rushes" (1971), directed by Larry Gottheim. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 11: A program of four films examining architectural structures and construction. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jordan, Frampton, *Griffith, Vanderbeek, Eisenstein, Hill,* Kubelka, Keaton, Landow, and others. Showings Jan. 5 at 7 and 9; Jan. 6 at 8; Jan. 7 at 8 and 10; Jan. 8 at 2:30, 8, and 10; Jan. 9 at 8; and Jan. 11-13 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 6-9: "Chulas Fronteras" (1976), directed by Les Blank, and "The Life and Death of Frida Kahlo" (1976), directed by Karen and David Crommie; both films in Spanish and English, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 13: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Abdication (1974)—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

Across the Great Divide—An adventure film, with Robert Logan and George Flower. Directed by Stuart Raffill. (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 6.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Coronet.)

A Brief Vacation (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 12.)

The Brig (1966)—The play by Ken Brown, performed by the Living Theatre group and filmed by Jonas Mekas. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Gramercy; through Jan. 11.)

Charly (1968)—Mawkish, commercially successful story about a retarded adult (Cliff Robertson) whose teacher (Claire Bloom) helps him get brain surgery. He becomes a genius, but only temporarily. Ralph Nelson directed, like Charly before the brain surgery. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 9-10.)

Le Chat (1971)—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Thalia; starting Jan. 12.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Delusions of Grandeur (1971)—With Yves Montand and Louis de Funès, directed by Gérard Cury. In French. (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Elgin; Jan. 7.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Quad Cinema.)

The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood playing Inspector Harry Callahan, for the third time. Directed by James Fargo. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 11.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 7.)

French Provincial—A gifted young romantic wit, André Téchiné, has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The story spans several decades, contrasting the lives of two brides—Jeanne Moreau, as Berthe the no-nonsense seamstress, and Marie-France Pisier, as Régina the rapacious bourgeois dreamer—who are both too much for their husbands. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences, but this rich impasto is essentially new. It's a marvellous film, even though in ordinary terms (such as telling a coherent story) it isn't very good. In French. (3/1/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Art, and New Yorker.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson

McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Jan. 9-10.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8.)

Heller in Pink Tights (1960)—Sophia Loren, as a blond international actress, tours the Far West with Anthony Quinn's theatrical troupe, in George Cukor's only Western. The best parts are the theatrical performances of "Mazeppa" and "La Belle Hélène," and some interchanges between Margaret O'Brien and Eileen Heckart, who play a stage mother-and-daughter team. The film is handsomely made, but the material is flat in an inoffensive sort of way, and Cukor dawdles; the final edit was not his, and he's unhappy with it. Adapted from a Louis L'Amour novel by Dudley Nichols and Walter Bernstein. With Ramon Novarro, Edmund Lowe, and Steve Forrest. Hoyningen-Huene was the color consultant. (Regency; Jan. 11-12.)

Hud (1963)—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the Hemingway type of story frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters. Here, it is set in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Eddie Felson; Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats; Piper Laurie is Eddie's girl; and George C. Scott his evil manager. Robert Rossen directed this fine movie, which is marred, however, by too conscious an effort at pungent dialogue and some rather murky notions of perversion and corruption. But it's a strong movie, and Newman is at his best. With Murray Hamilton and Myron McCormick, who is stuck with the worst pseudo-Odets role. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

In Search of Noah's Ark—With Brad Crandall, directed by James L. Conway. (Olympia. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 11.)

Janis (1975)—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Quad Cinema.)

King Kong—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s, script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Playboy; through Jan. 11.)

Lonesome Cowboys (1969)—Various forms of casual molestation—and some comedy—in the Southwest. Andy Warhol directed and photographed. With Viva, Joe Dallesandro, and Taylor Mead. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—One of the finest of all the movies that deal with life at sea, and one of the most successful of all attempts to put Eugene O'Neill on film—perhaps because the director, John Ford, and the adapter, Dudley Nichols, were so free in their approach to O'Neill's material. The young Mildred Natwick has a memorable scene in a café with John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald's return to the ship is a truly great moment. Gregg Toland did the cinematography (which includes some early experiments in deep focus); with Thomas Mitchell, Wilfrid Lawson, Ward Bond, John Qualen, and Joe Sawyer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13.)

Lumière—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. In French. (12/20/76) (Beekman.)

Male of the Century—Directed by Claude Berri (who made "Marry Me! Marry Me!" and "The Two of Us") with characteristic good humor and drollness. The hero—played by Berri himself, sporting a heavy black mustache like a Victorian bather's—is a male chauvinist in a small-scale trouser-selling business. His truck proudly bears the slogan "The Pants King," and he treats his wife (Juliet Berto) with the same airy sovereignty. When she is kidnapped in a bank holdup, his chief worry is that one of the gangsters is going to make love to his beautiful piece of property. A charming, anecdotal film, full of wry sagacity. In French. (6/21/76) (Thalia; starting Jan. 12.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Mikey and Nicky—With Peter Falk and John Cassavetes, directed by Elaine May. (Little Carnegie.)

Mogambo (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife ("Red Dust" was faster and funnier), but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. With Donald Sinden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

The Monkey Hustle—With Yaphet Kotto and Ruby Ray Moore, directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

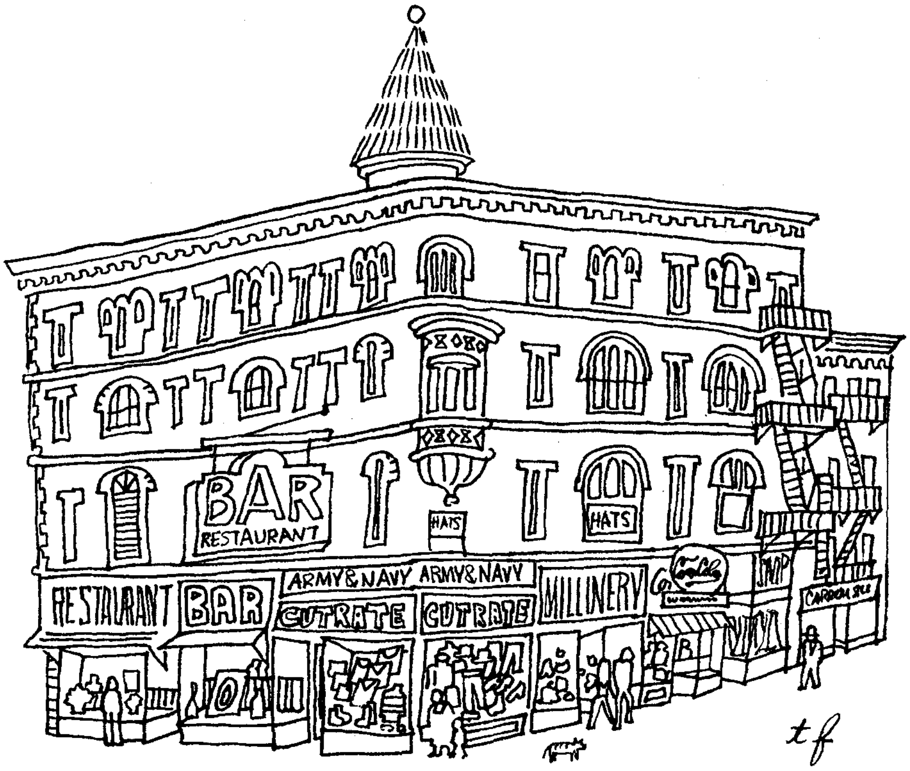
Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Nickelodeon—With Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith; directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (Playboy; through Jan. 11.)

Once Upon a Time (1944)—Cary Grant is trying to sell the world on the show-biz possibilities of a dancing caterpillar. It changes into a butterfly at the end, but changing into a butterfly at the end is what the comedy itself doesn't do. Directed by Alexander Hall. Janet Blair is the mother of the little boy who finds the possible-star-overnight caterpillar. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

Our Modern Maidens (1929)—The big-eyed, energetic young Joan Crawford as a jazz-age maiden. She and her friends give expensive parties where now and then someone jumps on a piano, sings a song, makes a speech, or does an imitation. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Crawford's young husband, Rod La Rocque as the older man of the world who



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complicates her life, Anita Page as the girl who complicates Fairbanks' life, and Edward Nugent and Josephine Dunn. One of the "shocking-youth" pictures the audiences flocked to; the surprise in this one is that Crawford leaves her husband and winds up with LaRocque. Jack Conway directed; a silent, though some prints had a musical score and sound effects. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12-13.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—The fourth in the series, with Peter Sellers as Chief Inspector Clouseau (he's had a promotion) and Herbert Lom as former Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Blake Edwards directed. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Pink Telephone—With Mireille Darc, Michel Lonsdale, and Pierre Mondy; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Pipe Dreams—The story takes place in Alaska. With Gladys Knight (in a non-singing role) and Barry Hankerson, directed by Stephen F. Verona. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 9.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—see above—but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and 86th St. East.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 12.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

The Shaggy D.A.—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones, Tim Conway, and Suzanne Pleshette. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival.)

Silver Streak—Some studio executive must have looked at the script, seen that most of the action was on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts by offering excuses for why the characters are on board. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. This movie also includes a callously unfunny gag—a plane buzzing a flock of sheep. (Loews Tower East.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain as the prince, Gemma Craven as Cinderella, Annette Crosbie as the fairy godmother, Dame Edith Evans as the dowager queen, and Margaret Lockwood as the stepmother. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall; through Jan. 12.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 12.)

A Star Is Born—This time around, the story is a musical, with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Frank Pierson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 13.)

Summer Holiday (1948)—Rouben Mamoulian directed this moderately ghastly musical version of "Ah Wilderness!," Eugene O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about adolescence, set in a small town at the turn of the century. The play unfortunately lends itself to the wholesome-Americana-good-clean-dances approach. Mamoulian has a heavy touch, and perhaps because of that Mickey Rooney, in the lead, mugs offensively. The cast includes Walter Huston, Gloria De Haven, Agnes Moorehead, Marilyn Maxwell, Frank Morgan, and Butch Jenkins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 13.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are atrocious and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, and Rex Ingram. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1924)—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a lavish Arabian Nights spectacle, designed by William Cameron Menzies and directed by Raoul Walsh. It's slow, dreamy, magically pretty, and enduringly enjoyable. With Anna May Wong, Julanne Johnston, Noble Johnson, and Snitz Edwards. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

The Three Musketeers (1948)—In grinning, leaping homage to Douglas Fairbanks, Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish M-G-M production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hot-rodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. (In order not to offend anyone, he doesn't wear clerical trappings, and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title.) Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Kelly's amorous grapplings don't seem as strenuous as they actually were: he threw Lana Turner on her bed so hard that she fell off it and broke her elbow. He should have thrown the director, George Sidney, and the costume designer, Walter Plunkett, who swaddled the performers. Among them are Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, and Keenan Wynn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 13.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Jan. 7.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 13.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film may be too impersonally crafted, but it moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. In French. (3/15/76) (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S. S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn on her husband, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

The War Game (1966)—The time is the near future and a nuclear bomb has dropped on London, in Peter Watkins' quasi-documentary vision of disaster. Generally considered a searing anti-war tract, though it's on the creaking-with-good-intentions side. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 11.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Joan Crawford as a woman whose soul is blighted by the horrible disfigurement of one side of her face, in a remake of a Swedish film that the very young Ingrid Bergman had been a hit in. The Swedish setting has been retained—rather inexplicably, since the story is about Crawford's ruthless blackmailing activities, and then her spiritual transformation, once a surgeon (Melvyn Douglas) has healed her face. As her mad, treacherous lover, who wants to involve her in the murder of a child, Conrad Veidt is the gaudiest character. Too bad that the director, George Cukor, doesn't have a little more feeling for frenzied perversity; the loony, baroque story is treated much too soberly. However, Cukor toned down Crawford's notorious emotionalism—no small feat. Funniest sequence: a Swedish folk dance, with Crawford in a peasant getup. With Marjorie Main, Osa Massen, Connie Gilchrist, and Donald Meek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12-13.)

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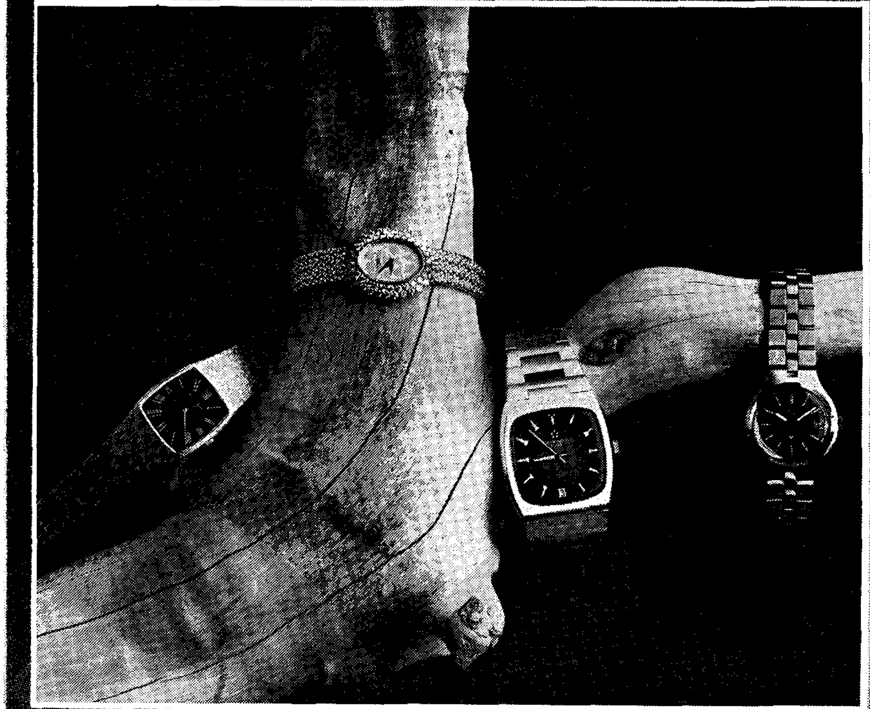

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE just heard from a woman we know, who writes as follows:

Because I have lived abroad for many years, I sometimes find myself a stranger in New York. The following happened the afternoon of the thirty-first of December.

Having bought a small turn-of-the-century apothecary bottle of tender-green glass that looked as if it had been washed in by the sea, I decided to go in search of the one flower it would hold, and give both to an older woman friend as a token gift for the New Year. I walked down to the nearest florist. He is a strange man, given to ruminative black moods, and he often stands in front of his shop in clement weather and sometimes leaves his door open in the cold. His prices are so unaccountable that I seldom walk in except when he tapes a huge "SALE" sign to his window: his flag of surrender to clients, passersby, inflation; the surrender of his own idea about the value of three dozen American Beauties. But who wants three dozen American Beauties? I didn't. All I wanted was one flower: a single flower among all the flowers in all the world.

I looked at his display carefully, through its prison of dew-spotted sliding glass. He had long-stemmed carnations in clear-cut colors as well as the red-and-white striated hybrid. He had roses—tall, short—in more subtle gradations. He had pale-yellow autumnal chrysanthemums the size of medium grapefruits. He had gladioli, he had pompons. He had baby's breath, he had daisies. He had all the usual, year-round flowers. No. None of them would do.

"Do you have any gardenias?" I asked.

The florist was in one of his sombre moods. "How many do you want?" Very thin and tall, gruff, elegant in bluejeans and a sweater, he watched me, head down, eyes raised above half glasses.

"One," I said.

"All sold out. I just sold the last one. What did you want it for?"

"To put in water. I mean, to give, with an old bottle I found."

"In that case," he stated categorically, "what you want is a gardenia with a stem."

"That's what I said. A gardenia—with a stem."

He looked at me as if I had climbed out of a UFO directly onto the sidewalk in front of his shop. "My dear woman," he half shouted, "we have not had a gardenia with a stem in this store since 1941!"

So there he stood, among the potted palms and the ficuses, under a spread-out fern suspended from the ceiling. He stood his ground. I just stood. He calmed down. "I remember we used to sell a lot of them to Bernard Baruch, *and* to the President," he said.

The date 1941, together with Bernard Baruch, told me that the President was Franklin Roosevelt, but I had no time for reminiscences. Daylight was beginning to fail, and I had, in a way, been dismissed with that date, 1941.

As I was on my way out, the florist shouted, "Hold it! I have a friend who still carries them. Oh, he has lots of them. I'm sure he's got some left." He wrote out an address on the back of one of his cards, and then raised his eyes to mine above his half glasses.

The fact that he had sent me knowingly on a futile gardenia hunt became clear once I had walked more than twenty blocks and entered the second flower shop. An exceedingly polite Old World gentleman came forward to help me. "A gardenia with a stem," he said, with a slight trace of German accent. "We don't carry them anymore. I'll show you what we have."

He went to the back of the shop and returned a moment later with a gardenia in the palm of his hand, like an offering. We both bent over it. He said, "Unfortunately, we get them this way. Made up for corsages." He picked the flower up by what looked like its stem and turned it over in the air. "Careful," he said, half to himself and half to me. "The flower wilts where you touch it." What I saw were four dark gardenia leaves cut in half and arranged in a square frame around the circular flower, and a round piece of white cardboard stapled to the leaves with an opening in its center that allowed about an inch of the real stem of the flower to pass through. This blunt piece of stem almost immediately tapered off to the width of two pieces of wire, which were tightly wound together with green tape. Carefully, he turned the flower over once again, so that I could look at it, though he knew perfectly well that I was not going to buy it. It was beautiful. It was stonelike. It had the slightly yellowed tone of certain white marbles. There was nothing waxy about it. The aestivation of the petals around its heart was convoluted into the shape of a nautilus shell. The man brought it closer to my face, and I bent over to smell it. Its scent was white, too; it was heavy but without a trace of cloying sweetness, and I realized that it had never—not once—been successfully translated into perfume.

"That's not what you want," the man said, and he shook his head. "It's the same with camellias. I'll show you. I have one left, but it's not fresh." He brought out the palest of pink camellias, with so many petals it must have been double. It was slightly wilted, and yellowed at the tips, but lovely nevertheless. Immediately, an unsummoned list of names ran through my head like a draft: Marie Duplessis, the angel-faced courtesan, dead of "consumption" at the age of twenty-three. She had conquered so many in that short span of life. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, haunted by her memory (and heavy debts), who started on a novel, "The Lady of the Camellias," three months after her death. Published a year later, the novel was dramatized by him the year after that. Duse and Bernhardt, who played the heroine of his famous play, Marguerite Gautier, at the opposite poles of the acting range. All the movies retitled "Camille"—inanely, ineptly, and falsely, since through all of them Marguerite remains Marguerite (a French flower name: Daisy, to be exact), and the name Camille has nothing whatever to do with the camellia flower. Garbo, at the peak of her beauty, in the George Cukor film: dressed for the theatre, bouquet of camellias in hand. I thanked the gentleman with the slight trace of German accent. He bowed lightly, and I walked out and down the avenue for three blocks; then I came to a flower shop, and, unable to resist temptation, walked in.

"No, Ma'am, we never carry gardenias. Why? Want to float them?"

Night fell, and I was late to visit a friend who lay in bed with a bad back. I told him my story. "I have an excellent florist you might not know about," he said, very businesslike. He found a number. "Why don't you call him up?"

I did.

"Gardenias?" the fourth florist said, over the telephone. "In New York, you'll *never* find one with a stem. They come to us all made up, mainly from the South, or California. And it's becoming more and more difficult to get a 'Belmont'-type gardenia at all. . . . Camellias? We used to carry camellia trees, but they're difficult to keep in city apartments. And they're expensive to produce. You see, from the point of view of supply and demand, they just don't pay off. I have to call twelve or fourteen greenhouses before I can get a decent camellia tree. . . . A gardenia *plant*? Yes, you can get one in season, but, of course, the flowers are small. And you'll have to wait until Easter."

I couldn't wait until Easter. I had to find my flower that afternoon. What sort of flower I bought does not matter. What does matter is that I bought a flower I did not want.

And it is difficult to compromise, even with a flower, on the last afternoon of the year.

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Mahlerites

THE award season is upon us once again, and we thought you'd like to know what the New York Mahlerites—a small but determined group of people devoted to advancing the study of the life and work of Gustav Mahler—are doing about it. On a recent evening, we joined thirty-odd Mahlerites who had assembled at the New School to choose the three top Mahler recordings of 1976. Since Mahlerites are an argumentative and opinionated lot, with very high performing standards—most Mahlerites own extensive record collections and can readily compare several versions of a favorite work—the meeting was both lively and informative. Conductors and orchestras were evaluated with disarming frankness (the critical test seemed to be how closely the Master's instructions for the playing of his music were followed), performances were dissected, and a number of artistic reputations became slightly tarnished in the process. When we arrived at the New School, shortly before eight, we were directed to a fourth-floor lecture hall, where a mimeographed sheet handed us at the door informed us that five semifinalists had been selected by mail ballot from a total of eleven new releases listed in the Schwann catalogue. They were the Second Symphony played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta; the Third Symphony played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under James Levine; the Fifth Symphony played by the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan; "Das Lied von der Erde" played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Bernard Haitink, with James King and Janet Baker as soloists; and a reissue of "Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen" played by the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra under Rafael Kubelík, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as soloist. Inside the room, small clumps of Mahlerites—who ranged in age from twenty to sixty and had an overall scholarly look—were sipping cider, munching doughnuts, and chatting about you-know-who. We made our way to the cider table past fragments of enticing conversation. ("Jimmy's Eighth was adrenalin soup. All climaxes and no music." "Zubin should listen to Bruno Walter. Maybe he'd learn something." "The Philharmonic may not be the most *accurate* orchestra in the world, but I'll take its tone and thrust over the more perfect Cleveland any day." "Solti's a great orchestra *trainer* but not a great symphonic conductor. His Mahler's too fierce and Germanic. And the horns always look so scared.") After collecting a drink, we joined two men who were comparing notes on the worst Mahler performances they'd ever encountered.

Bad Boy

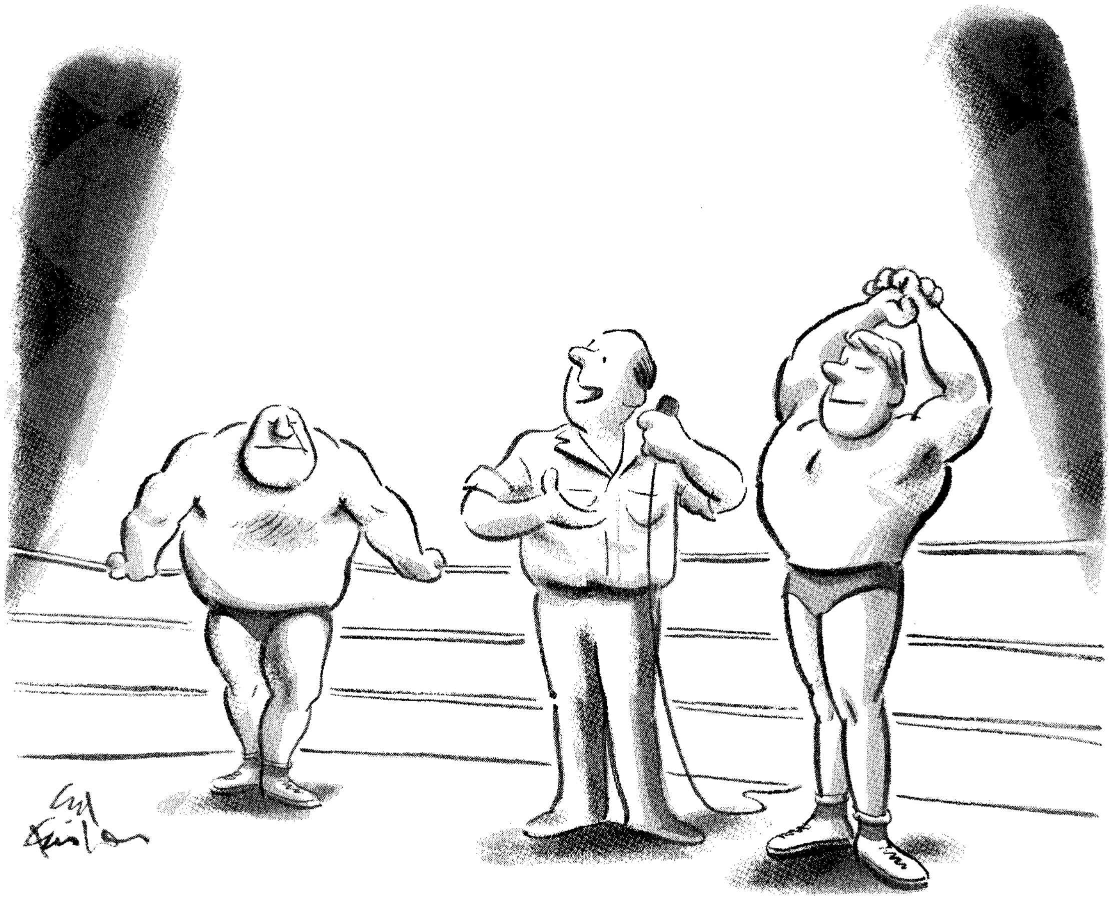
"My nomination is Hermann Scherchen's Fifth with the Philadelphia," said Jack Diether, a Mahler expert and, with a young woman named Nancy Karlins, co-founder of the Mahler group. "He cut it to such shreds that the Scherzo and the Finale together took about the same length of time as the Adagietto, which was played agonizingly slowly.”

“Stokowski cut out one movement of the Second out of town,” said his companion, “and omitted a different one when he got to New York.”

“The second-worst performance,” continued Mr. Diether, “was Skrowaczewski’s ‘Klagende Lied’ with the Minnesota. In the first part, he cut the orchestral interludes wherever he could find five to twenty bars that didn’t change key. And in the third part the offstage orchestra sections had had to be cut, for financial reasons. It was horrifying.”

We asked Mr. Diether what major pitfalls await a Mahler conductor.

“The music is tough to handle, technically and emotionally,” he said. “It has very abrupt and complex dynamics, and it is also very subtle. So you need an orchestral technician and an intellectual who has tremendous feeling for Mahler’s philosophy. Jascha Horenstein, who led the London Philharmonic in the fifties, was the greatest Mahler conductor of his day, because he could project Mahler’s ideas and emotions and also had the technical skill to handle the tricky changes of mood without losing the architectural line of the score.”



“And in this corner, wearing blue trunks and representing the middle class . . .”

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“Who is the best Mahler conductor today?” we asked.

“There isn’t one,” replied Mr. Diether. “There are only specific performances. Bernstein’s Tenth Adagio. Solti’s Fifth. James Conlon’s Sixth.”

We moved on to another group, which was discussing Pierre Boulez and James Levine, two conductors who had participated in the New York Philharmonic’s recent Mahler cycle. “When Boulez played the Seventh in 1975, it was as if he were launching a battleship that promptly sank,” said a short, somewhat bald man wearing black-rimmed glasses. “This time, it floated. The orchestra still doesn’t agree with his conception, but at least it knows how to play it.”

“Boulez has a fantastic ear for dynamics and for the balances of the different choirs,” said a young woman with black curly hair. “And he brings out a lot of things that other conductors ignore. He did a beautiful job of controlling the tension at the end of the Third.”

“But Levine has more absolute control over the orchestra,” said the man with glasses.

“Unfortunately,” the girl replied, with a smile. “The Philharmonic played *exactly* what Levine wanted. Which simply demonstrated that he doesn’t have genuine tempo relationships. Andante to allegro can’t be *that* far apart in terms of logic.”

A few minutes later, Nancy Karlins called the meeting to order and led off with several announcements. A sculptor was offering his Mahler plaque to members at a discount. A concert of youthful Mahler lieder was being planned for next season. A researcher had uncovered the recipe for Mahler’s favorite Apfelkuchen, and copies were available. Another Mahlerite had acquired photographs of two steamships on which Mahler had crossed the Atlantic, and was displaying them at the front of the room. And a tape of interviews with musicians who had actually played under the composer had been made by a California Mahlerite and would be presented at the next meeting.

Then the group got down to the serious business of selecting the award winners. As excerpts from each of the five entries were played, the reactions in the room ranged from pleasure to pain. Levine’s recently issued Third Symphony evoked knowing smiles. (“Much more subtle and aware than his live performances with the Philharmonic,” a man behind us said.) Karajan’s Fifth produced pleased surprise. (“He’s come to Mahler very late, but he really understands what it’s about,” remarked a woman to our left.) But a Karajan “Lied von der Erde” with the same orchestra had not even made the semifinals. Haitink’s “Lied von der Erde” aroused mixed enthusiasm. (“That’s the most *Chinese* singing I’ve ever heard,” said a young man with a black beard.) The big hit was the Kubelík/Fischer-Dieskau “Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen,” a recording that sent the Mahlerites into ecstasies. (“Stupendous!” we heard. And “Kubelík is one of the unsung giants of our time." And "It's a performance that is slow enough to get at the detail without losing the momentum.") The big flop was Mehta's Second Symphony, which was dismissed as insensitive and superficial. ("He pushes the tempo, and he has about as much grace and poise as an elephant," said one Mahlerite near us. "It wasn't warm, relaxed, and comfortable," said a second. "*That's* the Vienna Philharmonic?" said a third.) When the official vote was taken, the first choice was the "Fahrenden Gesellen" reissue, with Levine's Third and Karajan's Fifth coming in second and third. "This seems to indicate," said Mr. Diether mildly, "that the record companies are turning out a lot of things we think aren't very good."

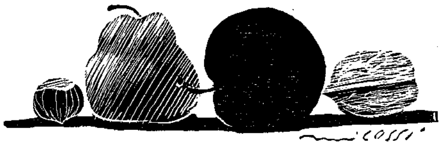
On our way out, we asked Mr. Diether if he could explain the sudden surge of interest in Mahler.

"I think it's because he relates to the uncertainty in which we live at present," he replied. "Mahler questioned the basis of our existence, and expresses his doubts and his convictions in his music. And people—especially the young—who have to face existential issues today respond to this. Forty years ago, Mahler was too much for many people to handle, because they didn't want to think about ultimate responsibilities. Now that we are forced to contemplate such things, he's a lot easier to understand."

Palme

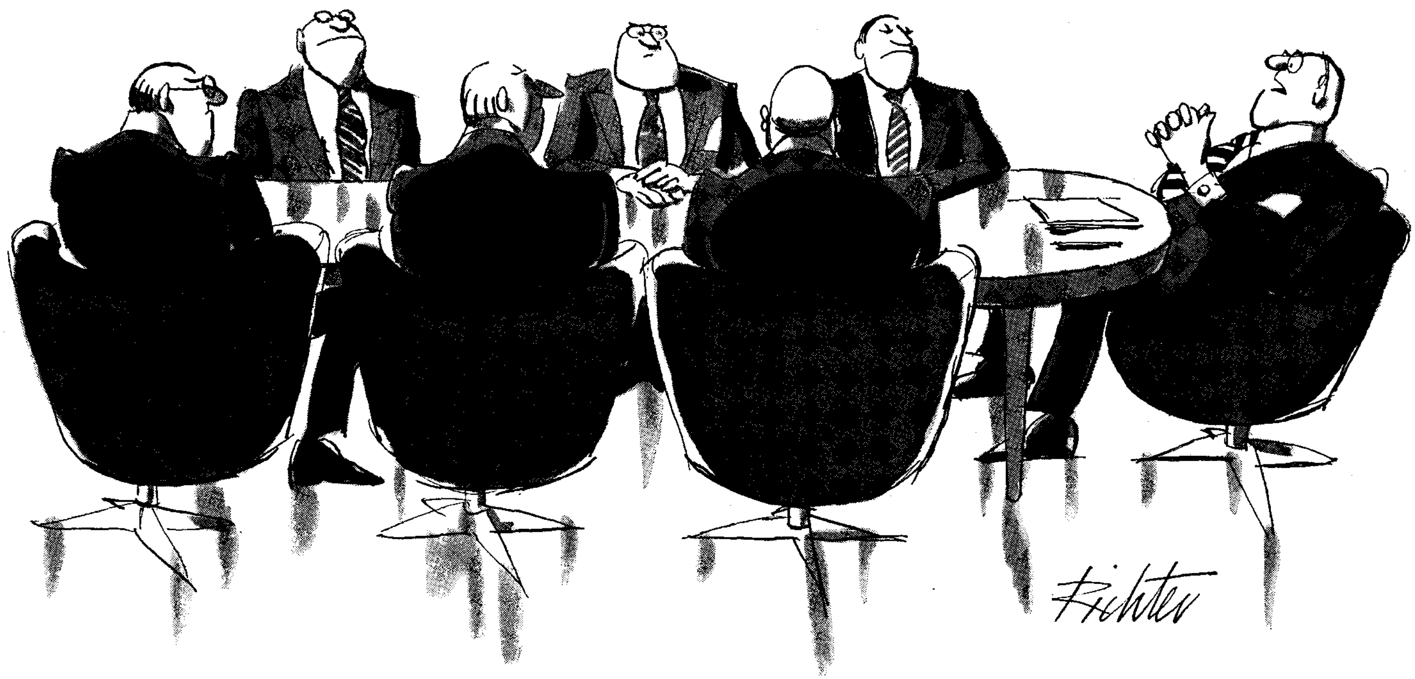
Olof Palme, who will be fifty years old this month, has inhabited the higher reaches of Swedish politics for exactly half his life—since 1952, when he was elected chairman of the National Union of Swedish Students. Some years before, he had hitchhiked around the United States, and had studied politics and economics at Kenyon College. In 1954, Prime Minister Tage Erlander decided that here was a bright young fellow, and made him his secretary. Despite vast differences in personal style—Erlander is twinkly, fatherly, and folksy, whereas Palme, who is of aristocratic origins, is as cosmopolitan as they come—the two men worked together splendidly, and in 1969 Palme succeeded his mentor in the Premiership. The Swedes had a general election last September 20th, and Palme's party, the Social Democrats, lost to a coalition of Liberals, Moderates, and Centrists. Forty-four years of Social Democratic rule was thus ended—or, as Palme prefers to think of it, interrupted. There will be another election in 1979. In any case, given Sweden's stability and the notorious longevity of its citizens, Palme will most likely still be playing a big role in his country's affairs at the turn of the next century. Palme was in New York last month, after stopovers in Geneva, where he was elected a vice-president of the Socialist International, and in Barcelona, where he got a tumultuous welcome at the first legal congress of the Spanish Socialist Workers Party to be held on Spanish soil since 1932. Here in town, among other activities, he gave a talk at the School of International Affairs of Columbia University. In the Dag Hammarskjöld Faculty Lounge, a couple of hundred people, mostly graduate students, crowded the chairs, tables, and rugs. They gave Palme a big hand. He had opposed the Vietnam war as passionately as if he were an American, and that had earned him the respect of many people now of graduate-school age. Besides, Palme, Kenyon '48, has always felt at home on American campuses. His face is deeply lined, and his eyes are deep-set to the point of hollowness, but he has sandy hair, a slim build, and an intense manner, which give him the air of a much younger man. He spoke informally, without notes, in excellent, lightly accented English, and here is some of what he said:

"In general, Democratic Socialism is moving ahead in Europe. This is notwithstanding the fact that we lost an election in Sweden a few months ago—it was lost by a very narrow margin, and largely because the opposition, in the final weeks of the campaign, attacked us from both the left and the right on nuclear energy. Since then, they have adopted our program, and I don't know whether to congratulate them on their wisdom or scold them for turning their backs on those who voted for them. Since the election, we have got twenty-five thousand new members, and we are well ahead in the opinion polls. Overall, again we are gaining strength. In 1955, thirty-three per cent of all Cabinet members in Western Europe were Social Democrats. By 1975, the figure was up to fifty-four per cent, while Christian Democrats, liberals, and conservatives had lost accordingly. There's the same tendency in members of parliaments, votes at elections, and so forth. Why is this so? Well, capitalism in the Western world—industrial society in the Western world—is in crisis. When you can't solve the problem of employment, you are in crisis by definition, I think. There are now very few defenders of the basic ideas of capitalism—of the ownership and control of the economy in the hands of a very few people. On the other hand, Communism, as such, has lost much of its glory. The stale bureaucracies of Eastern Europe, with their dogmatic and monolithic thinking, don't stir people's imagination. So Democratic Socialism has become more of an attractive alternative.



"During the sixties—the golden sixties—when we had high growth in most industrial countries, our task was simple and clear. The main problem was the imbalance between a flourishing private sector and a poor public sector—and it was only through the public sector that people's longing for better education, housing, and health care could be satisfied. This was the core of Democratic Socialist ideology in the sixties, and it was quite successful in a number of countries. Now, in the seventies, we have a host of new problems. Growth is no longer automatic. We thought we had created full-employment societies, yet we now must live through a period of mass unemployment—the worst since the Great Depression. So if you look at Democratic Socialist thinking in Europe—in my country, and, increasingly, in others—it starts with a concept of work: not as the sociologists of the fifties saw it, as a necessary evil from which to escape to leisure time, where the important things in life took place, but as a part of being human. If you're unemployed, or if your work is grim or terrible or hazardous, that will color the rest of your existence. We see unemployment not only as a gross economic waste but also as an individual human tragedy, because it deprives one of a meaningful social role. And if there is anything that is characteristic of Swedish society it is work. Even during this time of great international crisis, the last figure for unemployment in our country was one and six-tenths per cent. Below that it's difficult to get, because you always have people in transition.

"We began to notice a glaring contrast between the welfare society we have tried to build in Scandinavia and the conditions of existence of people at work, simply because working conditions are steered by the profit motive, by and large, and people who work are a unit of production. You're taught in school about democracy—that you should be able to influence



"The question before the board, then, is whether or not to enter an altered state of consciousness."

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events in your surroundings—but in most industrial countries the moment you enter industry you enter an eighteenth-century hierarchical structure. So one of the main thrusts of Democratic Socialism now is to build up participation at work, whether it be in industry or in the public sector, and that means a transfer of power from capital to work. We long ago left the old idea that the nationalization of the means of production will solve our problems. On the other hand, there are a lot of things that you cannot solve by the market mechanism, by the profit motive, because it will go wrong. You have to use democratic planning instead. The core of the energy problem, for example, is to bring down the use of energy, and that can be done only by very determined long-range planning. It's the same with the use of natural resources, or regional development, or full employment. These things are too important to be left to market forces. They have to be done by democratic planning—and not by a few bureaucrats but under popular control.

"We speak in our country of three aspects of Socialism. One is democracy, which itself develops in three stages. The first, which our predecessors fought for, is political democracy—the right to vote, freedom of speech and the press, free trade unions. We continue with social democracy—fighting mass unemployment and poverty, creating sickness insurance. We started that phase in the thirties. The third stage would be economic democracy, which means not leaving the economy to the market forces and the profit motive but putting it under the control of the people through enlarging democratic planning and people's power in the individual factories.

"Another aspect of Democratic Socialism is solidarity as a basic value of society. If you build a society on the notion of competition—of everybody working his own way at the expense of everybody else—you will fragment society and inevitably create great social injustice. Classical liberalism is a very cold ideology, because its starting point is people's loneliness. Socialism, without denying the loneliness that is built into the human condition, seeks instead to develop our sense of community and human solidarity.

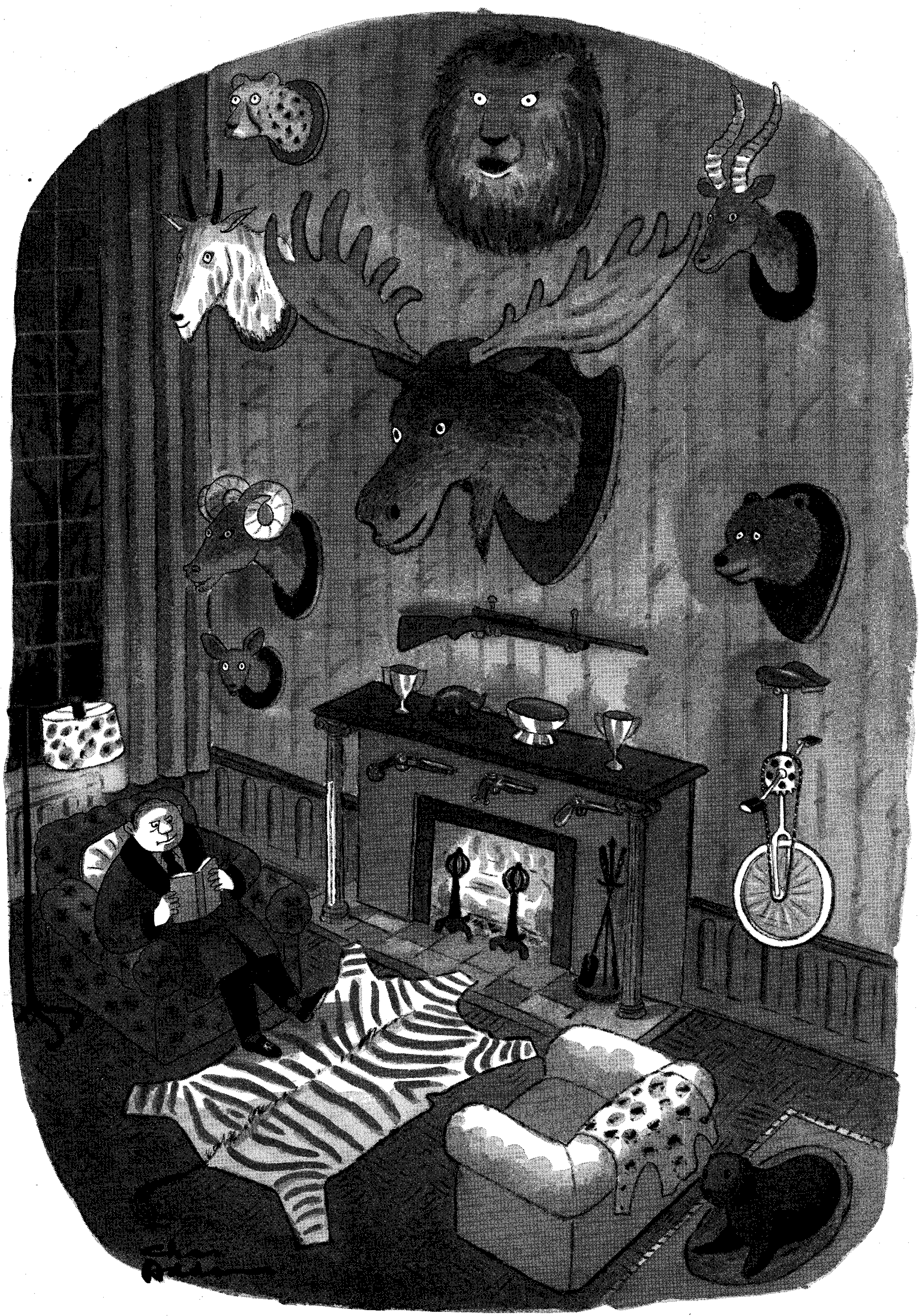
"The third aspect is internationalism. I have the firm conviction that any nation's external policy is an extension of its internal policy. You can't work for ideas of solidarity and justice and greater equality on the international scene if you're not prepared to pursue the same goals in your own country."

Then Palme took questions, and someone asked if he thought that countries much larger than Sweden could achieve comparably low rates of unemployment.

"Yes, if they have a determined policy," he said. "A country with the enormous productive capacity of the United States has no need for unemployment. I'm not criticizing anything in this country, but if you look at your hospital system or your day-care system or your educational system, I would imagine that the number of job opportunities *measured by the needs of people* is rather significant, and if that expansion took place it would probably take care of much of the unemployment problem. Then, people say two things. They are scared of inflation. But that's a matter of consumer-demand policy. And, secondly, people are afraid of high taxes. But that you get accustomed to."

The audience laughed, and someone asked Palme to comment on the emergence of "Eurocommunism."

"The Communists in Europe, especially Southern Europe, have been in isolation ever since the war—which means that large parts of the working class of Southern Europe have been deprived of any political influence," he said. "Now the Communists in these countries are trying to break out of that isolation, and they know that the price is that they give up certain dogmatic elements of Stalinism and Leninism—the dictatorship of the proletariat, proletarian internationalism, and democratic centralism. The first means, simply, dictatorship. The second means that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union should be decisive in international matters. The third means an élitist construction of the Party. If they give up all that, we couldn't, as Willy Brandt has put it, be insensitive to that development. If it goes all the way, they'll become good Democratic Socialists. They're not there yet. We'll have to see."


Chas Addams

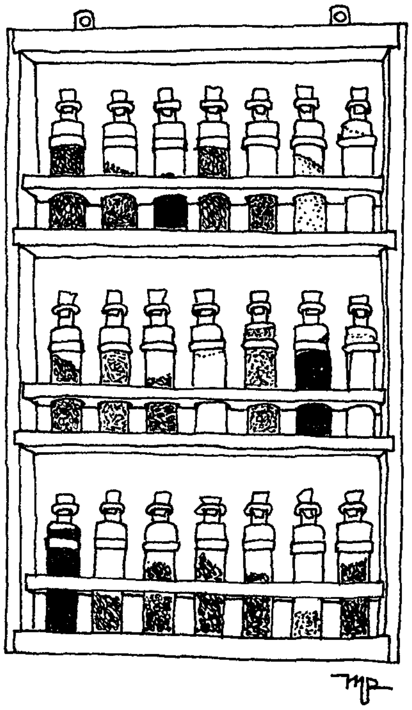
A STREET OF DAY

I KNOW the morning is not over, from the way the light quavers on the face of the yellow brick apartment building across the street and flows along the slack telephone wires above the far sidewalk. Sections of shadow, where the wires, as they swing, appear to cross, race back and forth between the poles, never touching them. The sections change shape, as the daylight changes. At breakfast they were long and liquid. Now they are drier, shorter, and they hurry. I have asked whether they are messages, and have been told that they are not. They are nothing. So they make no sounds. I know the sounds they do not make. Early in the morning, a violin bow on a saw. Then the sounds of the breath of an animal running. While I watch, there are words passing through those wires. They are the messages. They can only be heard by the people they are going to and know nothing of the racing shadows they pass through. Neither the mouths that are speaking nor the ears that are listening are aware of those shadows.

This is the view from the dining room. Most times of day it is a little dark in here, as though one had just come in from outside, because the shades are drawn on the upper halves of the windows, and the gauzy curtains film over the rest. It is lighter in the bay window, over the street, than in the depths of the room, but I have been told not to go too near the windows and be seen looking out. The dark oval table holds a reflection of window, a sleeve of a cloud. Once I walked under the table, and long afterward I was told of having done it: a thing too dangerous to repeat. I was told I might have fallen over the gateleg and brought the table leaf down on my head.

Up the street, to the right, it is earlier. Where the sidewalk opposite passes a courtyard between garages with gates made of green-painted boards topped with broken barbed wire, which have stood open for so long that now they will not close, and black dust dances tirelessly on the cement inside, it is the hour of coming home with the morning's shopping, pushing carriages, stopping to talk—one carriage facing one way and one the other. Past the corner with the butcher shop, out of sight of the dining room and into the next block, which is set back (for the street is wider there) several paces to the west, more of the morning is left. The children have been swallowed up in school: it has just happened, and a hush has filled the streets. The air is cool. There is still some blue in all the colors. The whole day lies ahead, with time enough for anything. A great space on all sides. It is the hour when aunts on visits take their walks. People are buying morning papers at the tiny store in the middle of the block, and have not yet started buying candy. And in the block beyond, where the street narrows again, breakfast is being eaten in the shingled houses, brick houses, stuccoed houses, upstairs as well as downstairs. That is the block on which something is always about to appear, like a streetcar arriving around the far corner.

But that far corner is not the beginning. The street continues straight on, rising out of itself, becoming visible—I have seen it happen. There are blocks that I forget each time until I see them again. They lie in the hours before the day has been claimed, as though they were not moving. And past them, in the twilight before dawn, at the edge of the darkness in which sirens wailed and the monastery burned into black silence, there is the big stone building like a barn or boathouse, on the eastern side of the street, a building that I saw only once, and I wonder whether it is still there. In that block the street runs close to the edge of the cliff, and behind the building I saw the seaport spread out far below in the first colorless hazy light, and the breathless polished river beyond the docks. The streets were empty and wet with dew—I could smell it. The huge doors of the building, giving onto the street, were wide open. Barn doors, firehouse doors: they had been folded back to expose a room bigger than a garage, almost as big as a church. I could see that it was not ordinarily disclosed to the gaze of passersby, and that no one was expected in the street at that hour. The big room was darker than the sky outside; it was lit only by a few candles on tall silver-wrapped candlesticks. Near the doors there was a wagon with a bier on it. The body was draped in stiff white and gold ecclesiastical vestments, with a gold mitre on its head, and a long gold staff in its hands. The feet were toward the open doors. Over the body two young men in white brocaded vestments, wearing gold birettas, were bending, one on each side, holding candlesticks and arranging folds of the drapery. They looked up and saw me and appeared surprised. Then they went on with what they were doing, and I could see that to stay would be an intrusion. That seems a long time ago.



Going the other way, it is the afternoon almost at once. An old wooden house, on the first corner, is lived in by some people who are never seen. Beyond it, picket fences. Tall bushes. Nodding flowers. A block of small brick houses with low black iron railings along the sidewalk, where children come back from school in groups, with their mothers, and go in for something nice, quiet, musty. By the time one gets to the park, the day is growing late, as you can see by the way a ball drops from the air, and can hear from the echoes of voices playing tag, and of a rope striking the pavement. Urns at the tops of columns mark the way home to supper.

The street itself goes on, after the park, down the long viaduct, through the dusk, while the lights come on, and sounds of hymns drift from evening services. From the foot of the viaduct it heads out through the night in the port, and comes to an end at the ferry barns, which are closed at that hour. The wide cobbled plaza in front of them is empty, except for one car with its lights out and nobody in it, parked at the foot of one of the ramps. All of the ramps have been closed with crisscross iron gates. There are few lights around the plaza. The city to which the ferries go looks nearer than it does by day. But over there even now the stars are going out above the tall buildings, the sky is growing pale, and it is already tomorrow. —W. S. MERWIN

THE SCHREUDERSPITZE

IN Munich are many men who look like weasels. Whether by genetic accident, meticulous crossbreeding, an early and puzzling migration, coincidence, or a reason that we do not know, they exist in great numbers. Remarkably, they accentuate this unfortunate tendency by wearing mustaches, Alpine hats, and tweed. A man who resembles a rodent should never wear tweed.

One of these men, a commercial photographer named Franzen, had cause to be exceedingly happy. "Herr Wallich has disappeared," he said to Huebner, his supplier of paper and chemicals. "You needn't bother to send him bills. Just send them to the police. The police, you realize, were here on two separate occasions!"

"If the two occasions on which the police have been here had not been separate, Herr Franzen, they would *have been here only* once."

"What do you mean? Don't toy with me. I have no time for semantics. In view of the fact that I knew Wallich at school, and professionally, they sought my opinion on his disappearance. They wrote down everything I said, but I do not think that they will find him. He left his studio on the Neuhausstrasse just as it was when he was working, and the landlord has put a lien on the equipment. Let me tell you that he had some fine equipment—very fine. But he was not such a great photographer. He didn't have that killer's instinct. He was clearly not a hunter. His canine teeth were poorly developed; not like these," said Franzen, baring his canine teeth in a smile which made him look like an idiot with a mouth of miniature castle towers.

"But I am curious about Wallich."

"So is everyone. So is everyone. This is my theory. Wallich was never any good at school. At best, he did only middling well. And it was not because he had hidden passions, or a special genius for some field outside the curriculum. He tried hard but found it difficult to grasp several subjects; for him mathematics and physics were pure torture.

"As you know, he was not wealthy, *and although he was a nice-looking* fellow, he was terribly short. That inflicted upon him great scars—his confidence, I mean, because he had none. He could do things only gently. If he had to fight, he would fail. He was weak.

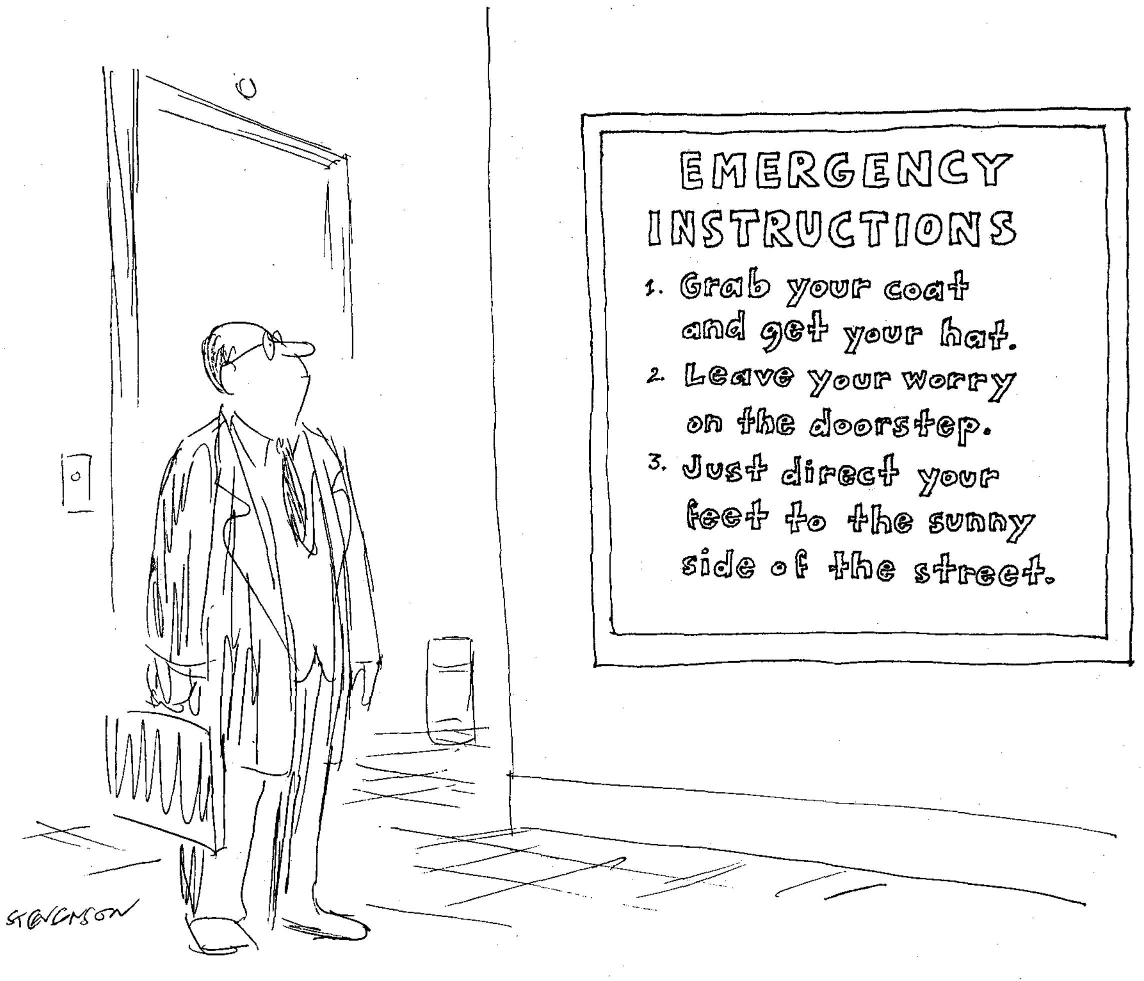
"For example, I will use the time when he and I were competing for the Heller account. This job meant a lot of money, and I was not about to lose. I went to the library and read all I could about turbine engines. What a bore! I took photographs of turbine blades and such things, and seeded them throughout my portfolio to make Herr Heller think that I had always been interested in turbines. Of course, I had not even known what they were. I thought that they were an Oriental hat. And now that I know them, I detest them.

"Naturally, I won. But do you know how Wallich approached the competition? He had some foolish ideas about mother-of-pearl nautiluses and other seashells. He wanted to show how shapes of things mechanical were echoes of shapes in nature. All very fine, but Herr Heller pointed out that if the public were to see photographs of mother-of-pearl shells contrasted with photographs of his engines, his engines would come out the worse. Wallich's photographs were very beautiful—the *tones of white and silver were exceptional*—but they were his undoing. In the end, he said, 'Perhaps, Herr Heller, you are right,' and lost the contract just like that.

"The thing that saved him was the prize for that picture he took in the Black Forest. You couldn't pick up a magazine in Germany and not see it. He obtained so many accounts that he began to do very well. But he was just not commercially-minded. He told me himself that he took only those assignments which pleased him. Mind you, his business volume was only about two-thirds of mine.

"My theory is that he could not take the competition, and the demands of his various clients. After his wife and son were killed in the motorcar crash, he dropped assignments one after another. I suppose he thought that as a bachelor he could live like a bohemian, on very little money, and therefore did not have to work more than half the time. I'm not saying that this was wrong. (Those accounts came to me.) But it was another instance of his weakness and lassitude.

"My theory is that he has probably gone to South America, or thrown himself off a bridge—be-


EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS
1. Grab your coat and get your hat.
2. Leave your worry on the doorstep.
3. Just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street.
STEVENSON

cause he saw that there was no future for him if he were always to take pictures of shells and things. And he was weak. The weak can never face themselves, and so cannot see the practical side of the world, how things are laid out, and what sacrifices are required to survive and prosper. It is only in fairy tales that they rise to triumph."

WALLICH could not afford to get to South America. He certainly would not have thrown himself off a bridge. He was excessively neat and orderly, and the prospect of some poor fireman handling a swollen bloated body resounding with flies deterred him forever from such nonsense.

Perhaps if he had been a Gypsy he would have taken to the road. But he was no Gypsy, and had not the talent, skill, or taste for life outside Bavaria. Only once had he been away, to Paris. It was their honeymoon, when he and his wife did not need Paris or any city. They went by train and stayed for a week at a hotel by the Quai Voltaire. They walked in the gardens all day long, and in the May evenings they went to concerts where they heard the perfect music of their own country. Though they were away for just a week, and read the German papers, and went to a corner of the Luxembourg Gardens where there were pines and wildflowers like those in the greenbelt around Munich, this music made them sick for home. They returned two days early and never left again except for July and August, which each year they spent in the Black Forest, at a cabin inherited from her parents.

He dared not go back to that cabin. It was set like a trap. Were he to enter he would be enfiladed by the sight of their son's pictures and toys, his little boots and miniature fishing rod, and by her comb lying at the exact angle she had left it when she had last brushed her hair, and by the sweet smell of her clothing. No, someday he would have to burn the cabin. He dared not sell, for strangers then would handle roughly all those things which meant so much to him that he could not even gaze upon them. He left the little cabin to stand empty, perhaps the object of an occasional hiker's curiosity, or recipient of cheerful postcards from friends travelling or at the beach for the summer—friends who had not heard.

He sought instead a town far enough from Munich so that he would not encounter anything familiar, a place where he would be unrecognized and yet a place not entirely strange, where he would have to undergo no savage adjustments, where he could buy a Munich paper.

A search of the map brought his flying eye always southward to the borderlands, to Alpine country remarkable for the steepness of the brown contours, the depth of the valleys, and the paucity of settled places. Those few depicted towns appeared to be clean and well placed on high overlooks. Unlike the cities to the north—circles which clustered together on the flatlands or along rivers, like colonies of bacteria—the cities of the Alps stood alone, *in extremis*, near the border. Though he dared not cross the border, he thought perhaps to venture near its edge, to see what he would see. These isolated towns in the Alps promised shining clear air and deep-green trees. Perhaps they were above the tree line. In a number of cases it looked that way—and the circles were far from resembling clusters of bacteria. They seemed like untethered balloons.

He chose a town for its ridiculous name, reasoning that few of his friends would desire to travel to such a place. The world bypasses badly named towns as easily as it abandons ungainly children. It was called Garmisch-Partenkirchen. At the station in Munich, they did not even inscribe the full name on his ticket, writing merely "Garmisch-P."

"Do you live there?" the railroad agent had asked.

"No," answered Wallich.

"Are you visiting relatives, or going on business, or going to ski?"

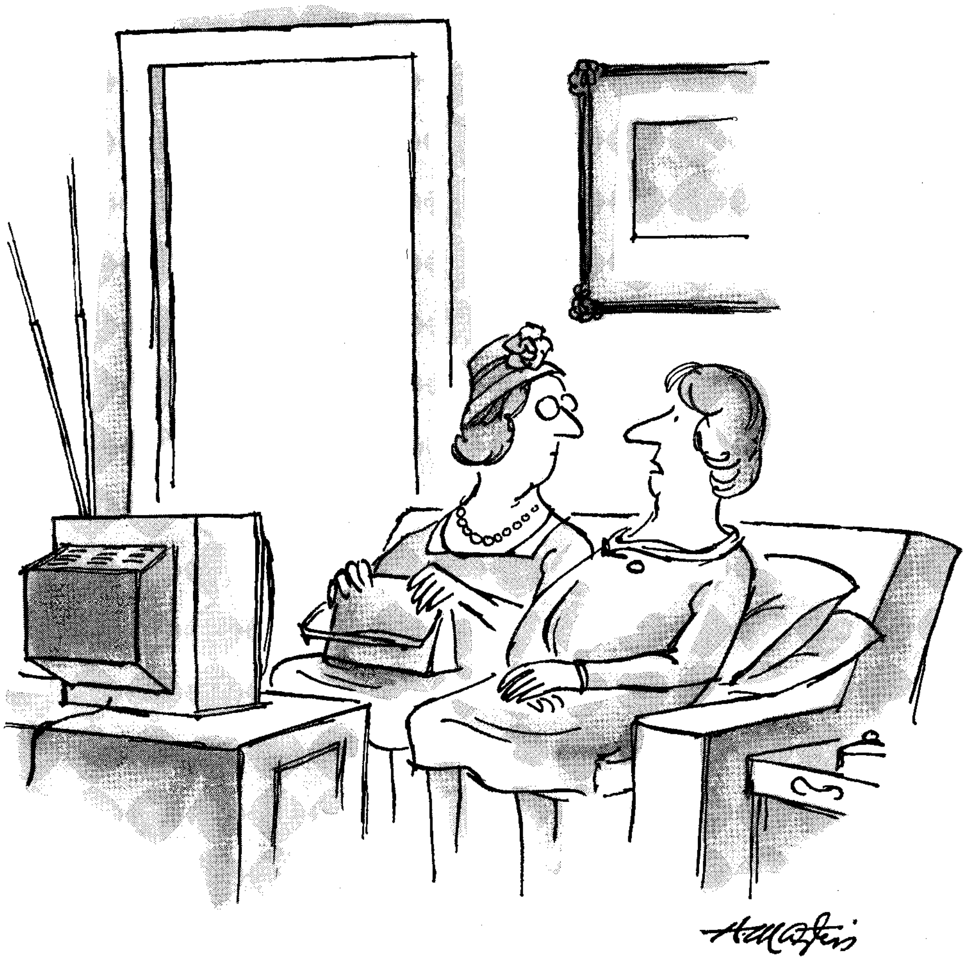
"No."

"Then perhaps you are making a mistake. To go in October is not wise, if you do not ski. As unbelievable as it may seem, they have had much snow. Why go now?"

"I am a mountain climber," answered Wallich.

"In winter?" The railway agent was used to flushing out lies, and when little fat Austrian boys just old enough for adult tickets would bend their knees at his window as if at confession and say in squeaky voices, "Half fare to Salzburg!," he pounced upon them as if he were a leopard and they juicy ptarmigan or baby roebuck.

"Yes, in the winter," Wallich said. "Good mountain climbers thrive in difficult conditions. The more ice, the more storm, the greater the accom-



"Life with Rupert was all sit and no com."

plishment. I am accumulating various winter records. In January, I go to America, where I will ascend their highest mountain, Mt. Independence, four thousand metres." He blushed so hard that the railway agent followed suit. Then Wallich backed away, insensibly mortified.

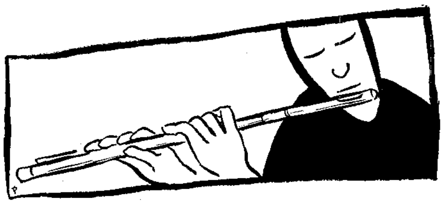
A mountain climber! He would close his eyes in fear when looking through Swiss calendars. He had not the stamina to rush up the stairs to his studio. He had failed miserably at sports. He was not a mountain climber, and had never even dreamed of being one.

Yet when his train pulled out of the vault of lacy ironwork and late-afternoon shadow, its steam exhalations were like those of a man puffing up a high meadow, speeding to reach the rock and ice, and Wallich felt as if he were embarking upon an ordeal of the type men experience on the precipitous rock walls of great cloud-swirled peaks. Why was he going to Garmisch-Partenkirchen anyway, if not for an ordeal through which to right himself? He was pulled so far over on one side by the death of his family, he was so bent and crippled by the pain of it, that he was going to Garmisch-Partenkirchen to suffer a parallel ordeal through which he would balance what had befallen him.

How wrong his parents and friends had been when they had offered help as his business faltered. A sensible, graceful man will have symmetry. He remembered the time at youth camp when a stream had changed course away from a once gushing sluice and the younger boys had had to carry buckets of water up a small hill, to fill a cistern. The skinny little boys had struggled up the hill. Their counsellor, sitting comfortably in the shade, would not let them go two to a bucket. At first they had tried to carry the pails in front of them, but this was nearly impossible. Then they surreptitiously spilled half the water on the way up, until the counsellor took up position at the cistern and inspected each cargo. It had been torture to carry the heavy bucket in one aching hand. Wallich finally decided to take two buckets. Though it was agony, it was a better agony than the one he had had, because he had retrieved his balance, could look ahead, and, by carrying a double burden, had strengthened himself and made the job that much shorter. Soon, all the boys carried two buckets. The cistern was filled in no time, and they had a victory over their surprised counsellor.

So, he thought as the train shuttled through chill half-harvested fields, I will be a hermit in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. I will know no one. I will be alone. I may even begin to climb mountains. Perhaps I will lose fingers and toes, and on the way gather a set of wounds which will allow me some peace.

He sensed the change of landscape before he actually came upon it. Then they began to climb, and the engine sweated steam from steel to carry the lumbering cars up terrifying grades on either side of which blue pines stood angled against the mountainside. They reached a level stretch which made the train curve like a dragon and led it through deep tunnels, and they sped along as if on a summer excursion, with views of valleys so distant that in them whole forests sat upon their meadows like birthmarks, and streams were little more than the grain in leather.



Wallich opened his window and leaned out, watching ahead for tunnels. The air was thick and cold. It was full of sunshine and greenery, and it flowed past as if it were a mountain river. When he pulled back, his cheeks were red and his face pounded from the frigid air. He was alone in the compartment. By the time the lights came on he had decided upon the course of an ideal. He was to become a mountain climber, after all—and in a singularly difficult, dangerous, and satisfying way.

A porter said in passing the compartment, "The dining car is open, sir." Service to the Alps was famed. Even though his journey was no more than two hours, he had arranged to eat on the train, and had paid for and ordered

THE SEA WHICH IS ALWAYS BRINGING US BRIDES

I remember a man I met
near Eddie's Restaurant
on Tyler Street in Monterey,
the small brown mark on his nose,
the hollowing of the temples,
his face ghostly yet yellow
under the lamp.
He took me to
his upstairs room, where a small
white barber's chair turned
near a long white table,
and he wanted to rub me in oils.
I do not know what other
light would have shined from
me then, nearer the sea
perhaps, the sea which is
always bringing us brides.
He valued the sleep of other
men than himself, a sleep
of strangers, brides or
strangers that were men.
Now I see my roommate
on Ward B appear like him,
his temples hollowed slightly,
the ghostly glow of his skull
near the lamp, and he says nothing.
The sea will always bring us brides.
But he rubs his dark lame legs
in oil.
He has been lame
for many years and wants
to go where the cold, the sea,
the snow don't shine no more.
I take a coin from above the bed.
Along the cheekbones of the figure
in the nickel is the shining oath
rubbed now, and on the mirror
his dark face shining when
the flashlight appears and is gone.
We are two faces moving toward
the same moon, who will be taken
away on the same coin, suspended
like small lights.
The light of his bones
is the dry light of the valley,
all the buried strangers,
the men who have never been married,
standing in their old bones to dance,
setting cheekbones on a coin,
glowing in a strange moon.
No one will bring us
our bride. We sit for hours
studying books, we rub away
the soft white light
at the basin, the white bar
of soap, anywhere the light appears.
Strangers carry the lamp
from our room, we sleep
in their beds, honor their meals,
for the snows have burned,
and the thin light of brothers
burns here between us.
I call him
Tree, the dry wood, and he
calls me the dry wood like himself,
and we join ourselves to the sea,
laughing in our bones that we
are so lonely, and we beg the sea
to bring us our brides,
strangers like ourselves,
their mad eyes dancing in the light.

—STEPHEN JAMISON

* *

"Here you are, Jack. Your signature on this simple document brings you your heart's desire. Check it out."

• •

a meal to which he looked forward in pleasant anticipation, especially because he had selected French strawberries in cream for dessert. But then he saw his body in the gently lit half mirror. He was soft from a lifetime of near-happiness. The sight of his face in the blond light of the mirror made him decide to begin preparing for the mountains that very evening. The porter ate the strawberries.

Of the many ways to attempt an ordeal perhaps the most graceful and attractive is the Alpine. It is far more satisfying than Oriental starvation and abnegation precisely because the European ideal is to commit difficult acts amid richness and overflowing beauty. For that reason, the Alpine is as well the most demanding. It is hard to deny oneself, to pare oneself down, at the heart and base of a civilization so full.

Wallich rode to Garmisch-Partenkirchen in a thunder of proud Alps. The trees were tall and lively, the air crystalline, and radiating beams spoke through the train window from one glowing range to another. A world of high ice laughed. And yet ranks of competing images assaulted him. He had gasped at the sight of Bremen, a port stuffed with iron ships gushing wheat steam from their whistles as they prepared to sail. In the mountain dryness, he remembered humid ports from which these massive ships crossed a colorful world, bringing back on laden decks a catalogue of stuffs and curiosities.

Golden images of the north plains struck from the left. The salt-white plains nearly floated above the sea. All this was in Germany, though Germany was just a small part of the world, removed almost entirely from the deep source of things—from the high lakes where explorers touched the silvers which caught the world's images, from the Sahara where they found the fine glass which bent the light.

Arriving at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in the dark, he could hear bells chiming and water rushing. Cool currents of air flowed from the direction of this white tumbling sound. It was winter. He hailed a horse-drawn sledge and piled his baggage in the back. "Hotel Aufburg," he said authoritatively.

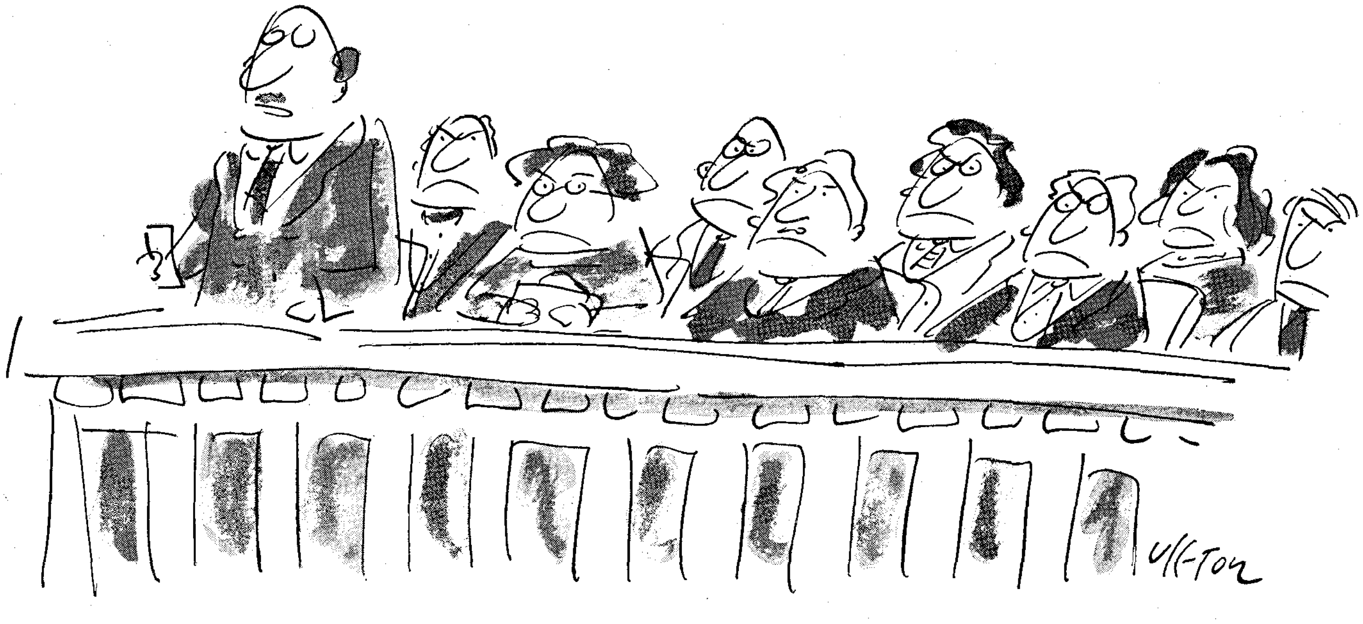
"Hotel Aufburg?" asked the driver.

"Yes, Hotel Aufburg. There is such a place, isn't there? It hasn't closed, has it?"

"No, sir, it hasn't closed." The driver touched his horse with the whip. The horse walked twenty feet and was reined to a stop. "Here we are," the driver said. "I trust you've had a pleasant journey. Time passes quickly up here in the mountains."

The sign for the hotel was so large and well lit that the street in front of it shone as in daylight. The driver was guffawing to himself; the little guffaws rumbled about in him like subterranean thunder. He could not wait to tell the other drivers.

Wallich did nothing properly in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. But it was a piece of luck that he felt too awkward and ill at ease to sit alone in restaurants while, nearby, families and lovers had self-centered raucous meals, sometimes even bursting into song. Winter took over the town and covered it in stiff white ice. The unresilient cold, the



"We find the defendant guilt-ridden, as charged."

• •

troikas jingling through the streets, the frequent snowfalls encouraged winter fat. But because Wallich ate cold food in his room or stopped occasionally at a counter for a steaming bowl of soup, he became a shadow.

The starvation was pleasant. It made him sleepy and its constant physical presence gave him companionship. He sat for hours watching the snow, feeling as if he were part of it, as if the diminution of his body were great progress, as if such lightening would lessen his sorrow and bring him to the high rim of things he had not seen before, things which would help him and show him what to do and make him proud just for coming upon them.

He began to exercise. Several times a day the hotel manager knocked like a woodpecker at Wallich's door. The angrier the manager, the faster the knocks. If he were really angry he spoke so rapidly that he sounded like a speeded-up record: "Herr Wallich, I must ask you on behalf of the other guests to stop immediately all the thumping and vibration! This is a quiet hotel, in a quiet town, in a quiet tourist region. Please!" Then the manager would bow and quickly withdraw.

Eventually they threw Wallich out, but not before he had spent October and November in concentrated maniacal pursuit of physical strength. He had started with five each, every waking hour, of pushups, pull-ups, sit-ups, toe-touches, and leg-raises. The pull-ups were deadly—he did one every twelve minutes. The thumping and bumping came from five minutes of running in place. At the end of the first day, the pain in his chest was so intense that he was certain he was not long for the world. The second day was worse. And so it went, until after ten days there was no pain at all. The weight he abandoned helped a great deal to expand his physical prowess. He was, after all, in his middle twenties, and had never eaten to excess. Nor did he smoke or drink, except for champagne at weddings and municipal celebrations. In fact, he had always had rather ascetic tendencies, and had thought it fitting to have spent his life in Munich—"Home of Monks."

By his fifteenth day in Garmisch-Partenkirchen he had increased his schedule to fifteen apiece of the exercises each hour, which meant, for example, that he did a pull-up every four minutes whenever he was awake. Late at night he ran aimlessly about the deserted streets for an hour or more, even though it sometimes snowed. Two policemen who huddled over a brazier in their tiny booth simply looked at one another and pointed to their heads, twirling their fingers and rolling their eyes every time he passed by. On the last day of November, he moved up the valley to a little village called Altenburg-St. Peter.

There it was worse in some ways and better in others. Altenburg-St. Peter was so tiny that no stranger could enter unobserved, and so still that no one could do anything without the knowledge of the entire community. Children stared at Wallich on the street. This made him walk on the little lanes and approach his few destinations from the rear, which led housewives to speculate that he was a burglar. There were few merchants, and, because they were cousins, they could with little effort determine exactly what Wallich ate. When one week they were positive that he had consumed only four bowls of soup, a pound of cheese, a pound of smoked meat, a quart of yogurt, and two loaves of bread, they were incredulous. They themselves ate this much in a day. They wondered how Wallich survived on so little. Finally they came up with an answer. He received packages from Munich several times a week and in these packages was food, they thought—and probably very great delicacies. Then as the winter got harder and the snows covered everything they stopped wondering about him. They did not see him as he ran out of his lodgings at midnight, and the snow muffled his tread. He ran up the road toward the Schreuderspitze, first for a kilometre, then two, then five, then ten, then twenty—when finally he had to stop because he had begun slipping in just before the farmers arose and would have seen him.

By the end of February the packages had ceased arriving, and he was a changed man. No one would have mistaken him for what he had been. In five months he had become lean and strong. He did two hundred and fifty sequential pushups at least four times a day. For the sheer pleasure of it, he would do a hundred and fifty pushups on his fingertips. Every day he did a hundred pull-ups in a row. His midnight run, sometimes in snow which had accumulated up to his knees, was four hours long.

The packages had contained only books on climbing, and equipment. An first the books had been terribly discouraging. Every elementary text had bold warnings in red or green ink: "It is extremely dangerous to attempt genuine ascents without proper training. This volume should be used in conjunction with a certified course on climbing, or with the advice of a registered guide. A book itself will not do!"

One manual had in bright-red ink, on the very last page: "Go back, you fool! Certain death awaits you!" Wallich imagined that, as the books said, there were many things he could not learn except by human example, and many mistakes he might make in interpreting the manuals, which would go uncorrected save for the critique of living practitioners. But it didn't matter. He was determined to learn for himself and accomplish his task alone. Besides, since the accident he had become a recluse, and could hardly speak. The thought of enrolling in a climbing school full of young people from all parts of the country paralyzed him. How could he reconcile his task with their enthusiasm? For them it was recreation, perhaps something aesthetic or spiritual, a way to meet new friends. For him it was one tight channel through which he would either burst on to a new life, or in which he would die.

Studying carefully, he soon worked his way to advanced treatises for those who had spent years in the Alps. He understood these well enough, having quickly learned the terminologies and the humor and the faults of those who write about the mountains. He was even convinced that he knew the spirit in which the treatises had been written, for though he had never climbed, he had only to look out his window to see high white mountains about which blue sky swirled like a banner. He felt that in seeing them he was one of them, and was greatly encouraged when he read in a French mountaineer's memoirs: "After years in the mountains, I learned to look upon a given range and feel as if I were the last peak in the line. Thus I felt the music of the empty spaces enwrapping me, and I became not an intruder on the cliffs, dangling only to drop away, but an equal in transit. I seldom looked at my own body but only at the mountains, and my eyes felt like the eyes of the mountains."

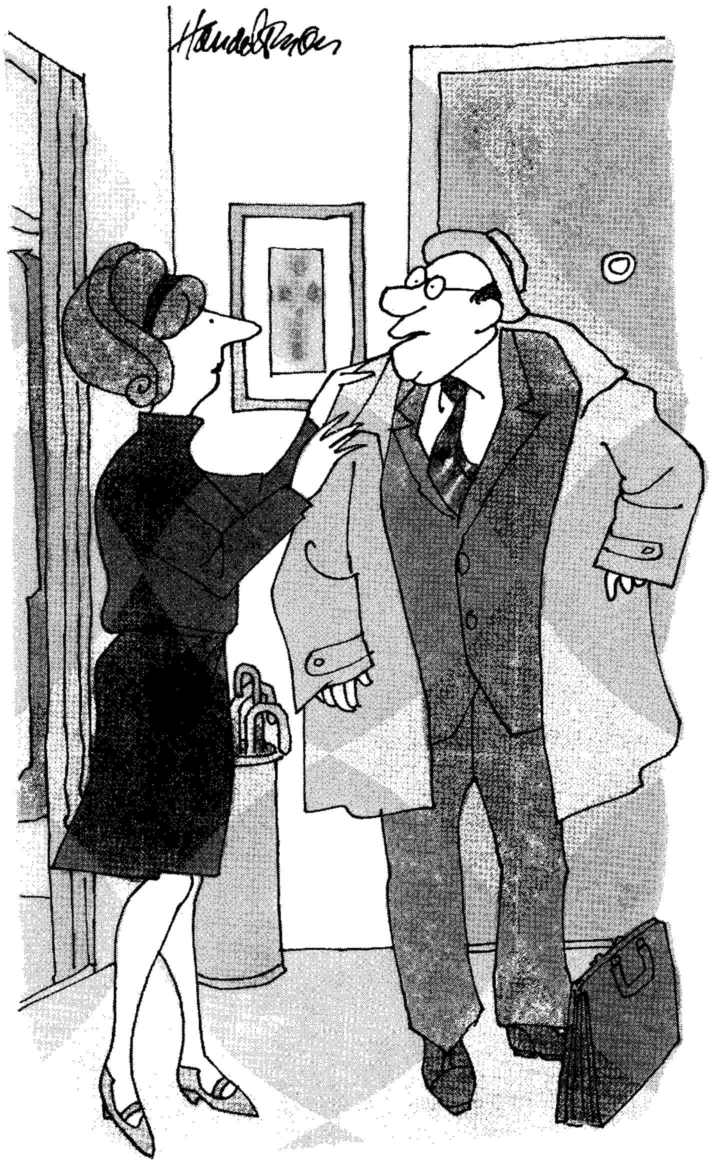
He lavished nearly all his dwindling money on fine equipment. He calculated that after his purchases he would have enough to live on through September. Then he would have nothing. He had expended large sums on the best tools, and he spent the intervals between his hours of reading and exercise holding and studying the shiny carabiners, pitons, slings, chocks, hammers, ice pitons, axes, étriers, crampons, ropes, and specialized hardware that he had either ordered or constructed himself from plans in the advanced books.

It was insane, he knew, to funnel all his preparation into a few months of agony and then without any experience whatever throw himself alone onto a Class VI ascent—the seldom climbed *Westgebirgsausläufer* of the Schreuderspitze. Not having driven one piton, he was going to attempt a five-day climb up the nearly sheer western counterfort. Even in late June, he would spend a third of his time on ice. But the sight of the ice in March, shining like a faraway sword over the cold and absolute distance, drove him on. He had long passed censure. Had anyone known what he was doing and tried to dissuade him, he would have told him to go to hell, and resumed preparations with the confidence of someone taken up by a new religion.

For he had always believed in great deeds, in fairy tales, in echoing trumpet lands, in wonders and wondrous accomplishments. But even as a boy he had never considered that such things would fall to him. As a good city child he had known that these adventures were not necessary. But suddenly he was alone and the things which occurred to him were great warlike deeds. His energy and discipline were boundless, as full and overflowing as a lake in the mountains. Like the heroes of his youth, he would try to approach the high cord of ruby light and bend it to his will, until he could feel rolling thunder. The small things, the gentle things, the good things he loved, and the flow of love itself were dead for him and would always be, unless he could liberate them in a crucible of high drama.

It took him many months to think these things, and though they might not seem consistent, they were so for him, and he often spent hours alone on a sunny snow-covered meadow, his elbows on his knees, imagining great deeds in the mountains, as he stared at the massive needle of the Schreuderspitze, at the hint of rich lands beyond, and at the tiny village where he had taken up position opposite the mountain.

TOWARD the end of May he had been walking through Altenburg-St. Peter and seen his reflection in a store window—a storm had

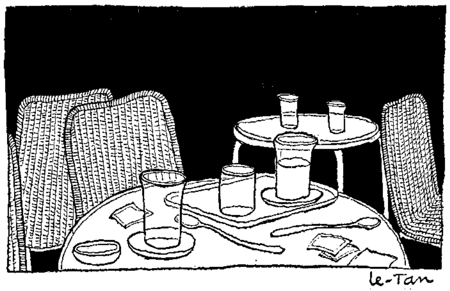


"I decided to play it by ear today, and found myself at the race track."

arisen suddenly and made the glass as silver-black as the clouds. He had not liked what he had seen. His face had become too hard and too lean. There was not enough gentleness. He feared immediately for the success of his venture if only because he knew well that unmitigated extremes are a great cause of failure. And he was tired of his painful regimen.

He bought a large Telefunken radio, in one fell swoop wiping out his funds for August and September. He felt as if he were paying for the privilege of music with portions of his life and body. But it was well worth it. When the storekeeper offered to deliver the heavy console, Wallich declined politely, picked up the cabinet himself, hoisted it on his back, and walked out of the store bent under it as in classic illustrations for physics textbooks throughout the industrialized world. He did not put it down once. The storekeeper summoned his associates and they bet and counterbet on whether Wallich "would" or "would not," as he moved slowly up the steep hill, up the steps, around the white switchbacks, onto a grassy slope, and then finally up the precipitous stairs to the balcony outside his room. "How can he have done that?" they asked. "He is a small man, and the radio must weigh at least thirty kilos." The storekeeper trotted out with a catalogue. "It weighs fifty-five kilograms!" he said. "Fifty-five kilograms!," and they wondered what had made Wallich so strong.

Once, Wallich had taken his little son (a tiny, skeptical, silent child who had a riotous giggle which could last for an hour) to see the inflation of a great gas dirigible. It had been a disappointment, for a dirigible is rigid and maintains always the same shape. He had expected to see the silver of its sides expand into ribbed cliffs which would float over them on the green field and amaze his son. Now that silver rising, the sail-like expansion, the great crescendo of a glimmering weightless mass, finally reached him alone in his room, too late but well received, when a Berlin station played the Beethoven Violin Concerto, its first five timpanic D's like grace before a feast. After those notes, the music lifted him, and he riveted his gaze on the dark shapes of the mountains, where a lightning storm raged. The radio crackled after each near or distant flash, but it was as if the music had been designed for it. Wallich looked at the yellow light within a softly glowing numbered panel. It flickered gently, and he could hear cracks and flashes in the music as he saw them delineated across darkness. They looked and sounded like the bent riverine limbs of dead trees hanging majestically over rocky outcrops, destined to fall, but enjoying their grand suspension nonetheless. The music travelled effortlessly on anarchic beams, passed high over the plains, passed high the forests, seeding them plentifully, and came upon the Alps like waves which finally strike the shore after thousands of miles in open sea. It charged upward, mating with the electric storm, separating, and delivering.



To Wallich—alone in the mountains, surviving amid the dark massifs and clear air—came the closeted, nasal, cosmopolitan voice of the radio commentator. It was good to know that there was something other than the purity and magnificence of his mountains, that far to the north the balance reverted to less than moral catastrophe and death, and much stock was set in things of extraordinary inconsequence. Wallich could not help laughing when he thought of the formally dressed audience at the symphony, how they squirmed in their seats and heated the bottoms of their trousers and capes, how relieved and delighted they would be to step out into the cool evening and go to a restaurant. In the morning they would arise and take pleasure from the sweep of the drapes as sun danced

PASSING OUT

I remember passing out of myself
in a New Year's house

on the shore—Connecticut, probably.
A divorcée, if you imagine, black-haired,
hips, timbreline, devoted to
a ten-year-old son, & with a voice which

forced the dishwasher to change
cycles. She had parents; I had
a wife, as I recall. I burned
my documents: draft cards, & other

slim pieces of myself after the wishbone
had been served with a thick cranberry
sauce. It was as advertised on TV—
everything, including the divorcée.

Chucking my line of thought into
the king-sized fireplace filled
with smoke logs, I took one sniff,
filled my heart with Zulu-blue, &

continued to kick up quite a storm.
That night, no one got married.
I was harried, nonetheless. She,
the cruel woman of disease

I have always taken a tumble for,
she was the open door in my history;
she was the noodle factory of my desire;
she set fires in her son's hair.

I have met her on the shore
several times, since. We both wince
a little, & smile, as if we knew
how much blood, how many lives

still quiver   under our fingernails.

—Terry Stokes

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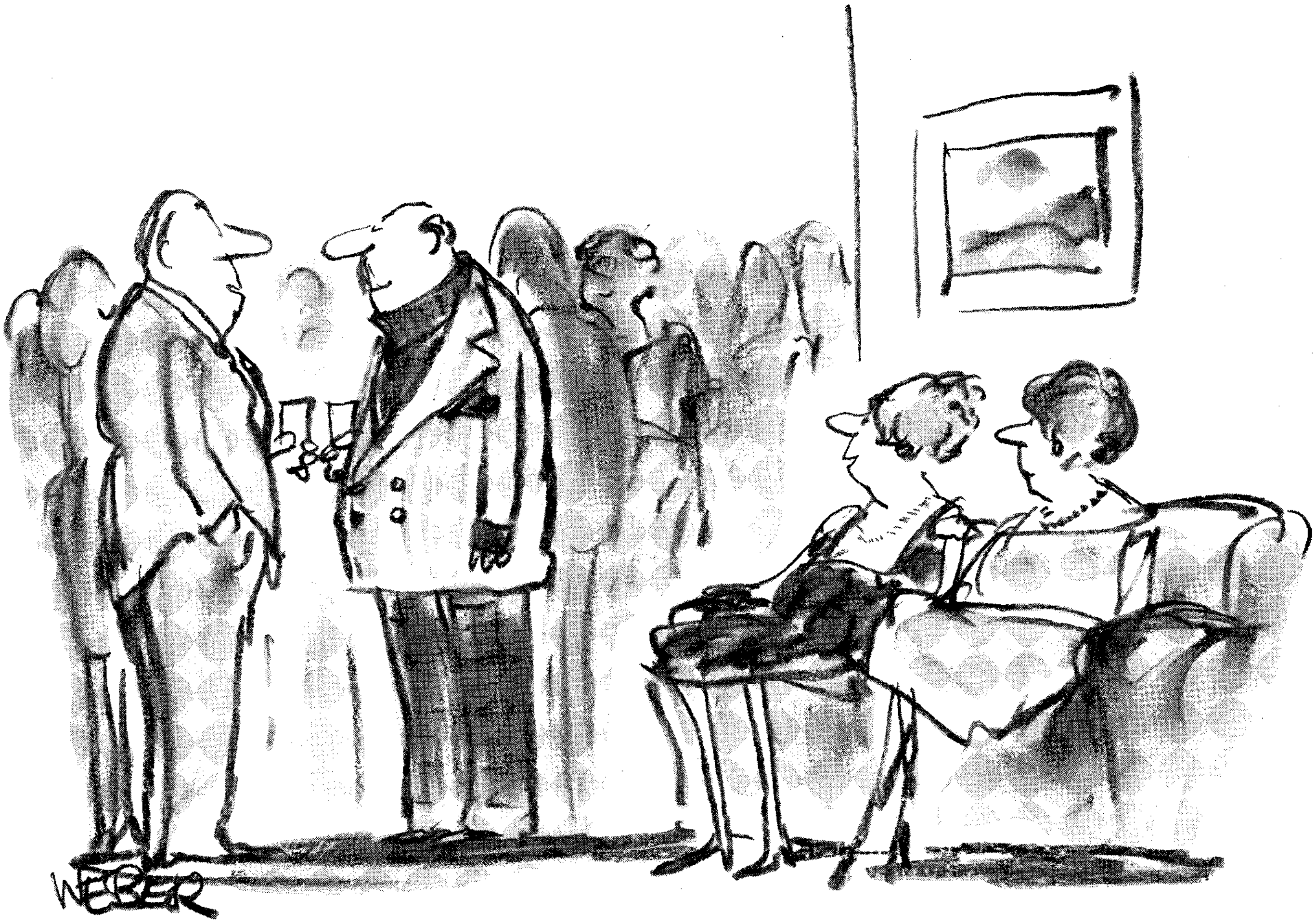


"My Harry is Bill Blass from head to toe."

• •

by, from the gold rim around a white china cup. For them it was always too hot or too cold. But they certainly had their delights, about which sometimes he would think. How often he still dreamed, asleep or awake, of the smooth color plates opulating under his hands in tanks of developer and of the fresh film which smelled like bread and then was entombed in black cylinders to develop. How he longed sometimes for the precise machinery of his cameras. The very word "*Kamera*" was as dark and hollow as this night in the mountains when, reviewing the pleasures of faraway Berlin, he sat in perfect health and equanimity upon a wicker-weave seat in a bare white room. The only light was from the yellow dial, the sudden lightning flashes, and the faint blue of the sky beyond the hills. And all was quiet but for the music and the thunder and the static curling about the music like weak and lost memories which arise to harry even indomitable perfections.

A MONTH before the ascent, he awaited arrival of a good climbing rope. He needed from a rope not strength to hold a fall but lightness and length for abseiling. His strategy was to climb with a short self-belay. No one would follow to retrieve his hardware and because it would not always be practical for him to do so himself, in what one of his books called "rhythmic recapitulation," he planned to carry a great deal of metal. If the metal and he reached the summit relatively intact, he could make short work of the descent, abandoning pitons as he abseiled downward.

He would descend in half a day that which had taken five days to climb. He pictured the abseiling, literally a flight down the mountain on the doubled cord of his long rope, and he thought that those hours speeding down the cliffs would be the finest of his life. If the weather were good he would come away from the Schreuderspitze having flown like an eagle.

On the day the rope was due, he went to the railroad station to meet the mail. It was a clear, perfect day. The light was so fine and rich that in its bath everyone felt wise, strong, and content. Wallich sat on the wooden boards of the wide platform, scanning the green meadows and fields for smoke and a coal engine, but the countryside was silent and the valley unmarred by the black woolly chain he sought. In the distance, toward France and Switzerland, a few cream-and-rose-colored clouds rode the horizon, immobile and high. On far mountainsides innumerable flowers showed in this long view as a slash, or as a patch of color not unlike one flower alone.

He had arrived early, for he had no watch. After some minutes a car drove up and from it emerged a young family. They rushed as if the train were waiting to depart, when down the long troughlike valley it was not even visible. There were two little girls, as beautiful as he had ever seen. The mother, too, was extraordinarily fine. The father was in his early thirties, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses. They seemed like a university family—people who knew how to live sensibly, taking pleasure from proper and beautiful things.

The littler girl was no more than three. Sunburned and rosy, she wore a dress that was shaped like a bell. She dashed about the platform so lightly and tentatively that it was as if Wallich were watching a tiny fish gravityless in a lighted aquarium. Her older sister stood quietly by the mother, who was illumined with consideration and pride for her children. It was apparent that she was overjoyed with the grace of her family. She seemed detached and preoccupied, but in just the right way. The littler girl said in a voice like a child's party horn, "Mummy, I want some peanuts!"

It was so ridiculous that this child should share the appetite of elephants that the mother smiled. "Peanuts will make you thirsty, Gretl. Wait until we get to Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Then we'll have lunch in the buffet."

"When will we get to Garmisch-Partenkirchen?"

"At two."

"Two?"

"Yes, at two."

"At two?"

"Gretl!"

The father looked alternately at the mountains and at his wife and children. He seemed confident and steadfast. In the distance black smoke appeared in thick billows. The father pointed at it. "There's our train," he said.

"Where?" asked Gretl, looking in the wrong direction. The father picked her up and turned her head with his hand, aiming her gaze down the shimmering valley. When she saw the train she started, and her eyes opened wide in pleasure.

"Ah . . . there it is," said the father. As the train pulled into the station the young girls were filled with excitement. Amid the noise they entered a compartment and were swallowed up in the steam. The train pulled out.

Wallich stood on the empty platform, unwrapping his rope. It was a rope, quite a nice rope, but it did not make him as happy as he had expected it would.

LITTLE can match the silhouette of mountains by night. The great mass becomes far more mysterious when its face is darkened, when its sweeping lines roll steeply into valleys and peaks and long impossible ridges, when behind the void a concoction of rare silver leaps up to trace the hills—the pressure of collected starlight. That night, in conjunction with the long draughts of music he had become used to taking, he began to dream his dreams. They did not frighten him—he was beyond fear, too strong for fear, too played out. They did not even puzzle him, for they unfolded like the chapters in a brilliant nineteenth-century history. The rich explanations filled him for days afterward. He was amazed, and did not understand why these perfect dreams suddenly came to him. Surely they did not arise from within. He had never had the world so beautifully portrayed, had never seen as clearly and in such sure, gentle steps, had never risen so high and so smoothly in unfolding enlightenment, and he had seldom felt so well looked after. And yet, there was no visible presence. But it was as if the mountains and valleys were filled with loving families of which he was part.

Upon his return from the railroad platform, a storm had come suddenly from beyond the southern ridge. Though it had been warm and clear that day, he had seen from the sunny meadow before his house that a white storm billowed in higher and higher curves, pushing itself over the summits, finally to fall like an air avalanche on the valley. It snowed on the heights. The sun continued to strike the opaque frost and high clouds. It did not snow in the valley. The shock troops of the storm remained at the highest elevations, and only worn gray veterans came below—misty clouds and rain on cold wet air. Ragged clouds moved across the mountainsides and meadows, watering the trees and sometimes catching in low places. Even so, the air in the meadow was still horn-clear.

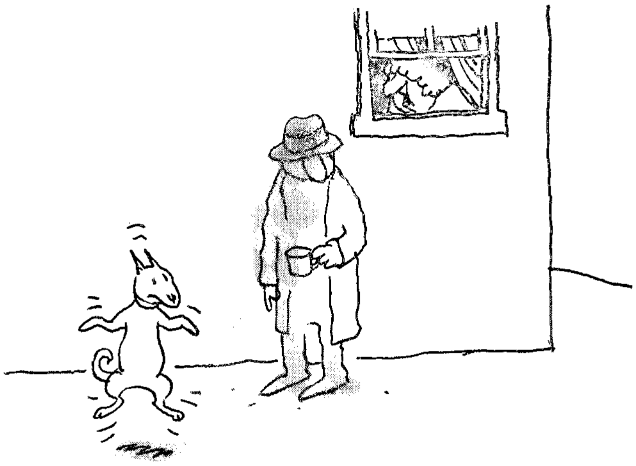
In his room that night Wallich rocked back and forth on the wicker chair (it was not a rocker and he knew that using it as such was to number its days). That night's crackling infusion from Berlin, rising warmly from the faintly lit dial, was Beethoven's Eighth. The familiar commentator, nicknamed by Wallich Mälzels Metronom because of his even monotone, discoursed upon the background of the work.

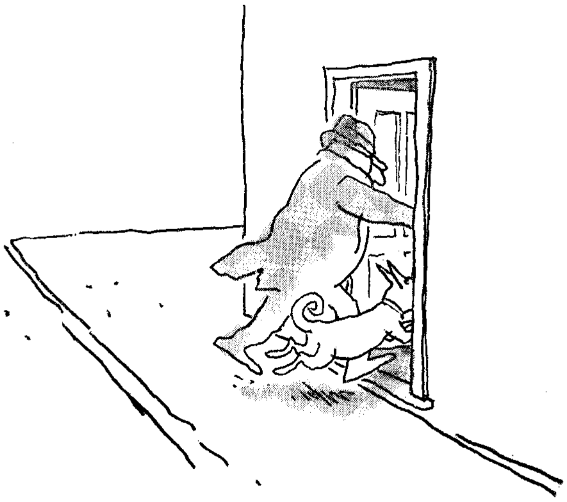
"For many years," he said, "no one except Beethoven liked this symphony. Beethoven's opinions, however—even regarding his own creations—are equal at least to the collective pronouncements of all the musicologists and critics alive in the West during any hundred-year period. Conscious of the merits of the F-Major Symphony, he resolutely determined to redeem and . . . ah . . . the conductor has arrived. He steps to the podium. We begin."

Wallich retired that night in perfect tranquillity but awoke at five in the morning soaked in his own sweat, his fists clenched, a terrible pain in his chest, and breathing heavily as if he had been running. In the dim unattended light of the early-morning storm, he lay with eyes wide open. His pulse subsided, but he was like an animal in a cave, like a creature who has just escaped an organized hunt. It was as if the whole village had come armed and in search of him, had by some miracle decided that he was not in, and had left to comb the wet woods. He had been dreaming, and he saw his dream in its exact form. It was, first, an emerald. Cut into an octagon with two long sides, it was shaped rather like the plaque at the bottom of a painting. Events within this emerald were circular and never-ending.

They were in Munich. Air and sun were refined as on the station platform in the mountains. He was standing at a streetcar stop with his wife and his two daughters, though he knew perfectly well in the dream that these two daughters were meant to be his son. A streetcar arrived in complete silence. Clouds of people began to embark. They were dressed and muffled in heavy clothing of dull blue and gray. To his surprise, his wife moved toward the door of the streetcar and started to board, the daughters trailing after her. He could not see her feet, and she moved in a glide. Though at first paralyzed, as in the instant before a crash, he did manage to bound after her. As she stepped onto the first step and was about to grasp a chrome pole within the doorway, he made for her arm and caught it.

He pulled her back and spun her around, all very gently. Her presence before him was so intense that it was as if he were trapped under the weight of a fallen beam. She, too, wore a winter coat, but it was slim and perfectly tailored. He remembered the perfect geometry of the lapels. Not on earth had such angles ever been seen. The coat was a most intense liquid emerald color, a living light-infused green. She had always looked best in green, for her hair was like shining gold. He stood before her. He felt her





delicacy. Her expression was neutral. "Where are you going?" he asked incredulously.

"I must go," she said.

He put his arms around her. She returned his embrace, and he said, "How can you leave me?"

"I have to," she answered.

And then she stepped onto the first step of the streetcar, and onto the second step, and she was enfolded into darkness.

He awoke, feeling like an invalid. His strength served for naught. He just stared at the clouds lifting higher and higher as the storm cleared. By nightfall the sky was black and gentle, though very cold. He kept thinking back to the emerald. It meant everything to him, for it was the first time he realized that they were really dead. Silence followed. Time passed thickly. He could not have imagined the sequence of dreams to follow, and what they would do to him.

HE began to fear sleep, thinking that he would again be subjected to the lucidity of the emerald. But he had run that course and would never do so again except by perfect conscious recollection. The night after he had the dream of the emerald he fell asleep like someone letting go of a cliff edge after many minutes alone without help or hope. He slid into sleep, heart beating wildly. To his surprise, he found himself far indeed from the trolley tracks in Munich.

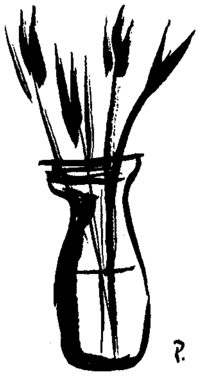
Instead, he was alone in the center of a sunlit snowfield, walking on the glacier in late June, bound for the summit of the Schreuderspitze. The mass of his equipment sat lightly upon him. He was well drilled in its use and positioning, in the subtleties of placement and rigging. The things he carried seemed part of him, as if he had quickly evolved into a new kind of animal suited for breathtaking travel in the steep heights.

His stride was light and long, like that of a man on the moon. He nearly floated, ever so slightly airborne, over the dazzling glacier. He leaped crevasses, sailing in slow motion against intense white and blue. He passed apple-fresh streams and opalescent melt pools of blue-green water as he progressed toward the Schreuderspitze. Its rocky horn was covered by nearly blue ice from which the wind blew a white corona in sines and cusps twirling about the sky.

Passing the bergschrund, he arrived at the first mass of rock. He turned to look back. There he saw the snowfield and the sun turning above it like a pinwheel, casting out a fog of golden light. He stood alone. The world had been reduced to the beauty of physics and the mystery of light. It had been rendered into a frozen state, a liquid state, a solid state, a gaseous state, mixtures, temperatures, and more varieties of light than fell on the speckled floor of a great cathedral. It was simple, and yet infinitely complex. The sun was warm. There was silence.

For several hours he climbed over great boulders and up a range of rocky escarpments. It grew more and more difficult, and he often had to lay in protection, driving a piton into a crack of the firm granite. His first piton was a surprise. It slowed halfway, and the ringing sound as he hammered grew higher in pitch. Finally, it would go in no farther. He had spent so much time in driving it that he thought it would be as steady as the Bank of England. But when he gave a gentle tug to test its hold, it came right out. This he thought extremely funny. He then remembered that he had either to drive it in all the way, to the eye, or to attach a sling along its shaft as near as possible to the rock. It was a question of avoiding leverage.

He bent carefully to his equipment sling, replaced the used piton, and took up a shorter one. The shorter piton went to its eye in five hammer strokes and he could do nothing to dislodge it. He clipped in and ascended a steep pitch, at the top of which he drove in two pitons, tied in to them, abseiled down to retrieve the first, and ascended quite easily to where he had left off. He made rapid progress over frightening pitches, places no one would dare go without assurance of a bolt in the rock and a line to the bolt—even if the bolt was just a small piece of metal driven in by dint of precariously balanced strength, arm, and Alpine hammer.



Within the sphere of utter concentration easily achieved during difficult ascents, his simple climbing evolved naturally into graceful technique, by which he went up completely vertical rock faces, suspended only by pitons and étriers. The different placements of which he had read and thought repeatedly were employed skillfully and with a proper sense of variety, though it was tempting to stay with one familiar pattern. Pounding metal into rock and hanging from his taut and colorful wires, he breathed hard, he concentrated, and he went up sheer walls.

At one point he came to the end of a subtle hairline crack in an otherwise smooth wall. The rock above was completely solid for a hundred feet. If he went down to the base of the crack he would be nowhere. The only thing to do was to make a swing traverse to a wall more amenable to climbing.

Anchoring two pitons into the rock as solidly as he could, he clipped an oval carabiner on the bottom piton, put a safety line on the top one, and lowered himself about sixty feet down the two ropes. Hanging perpendicular to the wall, he began to walk back and forth across the rock. He moved to and fro, faster and faster, until he was running. Finally he touched only in places and was swinging wildly like a pendulum. He feared that the piton to which he was anchored would not take the strain, and would pull out. But he kept swinging faster, until he gave one final push and, with a pathetic cry, went sailing over a drop which would have made a mountain goat swallow its heart. He caught an outcropping of rock on the other side, and pulled himself to it desperately. He hammered in, retrieved the ropes, glanced at the impassable wall, and began again to ascend.

As he approached great barricades of ice, he looked back. It gave him great pride and satisfaction to see the thousands of feet over which he had struggled. Much of the west counterfort was purely vertical. He could see now just how the glacier was riverine. He could see deep within the Tyrol and over the border to the Swiss lakes. Garmisch-Partenkirchen looked from here like a town on the board of a toy railroad or (if considered only two-dimensionally) like the cross-section of a kidney. Altenburg-St. Peter looked like a ladybug. The sun sent streamers of tan light through the valley, already three-quarters conquered by shadow, and the ice above took fire. Where the ice began, he came to a wide ledge and he stared upward at a sparkling ridge which looked like a great crystal spine. Inside, it was blue and cold.

He awoke, convinced that he had in fact climbed the counterfort. It was a strong feeling, as strong as the reality of the emerald. Sometimes dreams could be so real that they competed with the world, riding at even balance and calling for a decision. Sometimes, he imagined, when they are so real and so important, they easily tip the scale and the world buckles and dreams become real. Crossing the fragile barricades, one enters his dreams, thinking of his life as imagined.

He rejoiced at his bravery in climbing. It had been as real as anything he had ever experienced. He felt the pain, the exhaustion, and the reward, as well as the danger. But he could not wait to return to the mountain and the ice. He longed for evening and the enveloping darkness, believing that he belonged resting under great folds of ice on the wall of the Schreuderspitze. He had no patience with his wicker chair, the bent wood of the windowsill, the clear glass in the window, the green-sided hills he saw curving through it, or his brightly colored equipment hanging from pegs on the white wall.

TWO weeks before, on one of the eastward roads from Altenburg-St. Peter—no more than a dirt track—he had seen a child turn and take a well-worn path toward a wood, a meadow, and a stream by which stood a house and a barn. The child walked slowly upward into the forest, disappearing into the dark close, as if he had been taken up by vapor. Wallich had been too far away to hear footsteps, and the last thing he saw was the back of the boy's bright blue-and-white sweater. Returning at dusk, Wallich had expected to see warmly lit windows, and smoke issuing efficiently from the straight chimney. But there were no lights, and there was no smoke. He made his way through the trees and past the meadow only to come upon a small farmhouse with boarded windows and no-trespassing signs tacked on the doors.

It was unsettling when he saw the same child making his way across the upper meadow, a flash of blue and white in the near darkness. Wallich screamed out to him, but he did not hear, and kept walking as if he were deaf or in another world, and he went over the crest of the hill. Wallich ran up the hill. When he reached the top he saw only a wide empty field and not a trace of the boy.

Then in the darkness and purity of the meadows he began to feel that the world had many secrets, that they were shattering even to glimpse or sense, and that they were not necessarily unpleasant. In certain states of light he could see, he could begin to sense, things most miraculous indeed. Although it seemed self-serving, he concluded nonetheless, after a lifetime of adhering to the diffuse principles of a science he did not know, that there was life after death, that the dead rose into a mischievous world of pure light, that something most mysterious lay beyond the enfolding darkness, something wonderful.

This idea had taken hold, and he refined it. For example, listening to the Beethoven symphonies broadcast from Berlin, he began to think that they were like a ladder of mountains, that they surpassed themselves and rose higher and higher until at certain points they seemed to break the warp itself and cross into a heaven of light and the dead. There were signs everywhere of temporal diffusion and mystery. It was as if continents existed, new worlds lying just off the coast, invisible and redolent, waiting for the grasp of one man suddenly to substantiate and light them, changing everything. Perhaps great mountains hundreds of times higher than the Alps would arise in the sea or on the flatlands. They might be purple or gold and shining in many states of refraction and reflection, transparent in places as vast as countries. Someday someone would come back from this place, or someone would by accident discover and illumine its remarkable physics.

He believed that the boy he had seen nearly glowing in the half-darkness of the high meadow had been his son, and that the child had been teasing his father in a way only he could know, that the child had been asking him to follow. Possibly he had come upon great secrets on the other side, and knew that his father would join him soon enough and that then they would laugh about the world.

When he next fell asleep in the silence of a clear windless night in the valley, Wallich was like a man disappearing into the warp of darkness. He wanted to go there, to be taken as far as he could be taken. He was not unlike a sailor who sets sail in the teeth of a great storm, delighted by his own abandon.

Throwing off the last wraps of impure light, he found himself again in the ice world. The word was all-encompassing—*Eiswelt*. There above him the blue spire rocketed upward as far as the eye could see. He touched it with his hand. It was indeed as cold as ice. It was dense and hard, like glass ten feet thick. He had doubted its strength, but its solidity told that it would not flake away and allow him to drop endlessly, far from it.

On ice he found firm holds both with his feet and with his hands, and hardly needed the ice pitons and étriers. For he had crampons tied firmly to his boots, and could spike his toe points into the ice and stand comfortably on a vertical. He proceeded with a surety of footing he had never had on the streets of Munich. Each step bolted him down to the surface. And in each hand he carried an ice hammer with which he made swinging cutting arcs that engaged the shining stainless-steel pick with the mirror-like wall.

All the snow had blown away or had melted. There were no traps, no pitfalls, no ambiguities. He progressed toward the summit rapidly, climbing steep ice walls as if he had been going up a ladder. The air became purer and the light more direct. Looking out to right or left, or glancing sometimes over his shoulders, he saw that he was now truly in the world of mountains.

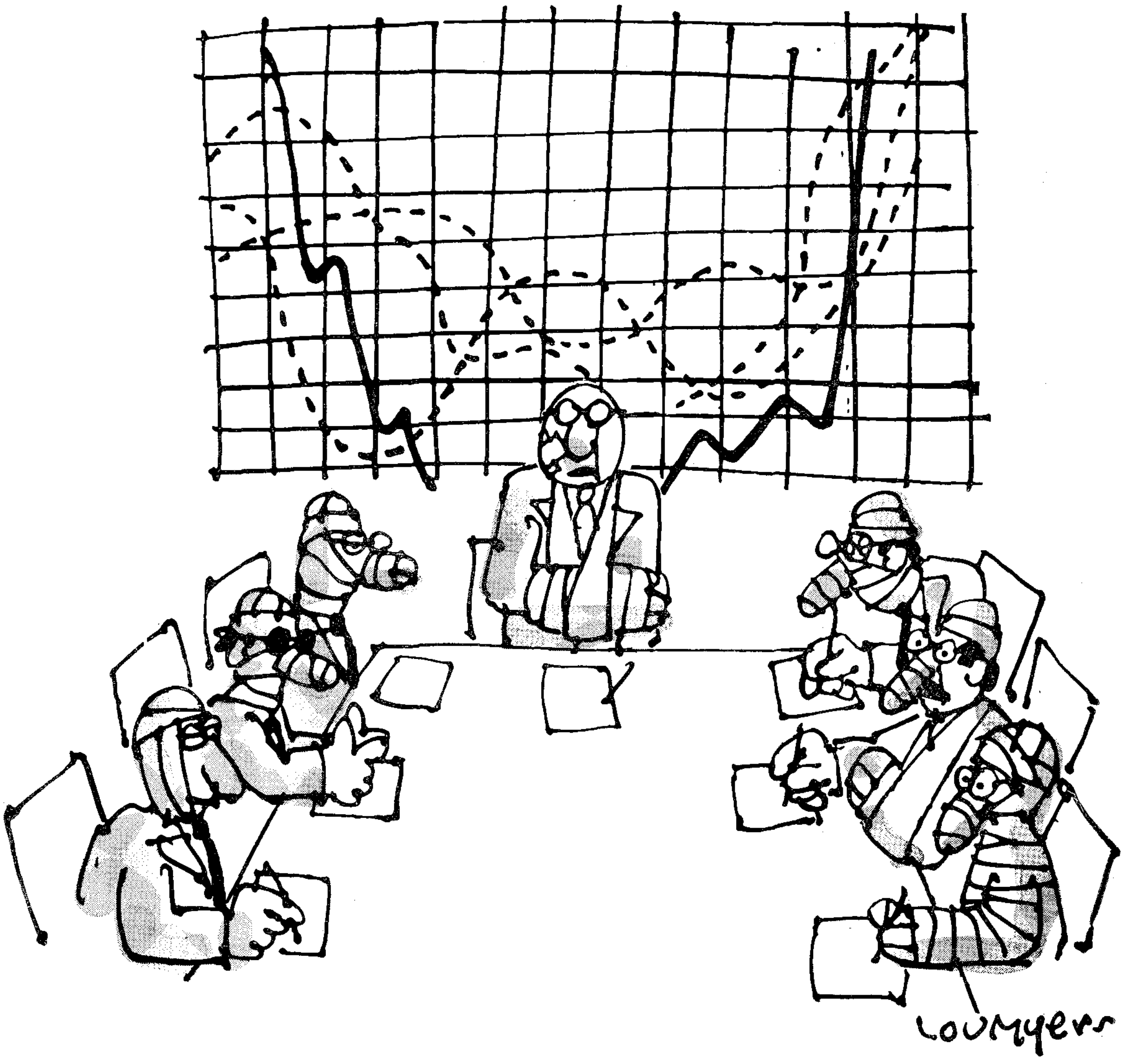
Above the few clouds he could see only equal peaks of ice, and the Schreuderspitze dropping away from him. It was not the world of rock. No longer could he make out individual features in the valley. Green had become a hazy dark blue appropriate to an ocean floor. Whole countries came into view. The landscape was a mass of winding glaciers and great mountains. At that height, all was separated and refined. Soft things vanished, and there remained only the white and the silver.

He did not reach the summit until dark. He did not see the stars because icy clouds covered the Schreuderspitze in a crystalline fog which flowed past, crackling and hissing. He was heartbroken to have come all the way to the summit and then be blinded by masses of clouds. Since he could not descend until light, he decided to stay firmly stationed until he could see clearly. Meanwhile, he lost patience and began to address a presence in the air—casually, not thinking it strange to do so, not thinking twice about talking to the void.

HE awoke in his room in early morning, saying, "All these blinding clouds. Why all these blinding clouds?"

Though the air of the valley was as fresh as a flower, he detested it. He pulled the covers over his head and strove for unconsciousness, but he grew too hot and finally gave up, staring at the remnants of dawn light soaking about his room. The day brightened in the way that stage lights come up, suddenly brilliant upon a beam-washed platform. It was early June. He had lost track of the exact date, but he knew that sometime before he had crossed into June. He had lost them in early June. Two years had passed.

He packed his things. Though he had lived like a monk, much had accumulated, and this he put into suitcases, boxes, and bags. He packed his



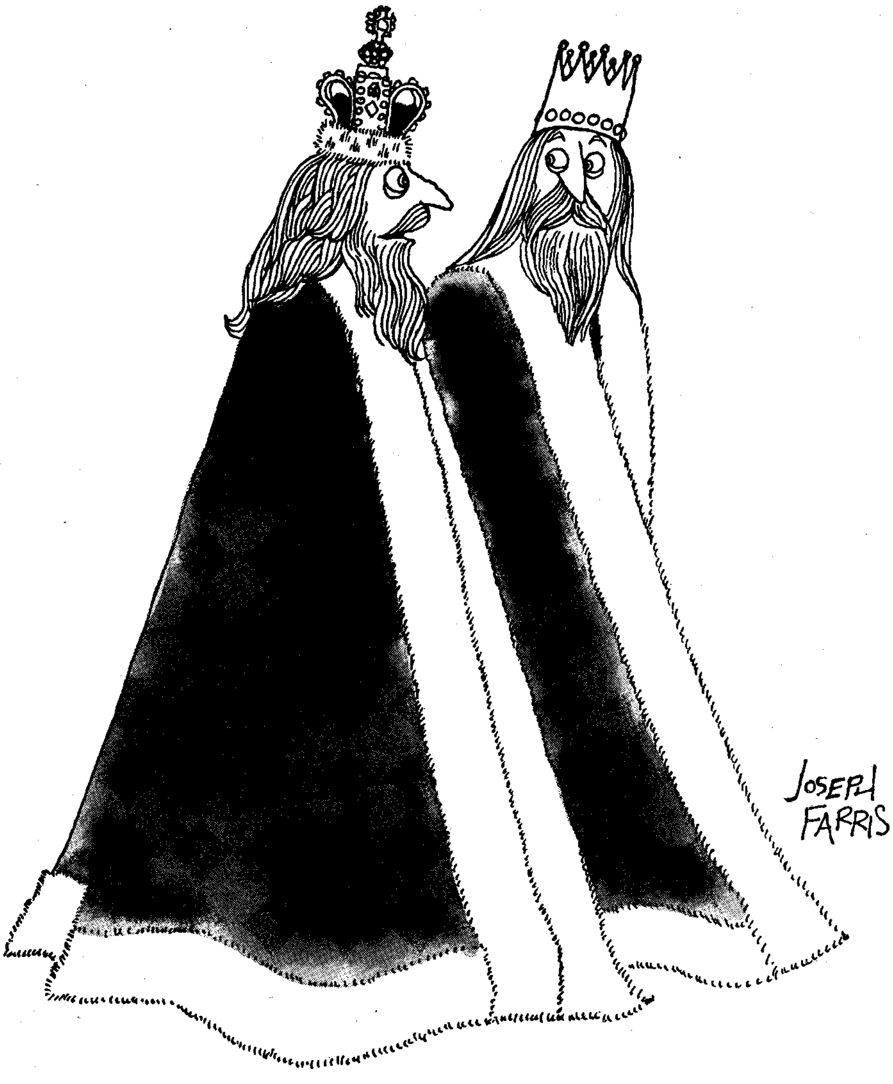
"Well, gentlemen, Christmas is over."

pens, paper, books, a chess set on which he sometimes played against an imaginary opponent named Herr Claub, the beautiful Swiss calendars upon which he had at one time been almost afraid to gaze, cooking equipment no more complex than a soldier's mess kit, his clothing, even the beautifully wrought climbing equipment, for, after all, he had another set, up there in the *Eiswelt*. Only his bedding remained unpacked. It was on the floor in the center of the room, where he slept. He put some banknotes in an envelope—the June rent—and tacked it to the doorpost. The room was empty, white, and it would have echoed had it been slightly larger. He would say something and then listen intently, his eyes flaring like those of a lunatic. He had not eaten in days, and was not disappointed that even the waking world began to seem like a dream.

He went to the pump. He had accustomed himself to bathing in streams so cold that they were too frightened to freeze. Clean and cleanly shaven, he returned to his room. He smelled the sweet pine scent he had brought back on his clothing after hundreds of trips through the woods and forests girdling the greater mountains. Even the bedding was snowy white. He opened the closet and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He was dark from sun and wind; his hair shone; his face had thinned; his eyebrows were now gold and white. For several days he had had only cold pure water. Like soldiers who come from training toughened and healthy, he had about him the air of a small child. He noticed a certain wildness in the eye, and he lay on the hard floor, as was his habit, in perfect comfort. He thought nothing. He felt nothing. He wished nothing.

Time passed as if he could compress and cancel it. Early-evening darkness began to make the white walls blue. He heard a crackling fire in the kitchen of the rooms next door, and imagined the shadows dancing there. Then he slept, departing.

On the mountain it was dreadfully cold. He huddled into himself against the wet silver clouds, and yet he smiled, happy to be once again on the summit. He thought of making an igloo, but remembered that he hadn't an ice saw. The wind began to build. If the storm continued, he would die. It would whittle him into a brittle wire, and then he would snap. The best he could do was to dig a trench with his ice hammers. He lay in the trench and closed his sleeves and hooded parka, drawing the shrouds tight. The wind came at him more and more fiercely. One gust was so powerful that it nearly lifted him out of the trench. He put in an ice piton, and attached his harness. Still the wind rose. It was difficult to breathe and nearly impossible to see. Any irregular surface whistled. The eye of the ice piton became a great siren. The zippers on his parka, the harness, the slings and equipment, all gave off musical tones, so that it was as if he were in a place with hundreds of tormented spirits.



"Did you hear what happened to King Kong?"

The gray air fled past with breathtaking speed. Looking away from the wind, he had the impression of being propelled upward at unimaginable speed. Walls of gray sped by so fast that they glowed. He knew that if he were to look at the wind he would have the sense of hurtling forward in gravityless space.

And so he stared at the wind and its slowly pulsing gray glow. He did not know for how many hours he held that position. The rape of vision caused a host of delusions. He felt great momentum. He travelled until, eardrums throbbing with the sharpness of cold and wind, he was nearly dead, white as a candle, hardly able to breathe.

Then the acceleration ceased and the wind slowed. When, released from the great pressure, he fell back off the edge of the trench, he realized for the first time that he had been stretched tight on his line. He had never been so cold. But the wind was dying and the clouds were no longer a great corridor through which he was propelled. They were, rather, a gentle mist which did not know quite what to do with itself. How would it dissipate? Would it rise to the stars, or would it fall in compression down into the valley below?

It fell; it fell all around him, downward like a lowering curtain. It fell in lines and stripes, always downward as if on signal, by command, in league with a directive force.

At first he saw just a star or two straight on high. But as the mist departed a flood of stars burst through. Roads of them led into infinity. Starry

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wheels sat in fiery white coronas. Near the horizon were the few separate gentle stars, shining out and turning clearly, as wide and round as planets. The air grew mild and warm. He bathed in it. He trembled. As the air became all clear and the mist drained away completely, he saw something which stunned him.

The Schreuderspitze was far higher than he had thought. It was hundreds of times higher than the mountains represented on the map he had seen in Munich. The Alps were to it not even foothills, not even rills. Below him was the purple earth, and all the great cities lit by sparkling lamps in their millions. It was a clear summer dawn and the weather was excellent, certainly June.

He did not know enough about other cities to make them out from the shapes they cast in light, but his eye seized quite easily upon Munich. He arose from his trench and unbuckled the harness, stepping a few paces higher on the rounded summit. There was Munich, shining and pulsing like a living thing, strung with lines of amber light—light which reverberated as if in crystals, light which played in many dimensions and moved about the course of the city, which was defined by darkness at its edge. He had come above time, above the world. The city of Munich existed before him with all its time compressed. As he watched, its history played out in repeating cycles. Nothing, not one movement, was lost from the crystal. The light of things danced and multiplied, again and again, and yet again. It was all there for him to claim. It was alive, and ever would be.

He knelt on one knee as in paintings he had seen of explorers claiming a coast of the New World. He dared close his eyes in the face of that miracle. He began to concentrate, to fashion according to will with the force of stilled time a vision of those he had loved. In all their bright colors, they began to appear before him.

HE awoke as if shot out of a cannon. He went from lying on his back to a completely upright position in an instant, a flash, during which he slammed the floorboards energetically with a clenched fist and cursed the fact that he had returned from such a world. But by the time he stood straight, he was delighted to be doing so. He quickly dressed, packed his bedding, and began to shuttle down to the station and back. In three trips, his luggage was stacked on the platform.

He bought a ticket for Munich, where he had not been in many many long months. He hungered for it, for the city, for the boats on the river, the goods in the shops, newspapers, the pigeons on the square, trees, traffic, even arguments, even Herr Franzen. So much rushed into his mind that he hardly saw his train pull in.

He helped the conductor load his luggage into the baggage car, and he asked, "Will we change at Garmisch-Partenkirchen?"

"No. We go right through, direct to Munich," said the conductor.

"Do me a great favor. Let me ride in the baggage car."

"I can't. It's a violation."

"Please. I've been months in the mountains. I would like to ride alone, for the last time."

The conductor relented, and Wallich sat atop a pile of boxes, looking at the landscape through a Dutch door, the top of which was open. Trees and meadows, sunny and lush in June, sped by. As they descended, the vegetation thickened until he saw along the cinder bed slow-running black rivers, skeins and skeins of thorns darted with the red of early raspberries, and flowers which had sprung up on the paths. The air was warm and caressing—thick and full, like a swaying green sea at the end of August.

They closed on Munich, and the Alps appeared in a sweeping line of white cloud-touched peaks. As they pulled into the great station, as sooty as it had ever been, he remembered that he had climbed the Schreuderspitze, by its most difficult route. He had found freedom from grief in the great and heart-swelling sight he had seen from the summit. He felt its workings and he realized that soon enough he would come once more into the world of light. Soon enough he would be with his wife and son. But until then (and he knew that time would spark ahead), he would open himself to life in the city, return to his former profession, and struggle at his craft.

—MARK HELPRIN

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Chiffon O'er Crepe Because Tonight I'm in the Mood for Easy Elegance.

I want something I can lounge about—or step out—in. When I feel a pedestal suits me, I put myself there. With tiny tulips abloom over lean black legs. The smock top is one I can belt—or leave loose and lovely, (because my moods are flexible and I want my looks to be too). The white flowers are chiffon-sheer black rayon.

—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Well, it's elegant. But it's not easy.

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

AUTUMN NOTES—I

THROUGHOUT the Bicentennial Year, I kept a journal on the way we went about choosing our most important leader, and on the background of questions, national and international, against which the most recent choice was being made. Inevitably, as the final decision neared, those questions receded further and further from our consciousness. What was right in front of us became reality, and the great, difficult questions that will confront the next leader seemed to shrink in size. It was as if the world stopped while we went through the protracted, strange, disturbing, and somewhat comic process of choosing a President.

SEPTEMBER 6

LABOR DAY. Today is the day when the fall Presidential campaigns, by tradition, begin, but in this, as in so many things about this year's election, there is a good bit of improvisation. The campaign of the Democratic candidate, Jimmy Carter, did not begin where the Democratic campaigns usually do, and the campaign of the Republican candidate, Gerald Ford, did not begin at all. It was perhaps symptomatic of this election that both candidates based their decisions on what they would do today in part on the fact that neither has generated a great deal of enthusiasm. This was one of a number of calculations that went into the decision to begin Carter's campaign in Warm Springs, Georgia, rather than in Cadillac Square, in Detroit, where Democratic campaigns traditionally begin; there was concern that a sufficient crowd could not be drawn to see the candidate in Cadillac Square, whereas Warm Springs not only was in Carter's home state but did not require a large crowd to fill out, for the television cameras, the setting in front of Franklin Roosevelt's retreat. Carter's September schedule calls for him to begin and end each week's travels with a stop in the South, so as to clinch his support there, and to try to reach three media markets a day. And so he began today in Warm Springs, at once stopping in the South, assuring himself of a friendly audience, and identifying himself with one of the Democratic Party's most revered figures. In a long day of campaigning, he went on to the Southern 500 stock-car race, in Darlington, South Carolina (where the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, Robert Dole, also turned up), and then to Norfolk, Virginia, and New York City. Before the week is out, he will be in Pennsylvania, New York again, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Florida.

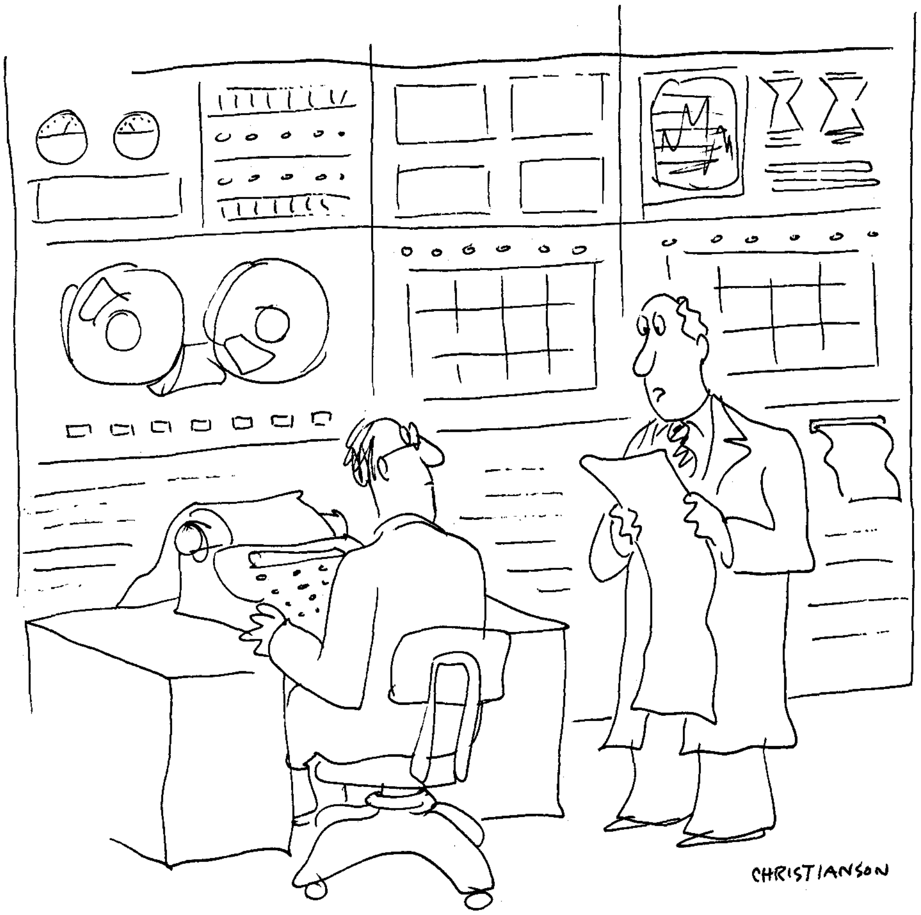
Ford, pursuant to his strategists' belief that he does better with the voters when he stays in the White House than when he goes out campaigning, remained in Washington today and will not officially begin his campaign until next week, when he will make a speech at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. Tonight, on television, we saw Ford walking with the Ambassador to China, Thomas Gates, on the White House lawn and meeting with the Secretary of Transportation, William Coleman, on the problem of jet noise. Tomorrow, he will sign bills in ceremonies in the Rose Garden, and, again, the scenes will be televised.

Actually, neither candidate's election efforts ever really stopped. Even when, following their nominations, they were ostensibly resting, in Plains, Georgia, and Vail, Colorado, much of what they did was aimed at making a nice impression on our television screens each evening. So will much of what they do between now and the election. In Vail, the President and his allies made statements (John Connally said, "Frankly, everywhere I have gone throughout the country, in every strata of society, I have detected a note of fear about Governor Carter") and planned for the fall campaign. The President announced, as if he had suddenly had a vision, that he would now emphasize jobs ("meaningful jobs with an opportunity for advancement"), health ("quality health care that is affordable to the American people"), improved recreational facilities, and crime deterrence. He also made a passing reference to education. He did not explain how, given his fiscal conservatism and the projected budget deficit of nearly fifty billion dollars, he planned to achieve these goals. And the President's campaign organization was shaken up once again. This time, James Baker, who, beginning in May, was in charge of delegate-hunting for the President's nomination, was placed in charge. Baker had no other national-campaign experience, but his display of competence in the months just preceding the President's nomination made him seem to the President's associates a rare prize.

Carter has ventured out of Plains at least once almost every week since he was nominated, and some of his appearances, before special-interest groups, have subsequently caused him problems. And, oddly for people who pride themselves on proceeding methodically toward their goal, the Carter camp is still searching around for the appropriate tone, style, and themes for the fall campaign. In a meeting in Plains at the end of last week, Carter and his running mate, Walter Mondale, and their aides discussed these questions inconclusively. Carter told the group that he wanted to avoid further meetings with special-interest groups—such as his recent ones with the Catholic bishops and with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. hierarchy; he said that his successful primary campaign had been based on his relationship with "the people," and he wanted to get back to that. He also wanted, he said, to avoid scenes in which he was onstage with "politicians." He cited as an example his recent trip to California, where he appeared frequently with Democratic Senator John Tunney, who is up for reëlection this year. Carter had, after all, premised his campaign for the nomination on the idea that he was an "outsider," not part of the "Washington crowd." He also expressed in the meeting some distaste for fund-raising for senatorial and other candidates—something that his aides once said he would do a fair amount of this fall, since helping to raise money for the Democratic Party in those candidates' states would in turn help him and would also obligate members of Congress to him if he is elected President. Carter's meeting with the Catholic bishops last week in Washington, designed to put to rest their misgivings about him—and emulating, in reverse, John Kennedy's famous meeting with the Protestant ministers in 1960—came a cropper, with the bishops pronouncing themselves "disappointed" in Carter's views on abortion. Carter also displeased those who favor liberal abortion laws and enhanced his image as a "flip-flopper" by telling the bishops that while he would not support a Constitutional amendment against abortion, neither would he oppose one. (Carter and Ford will be vying for the Catholic vote, which is apparently deemed to be monolithic and therefore the political determinant of the outcome in the key industrial states.)

As for the question of the campaign's themes, Patrick Caddell, Carter's pollster, has found indications that people consider the economic issue very important, that people are more concerned about inflation than about unemployment, and that the public's view of the Democratic Party is more positive than its view of the Republican Party. Caddell's polls also show that Carter's most serious, and ominous, problem is that the public thinks he "waffles" on the issues—a view that is rising among independent voters. Carter loves polls, devours them, and his recent actions and today's schedule show that he uses them as a guide. On Friday, he held a press conference in which he said that "there will be no programs implemented under my Administration unless we can be sure that the cost of those programs is compatible with my goal of having a balanced budget before the end of my term." His advisers, and particularly his friend and mentor Charles Kirbo, an Atlanta attorney, had become concerned that Carter was coming across as too liberal. They thought, in retrospect, that it had been a mistake for him to make a display of a visit to Plains this summer by Ralph Nader.

Predictably, once the question of the Republican nominee was settled, the national polls showed a narrowing gap between Carter and his Republican opponent. The latest Gallup poll showed Carter to be fifteen points ahead of Ford. (Shortly after the Democratic Convention, the Harris poll had him thirty-nine points ahead—a figure that was obviously distorted by Carter's seemingly harmonious Democratic Convention and by the fact that Ford and Reagan were still slugging it out. Just after the Republican Convention, Carter was only about eight points ahead of Ford, according to the polls. But the polls cannot be taken altogether seriously, indicating, as they do, the mood of the moment—especially in a year in which moods change so rapidly and attachments to the candidates are not very deep. Still, their figures are solemnly cited.) The critical factor is, of course, the Electoral College—two hundred and seventy electoral votes are needed for victory—and election strategies are built around that. The Electoral College arithmetic will be defining our politics from here out, just as the need for primary victories in certain states defined our politics last winter and spring. As of now, the consensus—for what it's worth—is that Carter can count on winning thirteen Southern states, which will give him a hundred and forty-seven electoral votes (this count includes Texas, Virginia, Louisiana, and Florida, which some think are up for grabs), and can count on sixty-one votes elsewhere (Massachusetts, Connecticut, Hawaii, Missouri, Rhode Island, Minnesota, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia, which are considered sure for him), for a total of two hundred and eight. Moreover, Carter is said to be leading in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, New York, and California. If all this is true, and if he holds on to all these states, then he would be the victor by a comfortable margin. But this will be a long two months.



"Can you get it to stop saying 'as it were'?"

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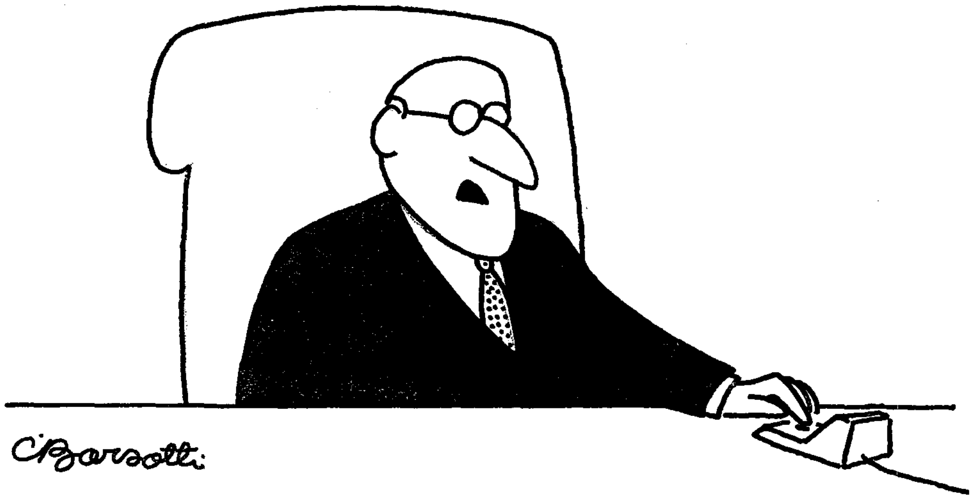
SEPTEMBER 14

CONGRESS finally decided to postpone until next February 1st a decision on whether the B-1 bomber should be put into production, thus allowing the next President (with the concurrence of Congress) to decide whether to go ahead with the new weapon, which is now estimated to cost twenty-two billion dollars. Ford favors production of the bomber. Carter has indicated that he is opposed, but he has also said that he is for continuing research on the new weapon—which could, of course, lead to its production.

SEPTEMBER 15

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA. Wednesday morning. Jimmy Carter is making a tour of Hans Sieverding's farm. In this, the second week of his fall campaign, he has already been in Alabama, Oklahoma, Arizona, and Montana, and by the end of the first week he was already in trouble. Indications are that the race is indeed growing close. The President's aides happily point to polls showing that the President is narrowing the margin, or even leading, in some key states. Both sides, of course, are eager to put forward the most positive poll data, but still there are a number of signs that Carter really does have problems. However, the polls may be almost meaningless: there is an unusually high "undecided" vote, and both candidates' support is said to be quite "soft." This is a very strange election. The race is said to be growing very close in New York, and the President is said to be ahead in Michi-



"Miss Howell, send in the clowns."

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gan and Indiana and only slightly behind in Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin. Moreover, there are some signs that Carter may not be holding the South as firmly as once anticipated. He is having trouble appealing to the varying constituencies he set out to knit together for a victory. And as he attempts to solve that problem, and as he flies about the country making statements on this and that, he seems to compound his difficulties. Carter approached this year with the theory that the principal issues would be not the traditional sorts of questions about government policy but questions about the personality and the character of the candidates. But now that set of issues is hitting—and hurting—Carter. He did not—undoubtedly he could not—see that there would be questions about his personality and his character. Like most human beings, and particularly those who go into politics, he had to assume that he was a pretty pleasing person. And, anyway, what could he do? These issues have not been coming off so well for him, it seems, because many people have begun to see a rather cold, and even mean-spirited, side to him (as was evidenced in an exchange with the President about the F.B.I. director, Clarence Kelley); on the other hand, he sometimes comes across as a sort of medicine man, the "Music Man," sweet-talking and trying to please whatever audience he is before—and as just a bit too clever. The Kelley incident was a shimmering example of the absurd matters that can become campaign issues. Carter, responding to news reports that Kelley had accepted gifts—including two window valances worth all of three hundred and thirty-five dollars, a chair, and a lamp—from subordinates at the F.B.I., said that, on the basis of what he knew, the President ought to fire Kelley. Then, asked whether he would fire Kelley if he was elected President, Carter said, "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it." To compound the problem, when the President accused Carter of a "lack of compassion," because Kelley had accepted the gifts at a time when his wife was dying of cancer, Carter noted that Kelley, who is to be married this fall, had "found another loved one." The incident dominated the news for two days. There are serious issues about the F.B.I.: it still lacks a firm charter governing its activities, and there have been reports that it has been involved in illegal domestic burglaries during recent years, when such activities were supposed to have ceased; Kelley appears to lack the stature and the vision to lead the agency into the sorts of changes it needs. But the candidates were not talking about these issues.

The Carter camp was annoyed that the press concentrated on the Kelley exchange rather than on the candidate's set pieces. Candidates generally complain that the press focusses on something other than what they want it to focus on, but Carter helped bring this problem on himself, by yielding to the pressures to have an answer to everything, to respond to all the issues thrust upon him. In his appearances last week, Carter sought out "ethnic" audiences, and was photographed in Pittsburgh triumphantly wearing a T-shirt that said "Polish Hill." In Cleveland, he said, "I got in trouble one time using the word 'ethnic purity,' which I should not have used, but I do believe in ethnic neighborhoods, ethnic character, ethnic heritage." An unexceptionable statement by itself, but one that in the context of his itinerary gave off clear signals. (He did not appear before a single predominantly black audience.) With his occasional propensity for simple candor, Carter, at the end of the week, told the reporters following him that his speeches had been conservative in tone because "when the Republican Convention was devoted to describing me as a spendthrift, irresponsible, ultra-liberal candidate, I thought it was good to reemphasize my basic themes of balanced budget, strengthened local government, a maximum of personal privacy, and a minimum of governmental secrecy." It is not uncommon for political candidates to give a variety of signals in order to get elected. Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 did not at all prepare his public for the kind of activist government he conducted once he was in office. But the signals can get so confused that the audience starts to wonder what to believe, or whether it can believe anything at all. There is also the question of how far a candidate can go in pledging that he will do things that might prove impossible or unfeasible without inviting further disillusionment with our governmental system.

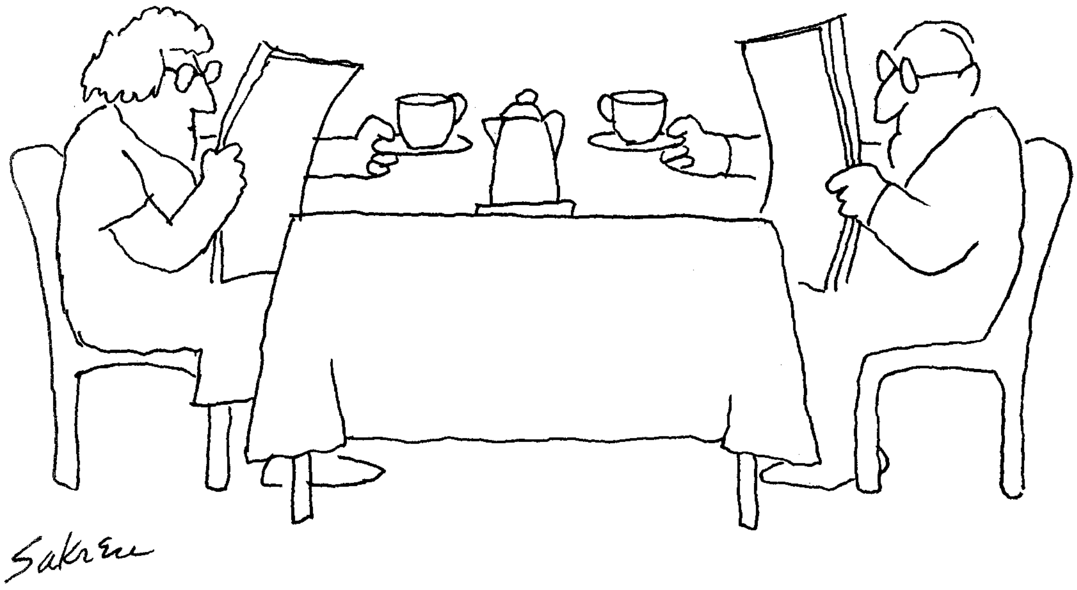
The conservative tone of Carter's campaign has been continued into this week. In campaign stops in Alabama (where he appeared with George Wallace), Oklahoma, Arizona, and Montana, he stressed his intention of balancing the budget, instituting zero-based budgeting, and keeping a strong national defense. In Oklahoma, he said that he favored the direction being set by the current Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Warren Burger and with a majority that was appointed by Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, as opposed to the liberal stamp given the Court under the leadership of Earl Warren. Carter did say that he did not "want to undo" some of the Court's civil-rights decisions, but he added, "I do favor a shifting back toward the removal of technicalities which obviously prevent the conviction and punishment of those who are guilty. I believe the Burger Court is moving back in the proper direction." He said, "We went too far, and it got so that sincere, honest, dedicated, competent law-enforcement officers found it almost impossible to comply with all the technicalities that might be raised in court or on appeal and obviously guilty people were released unpunished."

There is actually an idea behind the Carter scheduling: each week his appearances will be designed around a certain theme and, within that, each day's appearances will stress a certain aspect of that theme. Last week's theme was that Jimmy Carter, the Southerner, comes to your neighborhood and listens to you. This week's theme is the economic plight that has befallen Americans, and, within that, he stressed small business on Monday (in Alabama) and the elderly on Tuesday (in Phoenix), and today the stress is on farmers. And so last night Carter flew into Sioux Falls, and at a rally near the motel where he was staying he inveighed against Earl Butz. Actually, the Democrats love Earl Butz—he makes a wonderful political target. Secretaries of Agriculture almost always do. ("What do you want Butz to do?" I asked a South Dakota Democratic politician last night. "Stay in office," he replied.) In any political year, no matter who is in office, it is a reasonable postulate that the farmers are angry. As a matter of fact, farm income has gone up by sixty per cent under the ministration of Earl Butz, but it is also down from what it was last year, and that is what farmers remember best. Moreover, the farmers are said to be angry about the embargoes imposed on sales overseas in 1974 and 1975. And South Dakota has been suffering from a devastating drought—as bad in some parts as the great drought of the nineteen-thirties. But Earl Butz presumably can't make it rain. Still, South Dakota, its towns as well as its rural areas, is dependent upon the farm economy, and the farmers are said to turn out to vote in higher proportions than the city people. The polls show that Carter could carry South Dakota—though the state has an unusually high number of undecided voters. (The stop here, like those in the other states with few electoral votes, is designed to establish a presence, stir things up so that the Ford forces cannot ignore these states, and thereby gain some flexibility to concentrate on the large states as the election nears.) So today is farm day in the Carter campaign, and the Presidential candidate, in pursuit of the sort of "visual" that every Presidential candidate seeks, has come to Hans Sieverding's farm.

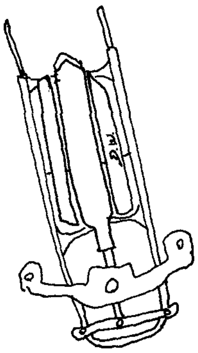
As the candidate for the Presidency of the United States tours the farm, a horde follows. Only a "pool" of reporters has been permitted to follow, including one television crew, but the pool and the retinue of Secret Service agents and Carter aides add up to about forty people. Sieverding is wearing a blue denim jacket and a red cap with "Vigortone" written on the front. Carter stops to admire some black-and-white hogs, and photographers record the scene. Then we go into a small building to observe a sow and its newborn piglets, and Carter holds up a pinkish-white piglet for the cameras. He commends it for not squealing. Then we stop to see some other sows, and Carter says, "That's beautiful," and watches the sows in silence for a while. A distinctly urban pool reporter asks Sieverding, "What is the economic function of those animals?" Carter asks Sieverding if he is raising Hampshires. (He isn't.) Carter at least knows a little bit about farming, though his is of a very different sort. Last night, he was introduced as the man who would be the first farmer in the White House since Thomas Jefferson. He asks Sieverding about crop insurance. "When we need it, we can't get it," Sieverding replies. We continue to troop about the farm, cameras, tape recorders, and notebooks catching the words and actions of the would-be President as he observes a feed machine and some cattle. Carter finally suggests that he and Sieverding walk down a cornfield by themselves, leaving the entourage behind. It is not so much that he wants to be alone with Sieverding as it is that he is aware that it makes a good scene for the cameras—the candidate and the farmer walking alone in a cornfield. The corn is stunted and brown. Carter, showing a sure sense of what makes a good picture, steps onto the running board of a tractor that is pulling a corn-cutting machine, and talks with the driver. Jim King, a former advance man for Edward Kennedy who is now "trip director" for Carter, smiles with satisfaction.

Then Carter, standing on a hay wagon, addresses a group of farmers who have gathered outside a metal-walled storage shed. He makes a joke—something he rarely does. An auction has been taking place, and Carter, referring to Sieverding, says, "He heard the auction going on and he thought they were selling his farm." He tells his audience, "I feel at home here." Perhaps he does, but he says that almost everywhere. He is still trying to establish what he used to call an "intimate relationship" with his audiences. (James Perry, of *The National Observer*, quotes him as telling a group of puzzled Slovenians in Columbus, Ohio, last week, "I want to be one of you, and I want you to be one of me.") This morning, he praises rural America for its "tight-knit families," its "stable communities," and its "pride in hard work." About two hundred people are here. Many of the farmers are wearing colored caps, similar to Sieverding's, provided by the supply companies. It is a cool, gray morning.

Down the road from where Carter is speaking is his motorcade—sheriffs' cars, private automobiles to carry him and a press pool and television crews, and three press buses. As soon as he finishes, we will all dash for the motorcade to take us to the Sioux Falls airport. The next stop is to be Mankato, Minnesota, which Carter will fly to in order to join Mondale and Hubert Humphrey at a farm fair in nearby Lake Crystal. Then he will fly to Minneapolis for a fund-raiser, and then to Dearborn, Michigan, for a speech at an A.F.L.-C.I.O. dinner, after which he will meet with some suburban mayors and then some Mexican-Amer-



icans before he retires for the night. Carter's schedule is somewhat reduced from what it was during the primaries, and his aides are trying to reduce it further, because at the end of last week the candidate was quite tired—to the point where he didn't make much sense when he spoke to members of Mayor Richard Daley's organization after a torchlight parade in Chicago. He is attempting to learn to curb his instinct for commenting on whatever little news item he is asked about, such as Clarence Kelley's valances.



Here on Sieverding's farm, Carter talks about the drought, and about farm problems. "You're now suffering your worst drought perhaps in history, certainly since the nineteen-thirties, and the closeness that ought to exist between South Dakota and North Dakota and Minnesota and Georgia and other farm states, with our central government to give us crop insurance and to take care of our needs and let us feel like we're part of the decision-making process, doesn't exist," he says. "And those families that are stricken now find that when you might go forward and say, 'I want to protect my family next year with crop insurance,' all of a sudden the right to buy crop insurance is cut off in areas that need it most." He tells them that he started out in the Future Farmers of America when he went to Plains High School. "My children will be the sixth generation to own the same land," he says. He tells city audiences this, too, stressing the values of roots, stability. This has been one of his campaign themes all year. "There's a lot of stability in our lives, as there is in your life," he tells the South Dakota farmers. He says, "I believe in what's called a work ethic—I think anybody that's able to work ought to work." He used to say that that covered only ten per cent of the people on welfare and that the remaining ninety per cent ought to be treated with "love" and "compassion," but he doesn't say that now. (He will not appear before a black audience this week, either.) He talks this morning, as he often does, about having grown up poor, but it seems that he wasn't as poor as he suggests. "We didn't have electricity or running water when I was growing up," he says. "We didn't have indoor plumbing." He says, "I think the best day of my life was when they turned the lights on in our house about 1937, when Roosevelt was President," and that leads him into a discussion of Franklin Roosevelt and how he began his fall campaign in Warm Springs. Carter now has a new little speech, which is unlike any that he used during the primaries. He establishes himself as a Democrat, and criticizes Republicans for opposing Social Security and the minimum wage in the nineteen-thirties. This New Deal rhetoric doesn't sound like him, isn't him. And he really isn't saying anything. In the primaries, he had a standard little talk that didn't say much, either, but at least it was distinctive. These days, he talks about Gerald Ford's lack of leadership, and then he asks his audiences if they know what the sign on Harry Truman's desk said. Usually, a few answer, "The Buck Stops Here." Then he says, "Nowadays, the buck can run all over Washington looking for a place to stop." He talks of how he has campaigned throughout the country, "listening a lot." He says, "It is an amazing story." He says, "I owe the special interests [*pause*] nothing. I owe the people [*pause*] everything." The line nearly always gets applause. This morning, he seems mellow and in fairly good humor. The audience is polite, pleasant, but not very enthusiastic. He ends, as he often ends, by asking, "How many of you think it's time for a change in Washington?" And most of the audience says that it does.

•

WHEN Carter travels now, it is with a personal and press entourage so sizable that it requires two leased 727s. Carter rides in the first plane, dubbed Peanut One, sitting in the curtained-off forward cabin, in a special high-backed green chair, which faces a table and two chairs. Along the opposite wall of the cabin is a couch that makes up into a bed, with tables and lamps on either side. Carter's personal assistant, Greg Schneiders, has acquired his own personal assistant, and not only does Jody Powell—who is ostensibly the press secretary, actually a close policy adviser—travel with Carter all the time now but so do five other members of the press staff, plus a secretary to Powell, and so does Carter's personal secretary. (Schneiders, who is twenty-nine, and who began as a bag carrier, has also become a policy adviser.) There are two speech writers and two members of the "issues" staff and a secretary for them and a man who provides local radio stations with "actualities" of things Carter has said and a man who gives television advice and a staff photographer and a man who handles the "mult box," into which television and radio crews plug their sound systems so that too many microphones do not have to be placed in front of the candidate when he makes a speech, and Hugh Carter, a second cousin, and two men who handle baggage and the manifests for the planes. This flying campaign organization is, of course, backed up by a staff of hundreds in Atlanta and the states. Anywhere from two to five advance men arrange each stop, and the whole trip is in the charge of Jim King, a large, wise, funny man with an innocent face and mellifluous voice, who carries his own portable bullhorn ("Carter press, this way.... Where have you been, Carter press?") and who understands the importance of keeping a candidate's press entourage happy and well fed—over the first of which he has limited power and over the second of which he is still losing to the airline. It is a long way from the time when Carter and Powell travelled about, usually without anyone else along, on what seemed, to some of those few who noticed, a quixotic venture. Such a rapid expansion inevitably brings problems. It was easier to operate with a few Carter staff members who knew each other well, and the smaller entourage seemed better suited to Carter's style of campaigning. Carter's schedule may have been reduced, but it still seems frantic. One theory behind the chasing around is that each appearance yields three days of coverage in the local press (he's coming, he's here, he was here yesterday). Moreover, Jody Powell said to me today, "The option of sitting on our rears isn't open to us. It would look a little funny for Jimmy to be sitting in Plains and walking in his peanut fields and issuing statements." Carter does have to get himself around and get himself known—he is still a stranger to much of the country—but does it have to be at this pace? There can't be much time for thinking now, or for learning. Speech writers. "Issues" staffs. Polls. Where is *he*?

•

KING sits in the back cabin of Peanut One, where, like Carter, he has access to an air-to-ground telephone. The back of the plane looks more like a business office than like a campaign plane: a desk with two electric typewriters; a stencil cutter and a mimeograph machine; four telephones (three of them ground-based and one of them air-to-ground); a computer

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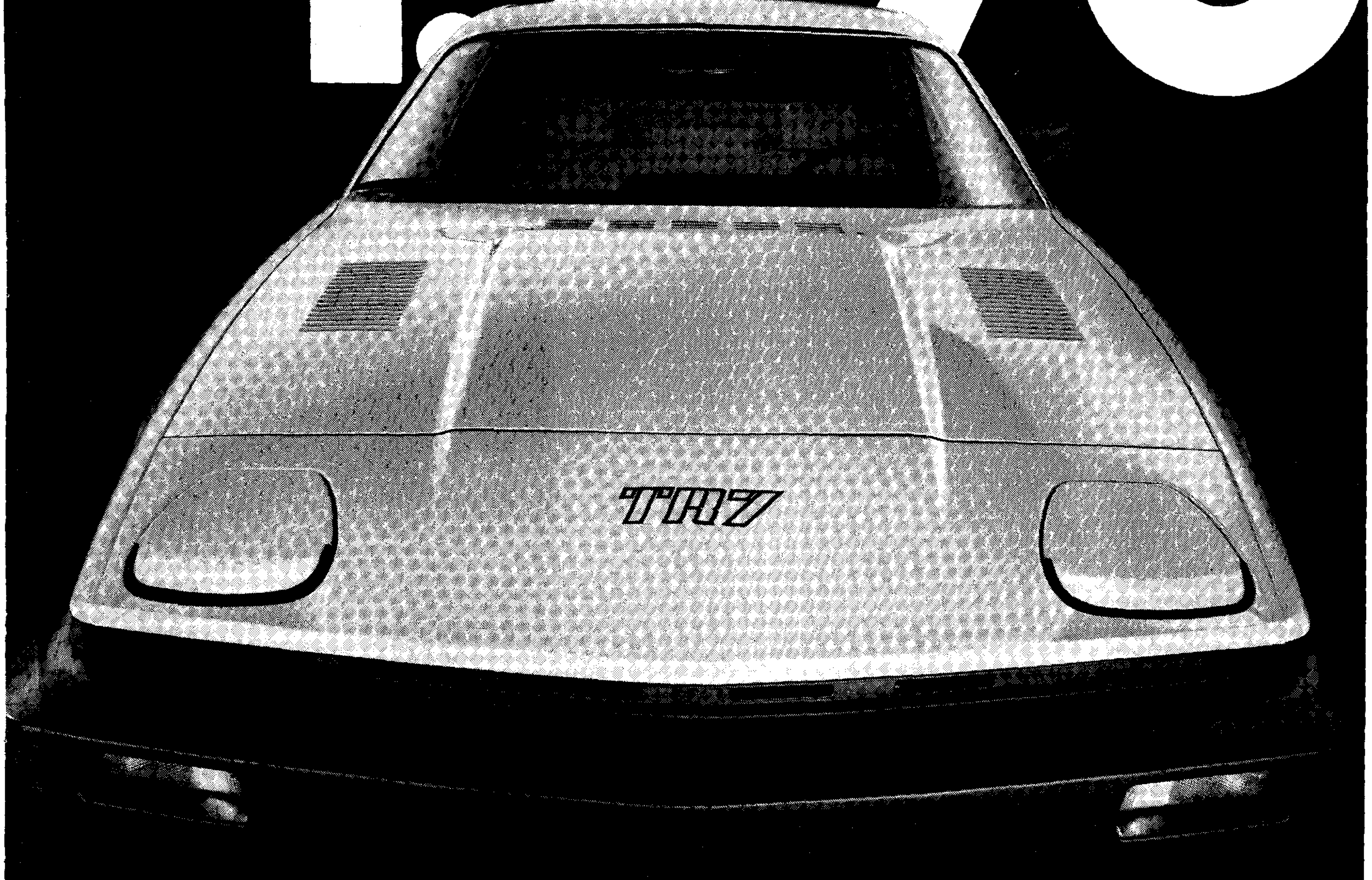

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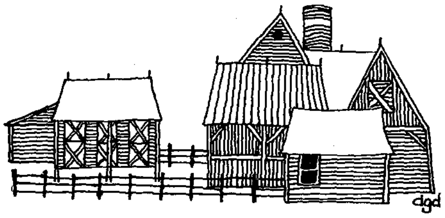
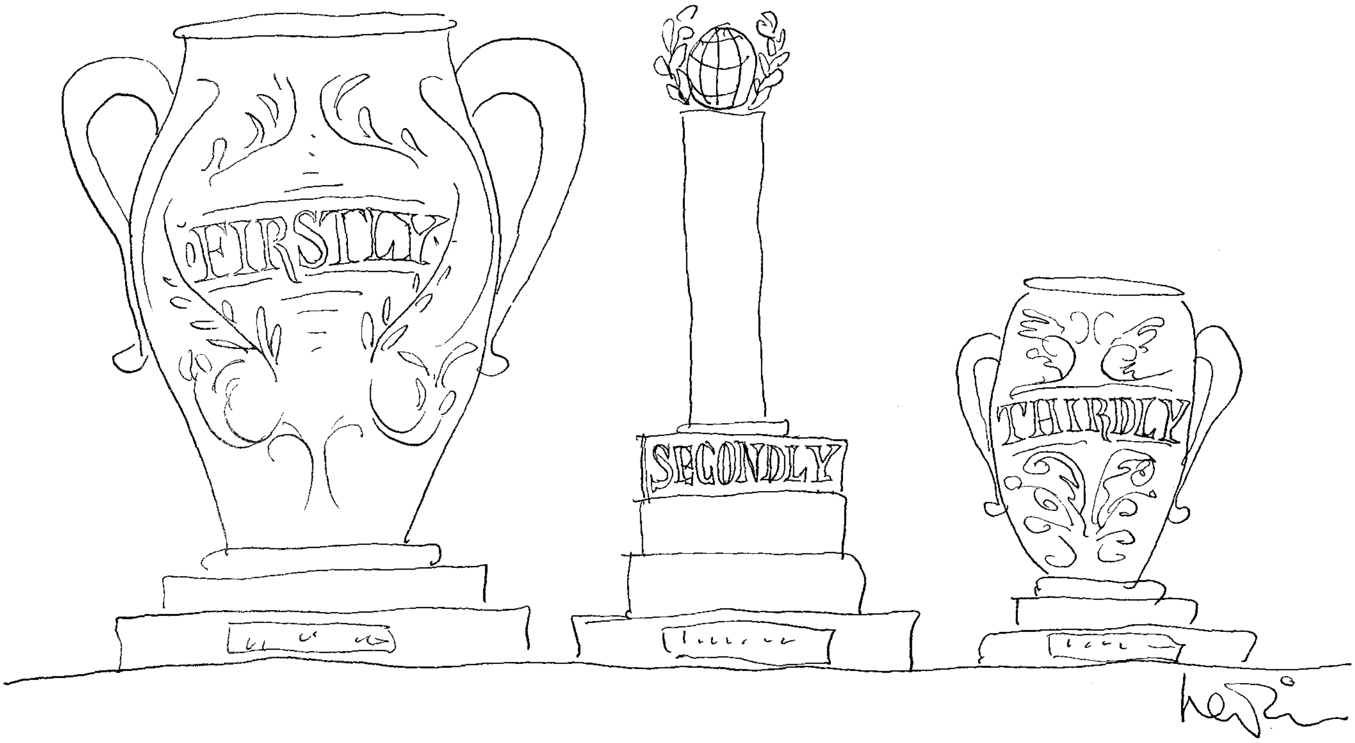
(which can send and receive messages when the plane is on the ground); and a telecopier (which takes down copy that comes over a telephone). When the plane is on the ground, the phones and machines are connected to special lines and, while Carter goes off on appearances, some staff members stay aboard to work in the office. The plane has become both the candidate's vehicle and his prison. He reads what newspapers are available, and relies on news summaries sent each day from Atlanta. (These tell him what the papers are saying and also what each television network focussed on in its political reports the night before.) Yet the candidate and his staff have to stay in touch with the outside world, to be prepared to respond and react. Questions come up about what is in the papers, on the wires—questions that the reporters get when they call their home offices. That's what campaigns seem to do a lot—react. On the way from Minneapolis to Dearborn, Jody Powell said, "We're going to try to run a Presidential campaign in which he has some direct contact with people instead of just floating around in this cocoon in the sky and then being surrounded by Secret Service and television crews and reporters when he's on the ground. Otherwise, he'll always have around him three network cameras, three local-television-station cameras, the wire photographers, local newspaper photographers, the news-magazine photographers, the poor writing press, four to twelve Secret Service agents, and three or four staff members. And there's one candidate trying to get through all that and perhaps find and put his hands on a real live average American. It becomes a tactical victory when he actually touches one."

Powell went on to talk about other problems in the campaign. "We haven't been able to shake this thing of 'Jimmy Carter is vague.' It's the single most frustrating thing we've had to deal with. I think it's a bum rap, but whether it is or not is immaterial. We haven't dealt with it successfully and don't know how to deal with it successfully." Later in the conversation, he talked about another difficulty that the campaign was facing. Powell is a very smart man, but if he saw the connection between the aforementioned problem and the one he subsequently discussed, he did not say so. I asked him about the concern within the Carter camp that Carter had been appearing too liberal. "That was a function of what it was necessary to do during the summer," Powell said. "We had to get the Party back together. The liberals and the labor people needed the most loving." Powell continued, "The ideological problem that resulted was less severe than the style problem—having his picture taken with big-shot establishment political types. It was a different sort of picture than Jimmy had been appearing in. The polls right after the Republican Convention showed, on agree/disagree questions, that only about sixteen per cent agreed that Jimmy Carter was a big spender. But one of our strongest areas has always been in answer to the question 'Agree/disagree: Jimmy Carter cares about people like me.' There was significant movement down on that. I interpret that as a style problem. We still enjoy a tremendous margin over Ford on that, but we just can't afford to run a traditional Presidential campaign. The surest way to get beat is to go around and appear in those traditional settings, where he can't be with people, and people don't have access to him. He just can't be walled off."

•

DEARBORN, MICHIGAN. Carter is here to address a dinner of the Michigan A.F.L.-C.I.O. Convention, at the Hyatt Regency hotel. Jody Powell has told the press that this date was accepted in June, long before it was known that tonight President Ford would be making the opening speech of his fall campaign at Ann Arbor, thirty-five miles away. The Democrats are worried about Michigan, know they could well lose it. Fewer than half of the union members in some parts of the state are said to be registered to vote as of now. This appearance in a Detroit suburb will be followed by a meeting with about thirty suburban mayors at the hotel. His itinerary avoids Detroit. (The city of Detroit now has an unemployment rate of about seventeen per cent; the rate for blacks is about twenty per cent and for black youths fifty-two per cent. There has recently been a wave of violence by gangs of black youths. The city is about forty million dollars in debt.) The Carter campaign is counting heavily on the unions to get out the vote. Alexander Barkan, the director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, is on the dais tonight. I remember observing a meeting of Barkan and other A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders with Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager, last summer, during the Democratic Convention, in which Barkan boasted that the labor federation could organize fourteen million households to vote. (He and his allies were then objecting to the placement on the Carter campaign staff of an official of a union that had been part of the liberal labor coalition organized during the primaries, which was largely at odds with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership. At that meeting, Barkan and his allies argued the principle that no representative of labor should be in the campaign, because a labor representative in a campaign or in an Administration tends to be discounted as a special pleader. But the A.F.L.-C.I.O. hierarchy subsequently permitted this abstract principle to be overcome by the opportunity to have one of its own employees placed within the Carter campaign.) Leonard Woodcock, who backed Carter in the Michigan primary, which Carter barely won against Morris Udall, is also on the dais. The United Auto Workers are on strike against the Ford Motor Company, but Carter does not plan to make any reference to that; Henry Ford was also a backer of Carter's in the Michigan primary. The key issue in the strike is labor's demand for more paid time off, which many think will lead to a shorter work week. On the wall behind the dais, there is a large banner that says, "Registration . . . Voting . . . Political Action: KEYS TO PROGRESS." Bill Marshall, the state president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., gets the audience warmed up for Carter's speech. Labor audiences are prone to get worked up, and this one breaks into long, loud applause when Carter is introduced. He is still a stranger to them, but they have, they feel, issues, and he is, after all, the Democratic candidate; they're angry, mainly at inflation, and they are partisan. In his opening remarks, Carter refers to Michigan as "Carter country," which is not quite the case, and tells the audience, "It's a tough job to defeat an incumbent President who is backed by a unified party." His speech is a partisan attack, in which he contrasts Republican Presidents (McKinley, Coolidge, Hoover, Nixon) with Democratic ones (Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson). He starts off with a slightly—very slightly—racy joke, which has to do with a man and a woman talking about spending the night together. It is not very funny, nor does he tell it very well; but he seems to feel that this labor audience would appreciate it (he





told no such jokes to the farmers he spoke to today), and to want to show that he is one of the boys. The audience laughs politely. Then he reads his prepared speech. When Carter spoke to audiences during the primaries, he almost always spoke without a text, and he wove a spell; tonight, like other politicians, he is reading a speech. He lists what he says are the nine mistakes that Nixon and Ford made in managing the economy. It never really gets to what he would do to manage the economy; does not suggest the actions, such as wage and price controls, that might be necessary; does not even mention the trade-offs. The labor people listen attentively, but there is no real reaction. The speech is full of details and is lectury; and Carter, who does not seem comfortable with it, reads assertively but mechanically. It is as if a country preacher were suddenly asked to read an address prepared for someone else. But if he's President he's going to have to read speeches. He fluffs a number of words. He seems tired. From time to time, he departs from the text: he talks again about the Republicans who opposed the New Deal; he talks again about Harry Truman ("Harry Truman was a common man, like many of you and like myself") and asks if they remember what the sign on Harry Truman's desk said. They do. "Nowadays the buck can run all over Washington looking for a place to stop," he says, and he says that no one is willing to take responsibility for Watergate, the C.I.A., and so on—thus slipping in some of his primary issues. His delivery is much better when he gets to these interpolations; he is much more himself. Carter aides say that he is still a bit uneasy speaking before large groups. They say that it helps him to get through a prepared speech if he interpolates every page or so—which makes him appear to be wandering. Now he talks about a theme he stressed in the primaries—the loss of faith in government. He talks about "government by the people," and he lists what is possible "once the people rule again." He tells the A.F.L.-C.I.O., as he told the farmers, "I owe the special interests—nothing. I owe the people—everything." And they cheer. And then he ends, as he ended hundreds of speeches during the primaries, by saying that "we still live in the greatest nation on earth."

SEPTEMBER 16

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN. It was still dark when we left the motel in Dearborn this morning to board the press buses that took us to the planes that brought us here, so that Jimmy Carter could make an appearance observing Mexican Independence Day. Saginaw, Michigan, seems at first a strange place for a celebration of Mexican Independence Day, but it turns out that a fair number of Mexicans have come here to work in the automobile plants and in the beanfields. One of his staff members read about the Mexican-American community in Saginaw and added this stop. At the request of the Carter staff, we were all telephoned at five-forty-five this morning, and then, for good measure, someone came and knocked on our doors. Travelling with a candidate sometimes seems like nothing so much as being at camp, or in the Army. Here in Saginaw, in the cloudy, chilly morning, Carter addresses about four hundred people who have gathered in front of a low building that says on it "Union Civica Mexicana." Green-white-and-red bunting—the colors of Mexico—is strung about, and a mariachi band played as we arrived. This event has been staged for the sole purpose of providing a scene for television. Carter speaks Spanish—hesitantly and, of course, with a distinct Southern accent. Then he translates. "I was born and I live close to the land," he says, "and I understand the close ties to those who have to work each day to give our children better opportunities than we had." He talks about Roosevelt and about his own trips to Latin America. He tells them that Mexican-Americans have not had adequate representation on the White House staff, in top Administration jobs, and in judicial posts.

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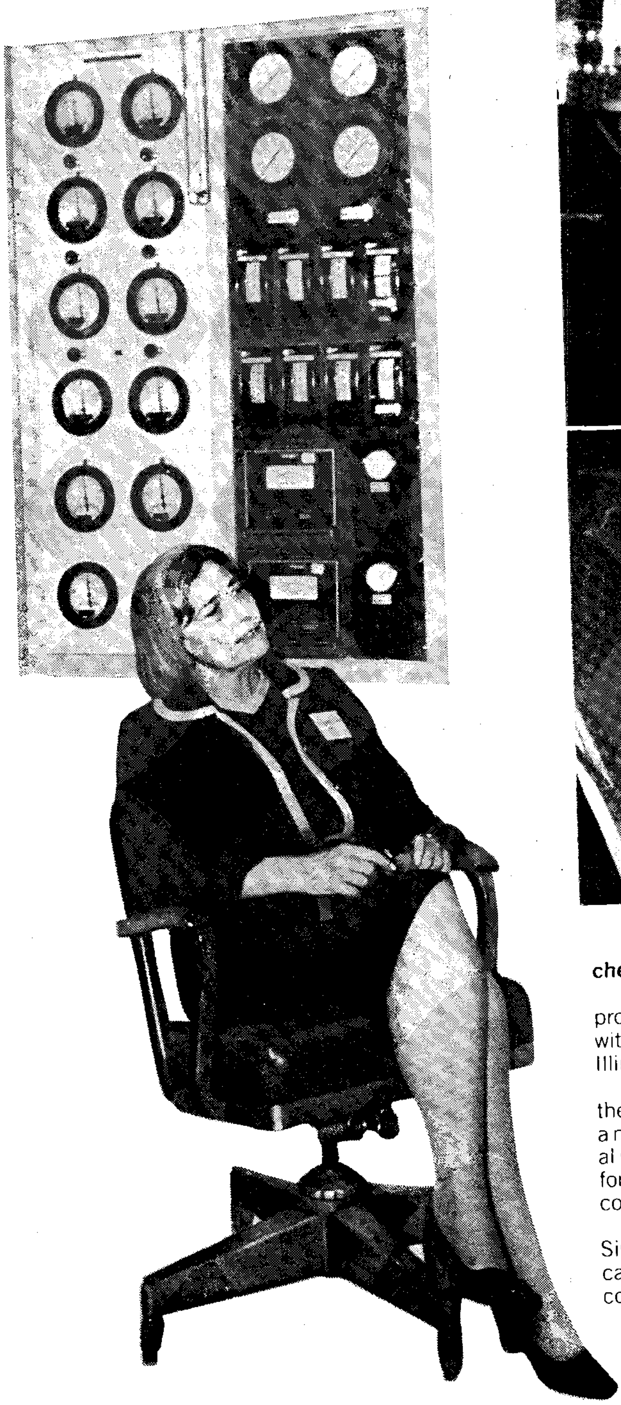
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. The candidate who ran for the nomination as the "outsider" is met at the airport here by members of the Retail Clerks Union, carrying printed signs, and by Vance Hartke, who is up for reëlection to his Senate seat. Hartke is not one of our more inspiring political figures; there are widespread jokes about his presumed attachments to various in-

The womanly art of directing research on turbine engines.



"I was born into science. I knew the word chemistry before I learned to talk."

Dorothy M. Simon, daughter of a chemistry professor, B.S., Southwest Missouri State College, with the highest honors. Ph.D., the University of Illinois.

Researched the chemical properties of synthetic fibres for the DuPont Company. Isolated a new isotope of calcium at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Won an international reputation for her research at NASA on the problems of combustion.

Today, as Vice President-Research of AVCO, Simon directs research at the seven technological divisions of that diversified, high technology company.

"Being a scientist was fun. So is business. Now my job is creating research investments that will make money for the company. It's a very different kind of challenge."

At AVCO, Simon initiated the development of the gas turbine engine that powers the new battle tank to be built for the U.S. Army by Chrysler Corporation. Other projects at various AVCO divisions include electronic control systems for aircraft engines, high-temperature composite materials, and classified defense work. Instead of waiting for her Muse, Simon manages the creation of product ideas systematically. She recently conducted a three-day technology meeting that generated ideas for a wide assortment of new products that AVCO may develop and market in the next ten years.

Simon is living proof that obstacles to careers r women can be overcome. She believes omen should have management careers, and writing an assessment of women's struggles r executive authority.

"Men tend to lead by asserting authority, ut women manage through the participative ode, by helping people develop their capa- ilities and solve problems. Now men are eginning to do the same. In science and en- ineering you have to manage participatively ecause your staff knows more than you do."

Simon was married for many years to idney L. Simon, formerly a Vice President of erry Rand. Recently widowed, she lives in uthern Connecticut. Weekends are for walking r beagles Adam and Eve (relatives of the Lyndon Jo[illegible] visiting friends, reading and wor[illegible]

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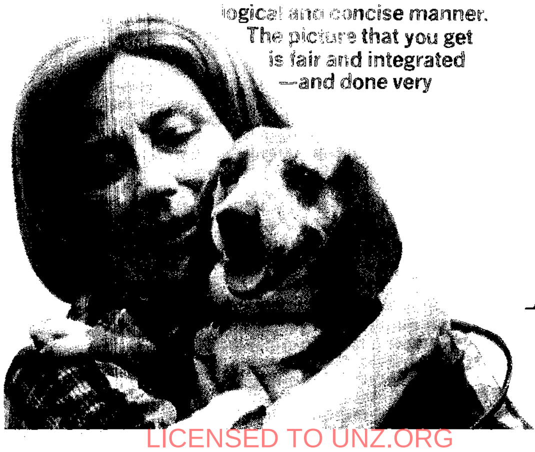
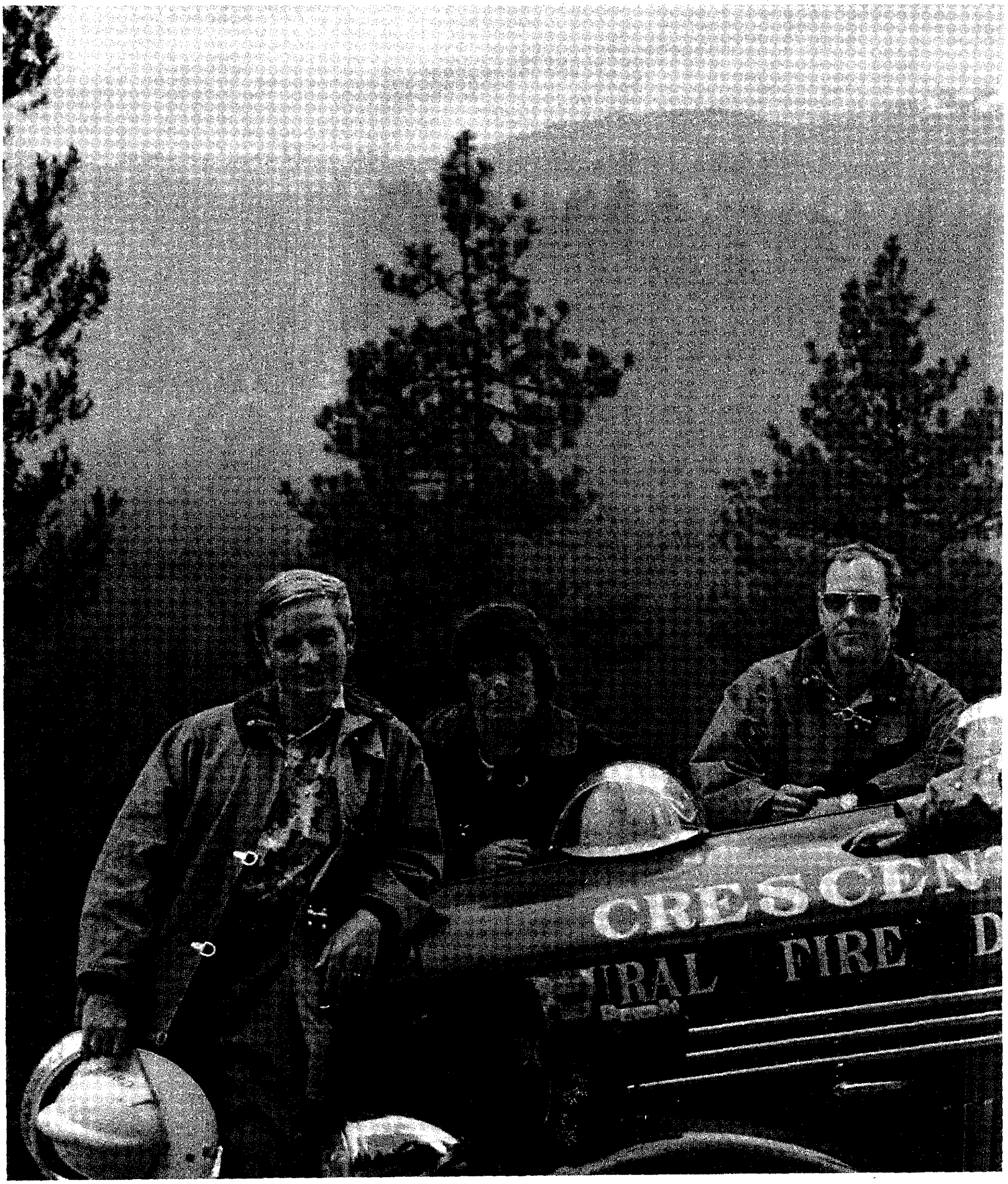


Meet the Crescent, Oregon, Volunteer Fire Department: men, women, hard work, and pride.

Only 453 people live in Crescent, Oregon, on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains.

The town doesn't have a movie theater, or a city hall, or parking meters But it has one of the very best volunteer fire departments anywhere in the state.

In the beginning, their only equipment was a 1937 Chevrolet pumper, and a garage instead of a fire house. Bu



they took good care of what they had, and worked nights and weekends to raise money for more.

That was 17 years ago. Today, their insurance rating is one of the best for their type of department. They've added two more fire trucks. And last year, they got a new fire house. They built it themselves.

Chief Bill Bisbee, on the left in the picture, says they all pitch in and work together. "This is our home, we love this country, and we're going to give it the best fire protection we can."

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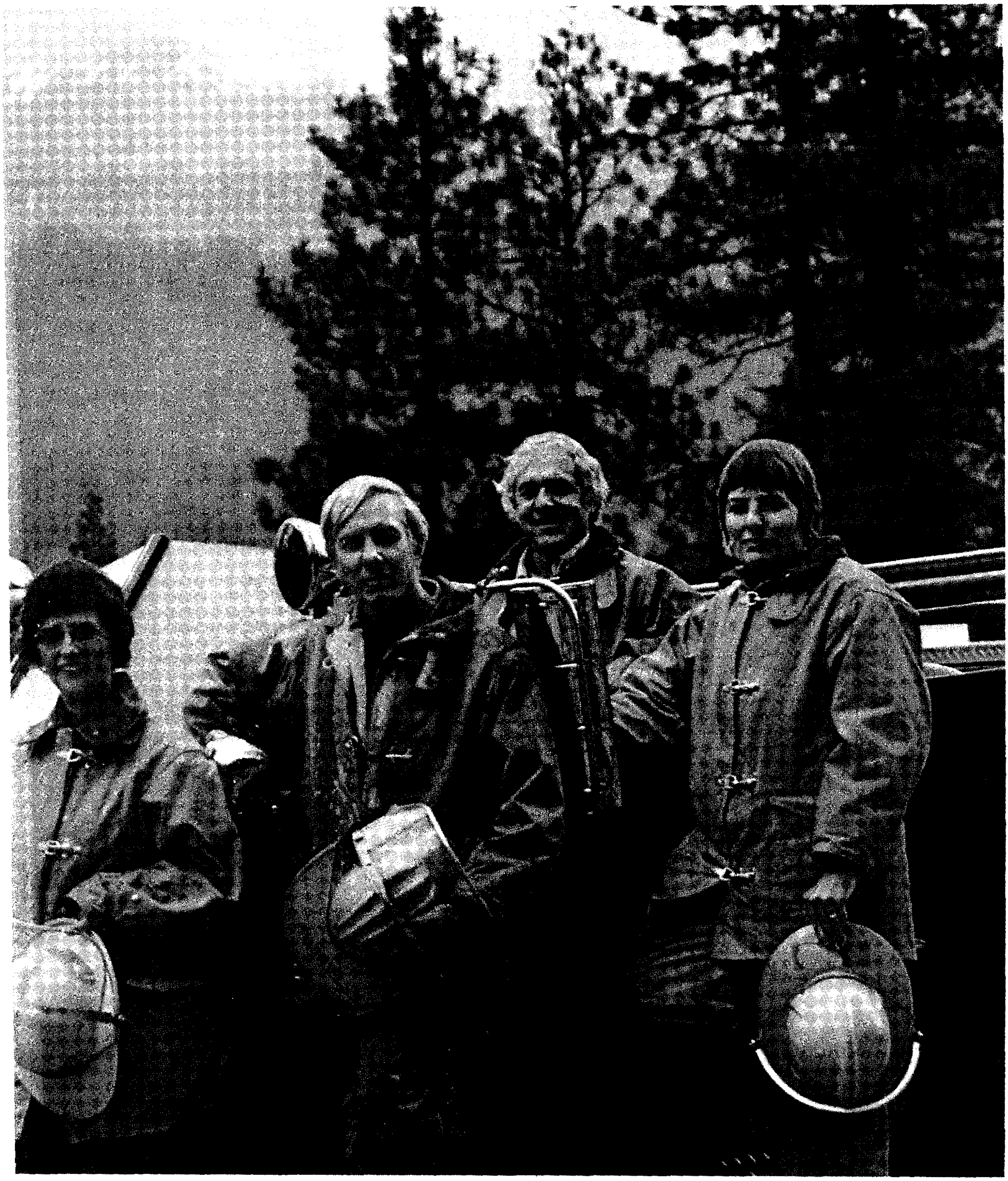


Chevrolet introduces the long-legged Coupe.

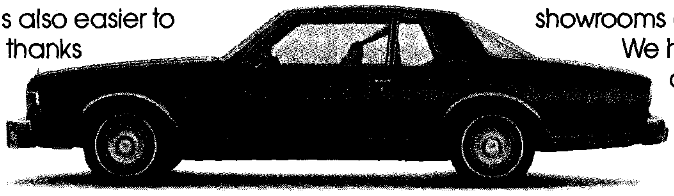
Rest assured. The New Chevrolet is not one of those Coupes where comfort takes a back seat to styling.

As a matter of fact, this year's crisp new Coupe has nearly two inches more leg room in the rear than last year's full-size Chevy Coupe, making it almost as easy on the knees as it is on the eyes.

Sit in one soon and see.

And while you're there, notice the head room. There's more of that, too.

Our new Coupe is also easier to get into and out of, thanks to the increased height and the straight-up styling of the sides. (Plus the fact that you no longer have to trigger a release to fold the front seats forward.)



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There is more corrosion protection.

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An exceptionally attractive package, all in all. A real pleasure to look at, to ride in, and to drive.

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We hope you'll go down soon and try one on.

For sighs.

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Chevrolet

terests. But now when Carter lands at an airport he is likely to be met by the local politicians, particularly if they are seeking reëlection. (On the plane, I asked a Carter aide what today's theme was. He shrugged, and then he said, "It's episodic.") There are new questions about how long Carter's coattails may be—or whether he in fact has any—but when the Presidential candidate arrives, the local politicians are there to greet him. We are stopping here only long enough for Carter to make an airport appearance and to hold a press conference—less than two hours. (Ford is believed to be ahead in Indiana.) "I'm very proud to be here with this great senator, Vance Hartke," Carter tells the crowd gathered at the airport. And he tells them that he owes the special interests nothing. At the press conference, held at the nearby Hilton Inn, Carter reads a statement criticizing the President's speech last night. (In his speech, pursuant to his pledge at Vail, the President promised to ease the purchase of homes. The President proposed something that appeared to have been hastily put together just so that he could actually pledge something in his speech. Presidents do that all the time.) Carter attacks the President's speech with all the outrage that politicians register over something supposedly outrageous that their opponent has done. He attacks "campaign rhetoric" as opposed to promises; he is trying to transfer to Ford the image of a "flip-flopper," catch him in his sudden effort to appear more "positive." Carter is wearing his familiar dark-blue hopsacking suit. He is asked about trust as an issue. "My assessment is that the people do trust me," he says. "The kind of campaign we've run is the best way to assure that the trust is equal to the trustworthiness of myself and my campaign." He is asked about a Harris survey that appeared in this morning's papers, which said that more voters than before felt "uneasy" about Carter because they didn't know "what kind of person he really is," felt that he was "a tough, cold-blooded politician underneath his soft talk," felt that he seemed less independent than he had earlier, and felt that he had "ducked taking stands on issues." He is prepared for this question, because some reporters on the plane had asked Jody Powell about the poll. It is an odd sort of question for a politician to be faced with. Carter says that he doesn't know what the comparative figures in the survey are, which might show how people feel about Ford on these questions. Powell nods; his candidate got it right. Carter is asked how he can say that he owes nothing to the special interests when labor is doing so much for him, and he replies, "I have never been asked by any labor leader to make any promise to them or even to their members that has not been revealed publicly." He is asked why, given the message of his campaign, he endorsed Senator Hartke. "I have no reticence at all about endorsing Senator Hartke," he says. "Senator Hartke and I are running on the same ticket; he's been nominated by the Democrats in Indiana, the same ones who voted for me in the primaries. . . . I think Indiana will be best served with Democratic U.S. senators, working with a Democratic President." He seems in command, but a bit tired. Greg Schneiders has sent a memo to the staff saying that from here out there will be few events after 7 P.M.; that is, too late for television coverage. And while Carter does not have a great many "events" now—at least, compared with the primaries—the pressures, according to his staff, are greater, because the stakes are so high and the focus on him is so intense. During the primaries, he could—and did—on occasion get facts wrong, lose his temper, but it all rolled past. People weren't paying that much attention. Now a misstep could be devastating, even fatal. Carter says in the press conference that "the issues are on our side, and there is an inclination for change in Washington."

•

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. Midafternoon. The candidate is touring Highlandtown, a mixed Polish-German-Italian neighborhood in East Baltimore. Actually, he is not touring it; he is walking down two blocks, in an event designed to come over the television screens as a "walking tour" of an "ethnic neighborhood." (Tomorrow, in Washington, he will receive the endorsement of the National Education Association—a group representing nearly two million teachers—and then he will fly to Mississippi, accompanied by Senators John Stennis and James Eastland.) Walking with him now are Dominic (Mimi) DiPietro, a round man with a round face who is a city councilman from this neighborhood, and Representative Paul Sarbanes, who is running for the Senate, and Barbara Mikulski, who is running for Sarbanes' House seat. Sarbanes and Mikulski are very popular in Baltimore and can do Carter some good. They met him at the airport. Marvin Mandel, the Governor, could not meet him at the airport, because he is on trial for political corruption. Also surrounding Carter as he makes his way along South Conkling Street are Secret Service agents, a television crew, and a pool of reporters. "Neighborhood tours" have become practically impossible, given the requirements of security and the desire for coverage. Carter is, in fact, hard-pressed to find any citizens as he makes his way along past row houses and shops. He and his crowd of followers are penned in on a narrow sidewalk, which is roped off, with the rest of the reporters walking along out in the street, from which traffic has been blocked off; and most of the citizens who came out to see him on this cold, rainy afternoon are across the street, also behind a rope. They cannot possibly see him. There aren't very many people out anyway. A local organizer says he has never seen a Presidential campaign that stirred so little enthusiasm. From time to time, Carter, in search of hands to shake, ends up shaking hands with reporters in the street.

SEPTEMBER 20

MONDAY. Carter has bad new problems, which have raised more questions about him, or perhaps give new emphasis to some of the questions that came up during the primaries. There are questions in many people's minds about his judgment and his understanding and about how much he really knows. An interview that he gave to the Associated Press in which he talked about taxes (confusing the mean and the median income) conveyed the impression that he isn't very well informed. One begins to wonder again about those much-publicized briefings he had last summer, when groups of experts in various fields went down to Plains for meetings that lasted a few hours. It's impossible to absorb everything important about economics, or any other large subject, in a one-day meeting with several people. These things take years of absorbing—of becoming familiar with the information, the ramifications, the nuances. Then, this afternoon, the story broke about an interview that Carter gave to *Playboy*, in which, in an effort to show that he is not a prudish Baptist, he saw fit to discourse on the subject of lust, and placed himself on both sides of the question. He said that he had only lusted in his heart ("I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times") but did not condemn those who lusted in other ways, and used some fairly earthy, if stilted, language, to make his point. It seemed that once more Carter was trying to please the audience he was addressing, to show that he was one of them—he has done it with blacks and workers and farmers and Slovenians, after all. The *Playboy* interview—word of it swept through Washington and across the country—is the kind of unexpected event that whangs into a campaign and throws everything off balance. It has little to do with the important questions before the country, but there it is, like a big rock that has rolled off the hillside and onto the road. The question about the *Playboy* interview is, again, judgment—the impression that Carter gives, not about his attitudes toward sex but about his judgment. Also, it set off jokes about Carter, the sort of ridicule that diminishes politicians. Ford has never really recovered from the ridicule that greeted his falling down the plane ramp and bumping his head on the helicopter. This is the other side of our solemnity. We are terribly solemn, it seems, about our politics. And so it becomes a very big thing when our solemnity is disturbed.

SEPTEMBER 21

THE *Wall Street Journal* reported today that the Special Prosecutor, Charles Ruff, was investigating campaign contributions that may involve President Ford's campaigns when he was a member of Congress from Michigan. This news flung itself across the campaign, and, while it is tempting to ignore it, we cannot, of course. We can only wait. The funds in question appear to have come from a maritime union that is currently supporting Carter. We are now dependent upon the judgment and integrity of the Special Prosecutor, but then that is always true when it comes to a Special Prosecutor. Ruff is the fourth person to hold that job since Richard Nixon acquiesced, in May of 1973 (it seems like at least a decade ago), in the appointment of Archibald Cox to the new post. The White House also confirmed today that Ford, while he was a member of Congress, accepted golfing weekends from his friend William Whyte, a lobbyist for U.S. Steel. The subject of the Special Prosecutor's investigation and the matter of the golfing weekends are entirely different, of course. The golfing weekends have stopped, and, besides, we've always known that Ford, along with a number of other politicians, enjoyed the company of successful businessmen and the Burning Tree atmosphere, and that among his closest friends have been lobbyists for major corporations. The issue is not his choice of friends but his policies.

SEPTEMBER 22

BILLY GRAHAM was at the White House today. For good measure, John Connally was at the White House today, too, and tonight we see him on television saying of Carter, "I think he made a serious mistake both in content and judgment in the interview with *Playboy*." The indignity of what is being focussed on has lent indignity to the election. Carter is not the only candidate who took care to please those on both sides of the "affair" question. The President, presumably to neutralize the anti-affair vote (last year, his wife told a television interviewer that she "wouldn't be surprised" if their daughter, Susan, came to her and told her she was having an affair), has given an interview to *Ladies' Home Journal* saying, "I'd protest in a most vigorous way, and I'd counsel her. But I don't think that would happen—not the way Susan was brought up."

Yesterday, the Carter camp issued a plan to reorganize the federal agencies dealing with the subject of energy—an obvious move to defuse questions that could come up in the first Presidential debate, to be held tomorrow night, about his pledge to effect a vast, yet still unspecified, government reorganization. The plan would combine a number of agencies—something that has been suggested many times in the past—and contains some worthy and some quite bad ideas. The worst trouble with it is that it combines agencies that are to promote the development of energy sources with agencies that are to regulate the industries developing them. (It was this very combination that led to the breakup of the old Atomic Energy Commission.) The plan, like the housing proposals that the President put forward at the University of Michigan, has a sort of jerry-built, "let's-get-something-out-on-this" look. It reduces the number of agencies dealing with the energy question by consolidating the responsibilities of about twenty of them into a Cabinet department. From Carter's statement, it appears that only four agencies would actually be abolished. Carter has pledged to reduce the number of federal agencies from nineteen hundred (no one seems sure how many there are) to two hundred. He has a long way to go.

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TODAY, a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Edward M. Kennedy held a hearing on research involving genetic engineering. Now that scientists know how to recombine genetic material, a debate has been going on among scientists and laymen over what sorts of controls can and should be exercised over such research. The issue is the classic one of the constraints that can be placed on scientific "advances"—of who can impose such constraints, and whether they will work. The history of civilization indicates that such issues are rarely resolved.

SEPTEMBER 23

THURSDAY. Philadelphia. The first Presidential debate is to take place here tonight. I have had serious doubts about the idea of these debates—doubts that have been increased by the fact that they have received such a buildup. Moreover, they seem to be based on the concept—and this has increased the anticipation and the buildup—that the candidates for the Presidency of the United States should meet as two gladiators in the arena. The object of the exercise would appear to be to score points off one another. It seems that the debates have been anticipated more for their possible entertainment value than for their possibilities for showing us the differences between the two candidates on some of the important questions facing our country. The anticipation may well be based on what I think is a retrospectively distorted view of what happened in the debates between John Kennedy and Richard Nixon, in 1960. A number of people now see those debates as events in which a good guy in a white hat met and bested a bad guy in a black hat. I wonder how much enthusiasm there would be for debates this year if Kennedy were deemed to have "lost" in 1960? No doubt the debates did help Kennedy, but so narrow was his margin of victory that any number of things might have made the crucial difference. The debates place a high value on being glib of tongue, effective on television. The qualities that they reward have little to do with being President: memorizing a lot of data, being quick at repartee. They don't put any particular premium on wisdom, patience. Being quick on one's feet in the Oval Office can lead to trouble. There has been a lot of talk about who will "win" the debates. The idea that someone will "win" is what's wrong.

I have been asked to participate in the first debate as one of the panel of three questioners, and, despite misgivings about the whole enterprise, have decided to see what might be done with

"Lately I've begun to dabble in quality."

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this opportunity to get some questions raised. So have dozens of interest groups, who have called and sent letters and telegrams suggesting questions dealing with subjects of concern to them. My colleagues and I took the 10 A.M. train from Washington, and our time was virtually filled this afternoon with two meetings to go over the logistics for tonight, at the Walnut Street Theatre, where the debate was to take place—the second meeting being necessary because of a faulty sound system, which would have made it almost impossible to hear what the candidates were saying.

Tonight, as the debate opens, Carter is obviously very tense—so much has been said to rest on tonight. I have never seen him so tense. Both candidates arrived here with large retinues of aides, who went over every conceivable detail on the set. "This is the big casino," Hamilton Jordan said this afternoon. (Between this afternoon and this evening, the water glasses, enclosed in little wooden rings, have been moved from the tops of the candidates' lecterns to a shelf inside the lecterns—presumably to protect the candidates from knocking the glasses over.) The first question, about jobs, is put to Carter, and as he answers, Ford watches him intently. This is probably as close to each other as they have ever been—at least, for this length of time. Carter says that we could get unemployment down to four or four and a half per cent by the end of his first four years in office, with a "controlled inflation rate." He lists a number of particulars about how he would get there—clearly intent on dispelling the idea that he is "fuzzy." Asked if he thinks wage and price controls might be necessary, he says, "We have a long way to go in getting people to work before we have the inflationary pressures"—which begs the question. As Charles Schultze, an economist with the Brookings Institution who served as President Johnson's budget director, pointed out to me this spring, the whole problem with getting unemployment down is that at a certain point—probably when unemployment reaches about five and a half per cent—unless there are controls on wages and prices, inflation takes off. Ford, in his rebuttal, eager to strengthen the idea that Carter is "fuzzy," says, "I don't believe that Mr. Carter has been any more specific in this case than he has been on many other instances." It is clearly a line that Ford had planned to say, no matter what Carter said. Ford observes that Carter did not mention the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill (Carter has been avoiding mention of it since last spring), and then he attacks it. Ford says that jobs should be created through cutting taxes and tax incentives.

Carter is asked how he would pay for all the programs that he has advocated or lent his support to (jobs, health insurance, child care, federal absorption of welfare costs, housing, aid to cities, a higher earnings limit on Social Security, federal aid to education), and, as he has pledged, balance the budget by the end of his first term. He does not really answer. He says that the Congressional Budget Committees estimate that if unemployment was reduced to four or four and a half per cent, there would be an extra sixty billion dollars in federal revenues, but neither committee has made such an optimistic estimate. Moreover, even the lowest estimates of the costs of these programs put them above sixty billion dollars—anywhere from eighty-five to a hundred billion. In Ford's rebuttal to Carter, he exuberantly suggests that if there is a sixty-billion-dollar increase in revenues, "I think the American taxpayer ought to get . . . a tax reduction of that magnitude." It is the politician's reflex: the sort of thing he might have said, without thought, on the floor of the House of Representatives in order to make a point, or on the stump at a time when it didn't matter so much what he said. There is already a projected budget deficit of nearly fifty billion dollars, and the President has pledged (at Vail) to do new and still largely unspecified things in the areas of housing, health, recreation, and education, and also to reduce taxes. Both of them are talking about tax relief of the sort that cannot be wrung from tax reform—unless they are willing to advocate reductions in tax preferences of the sort that few politicians are willing to advocate. Tax reform is really a question of providing equity in the tax system, not of raising revenue. Moreover, in the face of the real national needs—which both candidates give some recognition to—why are they talking about lowered taxes?

Carter seems uncertain tonight, not in command. Sometimes he doodles on the notepad on his lectern as he talks. As the evening progresses, one can see the perspiration on his forehead and then on his face, and finally dropping from his neck. The President, it is clear, has been advised by his aides to look stern—as in his "No more Mr. Nice Guy" campaign photo—and it is the one expression he seems to have all evening. He is wearing a vest, which makes him look like a conservative

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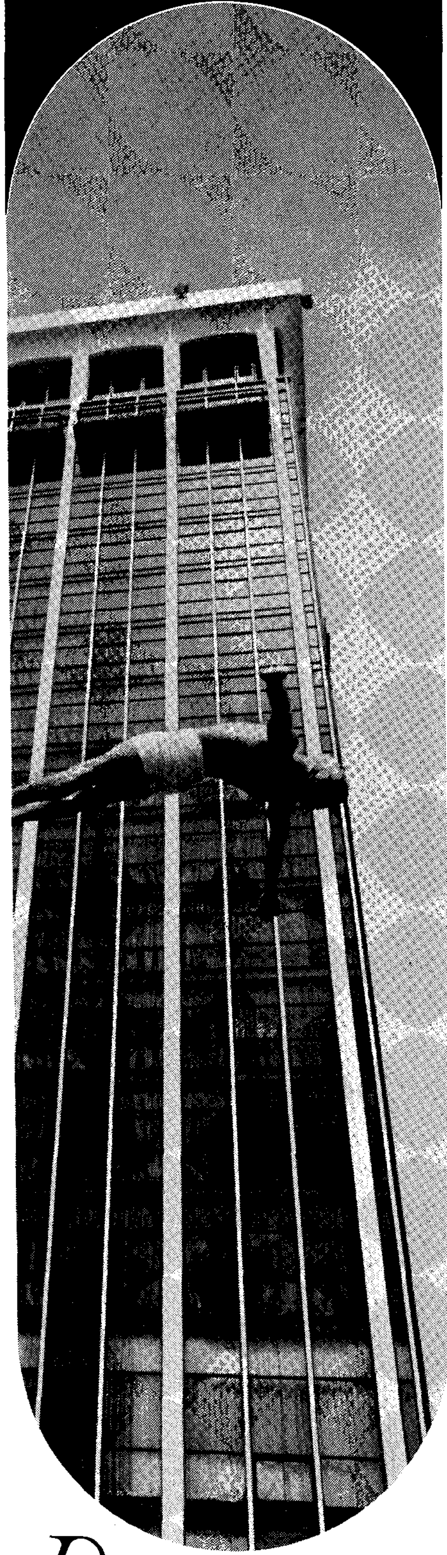

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banker. He is forceful in his way of speaking, but he doesn't say very much. Talking about jobs, he says we have to stimulate the economy and then he says we have to hold down spending. Carter, at last, injects a note of humanity when he talks about unemployment. But both of them seem overbriefed and overguarded, almost afraid of spontaneity. Even Ford's gestures—facing Carter and waving his arms—seem studied. Neither of them suggests that there are hard questions and real choices that have to be made. Ford recites bromides about the Democrats' controlling the Congress and about the size of its staff, and then he slips in that "there is some question about their morality." Asked if he thinks there should be new statutes governing the intelligence agencies, Ford doesn't seem to get the point.

And then, as Carter is giving his rebuttal (he doesn't seem to get the point, either), word comes that, unbelievably, the audio has gone off, and the two candidates for the Presidency stand there silently while we wait for it to go back on. Carter is one of the most impatient people I know of, and the President looks none too pleased. The President, having been programmed to stand during the entire debate and now being faced with this unforeseeable situation, remains standing. He cannot convene a meeting of his advisers now to consider the question of whether he should sit down. Carter, who, following the President's lead, had stood throughout the debate, at last elects to sit. Carter remarks, "Mr. Kelley may not have liked what I was saying," but, other than that, the two men are silent. Of course, the sound may come back on at any time, and at one point we thought that it had. Assured that the cameras are not on them, the two men glance at each other and then wipe their faces. Apart from that, they do not acknowledge each other's presence; they speak not a word to each other. Ford stares straight ahead, lips set; Carter, from time to time, manages a wan smile. I try to think of what other, more spontaneous politicians might have done in this situation. To my immense relief, the question period is over, so we don't have to keep anything more in mind, but those poor men have to keep the adrenalin going and concentrate on their closing statements. This has to be the greatest electronic foul-up of all time. The President and the would-be President are like prisoners behind their lecterns.

Finally, at eleven-seventeen, twenty-seven minutes after it went off, the sound comes back on. Carter, as if he were a wound-up doll, simply resumes where he left off, and says one sentence: "There has been too much government secrecy and not enough respect for the personal privacy of American citizens." In his closing statement, Carter reverts to the sort of sermonette he gave on the trail during the primaries, and he now seems more natural than he has all night. What he says has nothing to do with the debate subjects, but so be it. Hand moving up and down, palm out, in the familiar gesture, he says, "For a long time, our American citizens have been excluded." He says, "I owe the special interests nothing." He says that perhaps "we can once again have a government as good as our people," and, gazing at the camera intently, he affirms that we have "the best country on earth." Ford says that "one of the major issues in this campaign is trust," and, repeating a theme from his State of the Union Message, he says, "A President should never promise more than he can deliver and a President should always deliver everything that he has promised," and he says that "a President can't be all things to all people." He talks again, as he did in his acceptance speech at the Republican Convention—both men are using tested lines tonight—about what a nice day the Fourth of July was ("We had a wonderful two-hundredth birthday for our great country. It was a superb occasion. It was a glorious day"), and then, identifying himself with the working people, and also using his wife, who is generally considered quite popular, he says, "Betty and I have worked very hard to give our children a brighter future." He closes, and both he and Carter gaze at the camera sincerely.

SEPTEMBER 25

YESTERDAY, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted to block the sale of six hundred and fifty air-to-ground missiles to Saudi Arabia. Other pending arms sales, totalling almost six billion dollars and involving fourteen countries, were not blocked (more than four billion dollars' worth of the arms are for Iran). The Saudis had already contracted to buy a thousand air-to-ground missiles, and the proposed sale of six hundred and fifty more air-to-ground weapons represented a scaling down of an original Administration proposal to sell them fifteen hundred. (Arrangements have been completed under which Saudi Arabia will finance the purchase by Jordan of a five-hundred-and-forty-million-dollar air-defense system from the United States.) The Foreign Relations Committee's action was taken under the law designed to give Congress more voice in international arms transactions. Several senators complained that their role was hampered by the fact that the transactions were negotiated and signed before they were submitted to Congress, thus making Congress subject to charges—as it was in the case of the Saudi missiles—of disrupting foreign policy if it objects to the arrangement. Saudi Arabia is the largest supplier of foreign oil to the United States.

September 26

SUNDAY. One can sense that a certain depression has set in about this election. Someone said to me today, "How did we end up with these two men?" That is something to be given more thought before the election is over. Neither candidate has given the public a lift, or offered any real vision, or even talked about reality. Moreover, the public dialogue, in which the press has complicity, is about the chaff—about such things as the *Playboy* interview. At the same time, the focus on the President has to do mainly with the degree to which he seems like a nice man. It is as if there were no hard questions, no real choices to be made. There appears to be a kind of flight from thought. If, after the difficulties of the last thirteen years, people were looking for something in public life to inspirit them again, they do not seem to feel that they have found it.

It is not necessarily a bad thing that so many people have come to expect less from politics. Some adjustment was necessary. We had become accustomed to the idea that Presidential contests should excite us, but in the process we were burned. And exciting politicians are not necessarily good for us. It is probably not a bad thing to recognize that there are limits on what our leaders can be and do. The question is where healthy adjustment ends and cynicism begins. Now the public seems to have practically no guidelines for figuring things out. There is no vision of the future now—no vision of America that is getting through to the voters. It is not the candidates alone who are causing this. The lack also has something to do with the mood of the American people. People may be tired—and also may be reappraising. The pet theories of the liberals have come up for reappraisal; the conservative nostrums aren't getting us anywhere. Maybe there is even a certain maturity in the absence of a vision of the future. Many of our most exciting visions of the future were understandable but not very profound—to win a war, to end a Depression—or were the adolescent dreams of onward and upward. Our vision of the future was more, better, richer, and happier. This country may be going through its own crisis of maturity. It is not clear now—won't be for some years—whether the skepticism is a passing phase or whether the trust in the leaders by the led has been stretched almost to the snapping point. No doubt the character of the 1976 Presidential campaign is shaped in part by important aspects of the public mood. Obviously, the wound of Watergate is deep—not just that such things could happen but that for the first time in two hundred years we elected a truly evil man to our highest office. We have elected men of stunning mediocrity—*that* we can bear—but to think that we went so dangerously wrong cannot but undermine our confidence. Vietnam was a dreadful blow to the idea that America fights just wars and when it fights it wins. Only a lobotomized people would not be affected by thirteen years of assassinations, urban riots, a hated war, and the greatest scandal in our political history.

I continue to think that the candidates might do better if they slowed down, sat down, and thought. I wonder whether they wouldn't come over better to the public if they talked to us as though they were really trying to think through some of the problems we face. It would at least be interesting to see what would happen to a candidate who approached things this way. Of course the candidates should get about and see people, but there are limits. And, in any event, the essential purpose of all the travelling is not really to see people but to get on television. I wonder whether the impact of one true, honest, thoughtful speech about real questions might not be greater than that of thirty appearances, lasting about a minute, on the nightly news. But there don't seem to be any politicians around who are willing to take a chance on a different approach. The very process that the candidates put themselves through defeats any propensity toward a broad and worthy vision of the American future. The process sometimes seems to be not one that enlarges a man but one that diminishes him. The candidates come to see public policy in terms of winning over (or not alienating) myriad nar-

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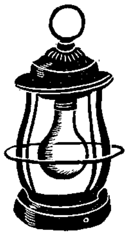
row interests. The people, their advisers and pollsters tell them, are not Americans but veterans, Polish factory workers, Jews, Catholic housewives, blacks, the elderly, young people, farmers, and on and on. If the candidates had a broad vision of the American future when they began, it will be badly battered by the time they finish. And if they have one now it cannot be clearly communicated in such a process. What inspiriting message can be conveyed by candidates who are scrambling, evading, overpromising, posturing—as they chase about seeking the support of whatever group they are before, fashioning a line for sixty seconds of exposure on television that night? It is no wonder that when a red-eyed, bone-weary candidate drags himself to one more microphone and says "I have a vision . . ." or "I see an America . . ." it sounds so empty.

The voters may not be able to follow all the intricacies of the candidates' deceptions and evasions, and yet they know that they're being had. (A steelworker in western Pennsylvania said to one of my colleagues the other day, speaking of Carter, "He says he's for all the programs to put people back to work but then he's going to have a balanced budget. People aren't stupid; they don't buy that.") Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor said, in effect, that the people should be treated like children, that to expect more of them is to do them a great disservice. Several modern American politicians have followed this formulation. Important political strategists in both the President's and Carter's campaigns believed and propagated the idea that the public wasn't interested in issues this time. Yet the very fact that people are so discouraged and negative about the campaign suggests that they want something better. Moreover, the cynical formulation that the people are not interested in issues is, in its essence, anti-democratic. Democracy rests on the idea that competing forces will put forward competing propositions and the citizens will make a choice. The choice is to be made, moreover, on the assumption that there is some connection between what the candidates for their votes say that they will do and what they then do. This is a rather simple proposition, which has almost been forgotten. To the extent that the assumption has been mocked in recent years, faith in democracy has been shaken. Moreover, the logical extension of the issueless, personality-based election is *personalismo*, which the history of the world has shown us can take a dangerous turn.



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YESTERDAY, Carter made a speech in which he said that if he became President he would halt the sale of nuclear power plants and fuel for them to any nation that did not promise to forgo development of nuclear weapons, or that built its own reprocessing plant. He proposed other policies that were more stringent than the current ones regarding nuclear proliferation, and he also said that he would seek agreement with the Soviet Union to halt further nuclear testing for five years, including underground testing. Nuclear proliferation is one important subject to which he has addressed himself from time to time. (His aides have said to me that it gives him an opportunity to stress his expertise as a "nuclear engineer" and also his competence at dealing with foreign affairs.) President Ford has been reported to be preparing to release the results of a study he ordered last summer on the question of nuclear sales abroad, and Carter's staff was eager to have Carter make another statement on the subject first.

The President travelled by steamboat, the S.S. Natchez, through Louisiana yesterday, and, from the top deck, shouted to people along the banks of the Mississippi, "Your President believes that the federal government spends much too much money!" There is, of course, no reason to travel by steamboat these days except to provide good scenes for television coverage. It was another stunt. Today and tomorrow, in an effort to steal some of the South from Carter, Ford will campaign in Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida. Carter, travelling in Texas a couple of days ago, tried to explain away that part of the *Playboy* interview in which he said that Lyndon Johnson had engaged in "lying" and "cheating" by suggesting that there had been an error in juxtaposition on the part of the magazine, but then he was constrained to withdraw that argument. Last week, Carter phoned Mrs. Johnson to apologize (just as earlier in the campaign he had called George Wallace to apologize for having said that Wallace might be the only person in public life who ranked lower in the polls than John Connally), but Mrs. Johnson, despite the call and despite pressure from Carter allies, declined to meet Carter at the airport or to make any campaign appearances with him, although she did greet Mrs. Carter and escort her through the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library.

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TODAY, a Harris poll indicates that Ford "won" the first debate, forty per cent to thirty-one.

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TODAY'S papers report that two and a half million more Americans were in poverty in 1975 than the year before. The percentage of the population considered to be in that condition is 10.7; the percentage of blacks is 29.3.

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A BIG question that has come up about Carter is about his compass. The question of compass goes beyond matters of giving unfortunate or uninformed interviews. It has to do with one's general sense of direction. How did Carter, who started out casting himself as different from traditional politicians, end up overpromising? Even a number of liberals say that there have to be cutbacks in what the federal government tries to do. For all his talk about owing the special interests nothing, he has in fact allowed himself to become entangled in the special-interest politics of the Democratic Party. Dependent upon efforts by unions to get out the vote, he has endorsed legislation they favor, and he has happily accepted their endorsements. (He has been endorsed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the U.A.W., the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the National Education Association, and the maritime unions.) Even during the primaries, he welcomed the help of some of these groups, and, largely in exchange, lent his approval to some legislation they favored, such as an ambitious national-health-insurance scheme. (He had been talking about national health insurance since he campaigned in the New Hampshire primary, but the speech he gave on the subject in April was negotiated with the U.A.W., in anticipation of Leonard Woodcock's endorsement of him for the Michigan primary.) He lent his approval to the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill in order to assuage blacks for his having endorsed "ethnic purity." He has promised the maritime unions "a fair share" of cargo business. The vast array of federal programs—he has not actually specified which ones he would eliminate—has accrued a vast

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clientele, each clinging with determination to its share of the pie and working to increase it. About seventy-four per cent of the federal budget now goes for various domestic, non-military purposes, and about sixty-three per cent of this goes for "transfer payments" such as Social Security and Medicare, which bring in a wide number of interest groups. The growth of state and local government services has been even more rapid than that of federal government services. An immense government-oriented industry has grown up throughout the country—what one former member of Congress used to call "the educational/social-welfare/industrial complex"—and this has laid the foundation for social tensions. The growth of this force has led to an *upward* redistribution of income, with those whose income is below about fourteen thousand dollars being taxed to pay the salaries of those whose incomes are higher. Meanwhile, the service unions are gaining a stranglehold on our cities—can hold the cities hostage while they seek higher pay. It is perhaps understandable that politicians running for national office don't want to talk about these things.

To be sure, Carter's commitments to some of the programs are vague, and he has not made a point of reaffirming them during the fall campaign. Still, he has left the impression that he will move forward in a number of domestic areas, the total cost of which will exceed the available resources. He does stress that he will try to bring competence and tough management to government, and, of course, it needs them. More competence is both a practical and a political necessity. While certain politicians and other people are wont to make broad statements to the effect that federal programs don't "work," they are actually referring to the social programs of the sixties, which have had mixed results. The problem, to be somewhat general about it, was that there was excessive ambition, a sense of unreality, in regard to what could be accomplished; that there is now an overload and an underrelating of programs; and that in fact the experiment of the sixties was very short-lived. It did not really begin until after the middle of the decade, and soon ran into the competing claims of a war. By 1969, a new Administration, headed by a man who had campaigned against the programs, was in office. Two things are needed, according to the most dispassionate thinkers: an unsentimental sorting out of what is efficacious and what is not, and more rational organization and management of the government's efforts.

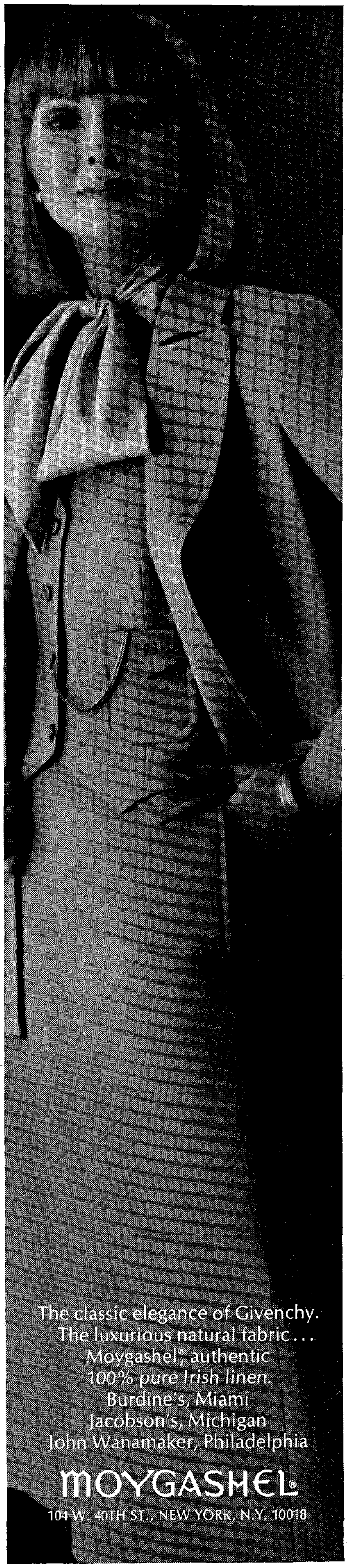
While people expect politicians to be manipulative—take it for granted that manipulativeness is part of being a good politician, and of governing—they set unconscious limits. There is a large irony in at least one aspect of Carter's problem. When he made a big show of associating with Ralph Nader, he expected people to notice. And when he avoided further association with Nader, he expected people to notice that, too. They did, in both instances, but Carter did not seem to understand what the effect would be. The same was true of his "populist" acceptance speech and his meeting a week later with businessmen at "21." Perhaps he does not really understand the implications of being a national politician, and still does not understand how his every act is magnified. There is a possibility, of course, that there would be differences between the way he has campaigned for the Presidency and the way he would govern if he was elected. It is possible that, once elected, he would be willing to take risks, to lose the support of certain constituencies—to offer a clearer vision of what he thinks is important. The problem for us is that there is no way now of knowing whether he will do these things. That is also the problem for him.

SEPTEMBER 27

IN Miami Beach today, the President, appearing before the International Convention of Police Chiefs, issued an attack on "permissiveness toward crime." In his State of the Union Message, on the other hand, he had said, "Protecting the life and property of the citizen at home is the responsibility of all public officials, but is primarily the job of local and state law-enforcement authority." During his weekend campaigning in the South, he said that "the law-abiding citizens of this country should not be deprived of the right to have firearms in their possession." Ford is making headway in this campaign on the strength of the idea that he is "a nice man." It is understandable that, in the wake of the Nixon Presidency, Ford's personal decency should receive prominent notice. But it's almost as if we were choosing a neighbor instead of a President. A candidate may be kind to his cat, but what virtues are reflected in his public policies?

SEPTEMBER 28

NEWARK, OHIO. Tuesday. The election is five weeks away, and the polls indicate that it's getting close.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Robert Dole is here in Newark—a town of forty-two thousand people, about thirty miles from Columbus, in central Ohio—as part of a tour designed to shore up the Ford ticket's support in small-town rural America, where the Ford strategists believe they should be doing better. Carter, the rural Southerner, has cut into this traditional Republican area of strength. And there is the fact that farm prices are down from a year ago. Moreover, Dole is promising that there will be no more grain embargoes—except, perhaps, in the case of an international crop failure. From what one can gather, most of the polls indicate that Carter is slightly ahead in Ohio, a state that Ford probably must win if he is to be elected. Today, Dole has already been in the Illinois towns of Quincy and Decatur ("the soybean capital of the world"), and in Marietta, Ohio, and this marks his third visit to this state. Mondale is in Ohio today, too, and the state will also get considerable attention from Ford and Carter before the election. A few days ago, the Ford organization received polling data indicating that Ford was not doing well in Ohio's farm areas (and also that he was doing surprisingly well in Cleveland), and it was decided that those areas would be given priority attention by Dole. Dole's main campaigning experience, after all, has been in the small-town rural areas of Kansas. Dole's campaign entourage is a mixed bag of Dole staff members, people on loan from the White House and from Rockefeller's staff, and veterans of the Reagan campaign. Lyn Nofziger, who was one of Reagan's top aides and is an old friend of Dole's (he urged Reagan to speak well of Dole when Ford and Reagan met after Ford was nominated and before he named his running mate), is helping the Dole campaign. I saw Nofziger on the plane from Washington to Columbus earlier today and talked with him for a while. He made it clear that the Reagan forces see this election as part of their continuing struggle for the Party. "We're in good shape," Nofziger said. "If Ford wins, we're in a position to put pressure on him. If he loses, we'll take over the Party. And, believe me, we're watching it closely. We're not going to let things go, the way Goldwater did after the '64 election." Dole's campaign has suffered from its own weak staffing and from lack of direction at the top of the Ford campaign apparatus. There remain questions of who is in charge.

It is a cool autumn evening; the

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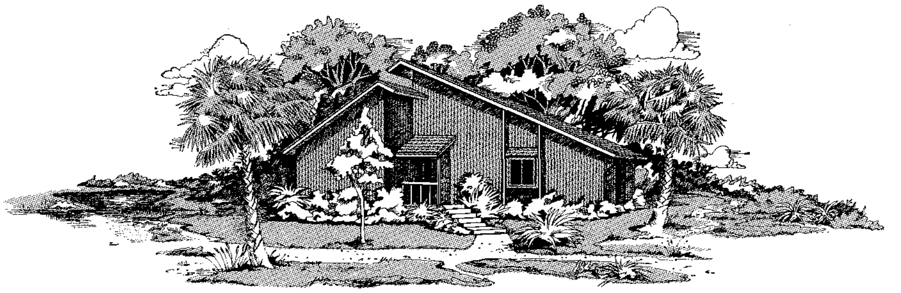

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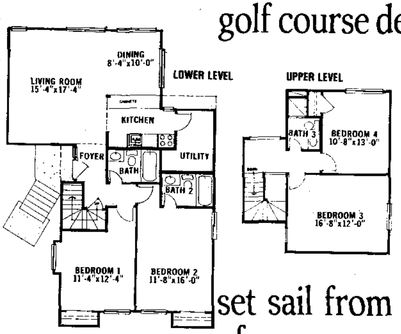

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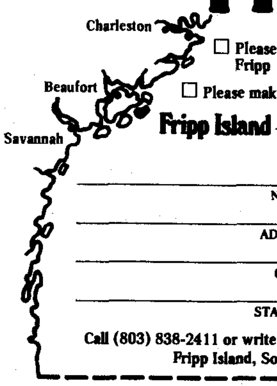

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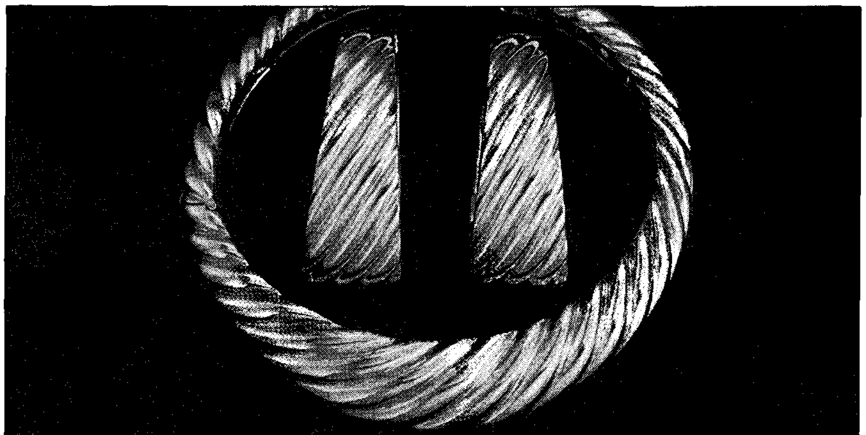

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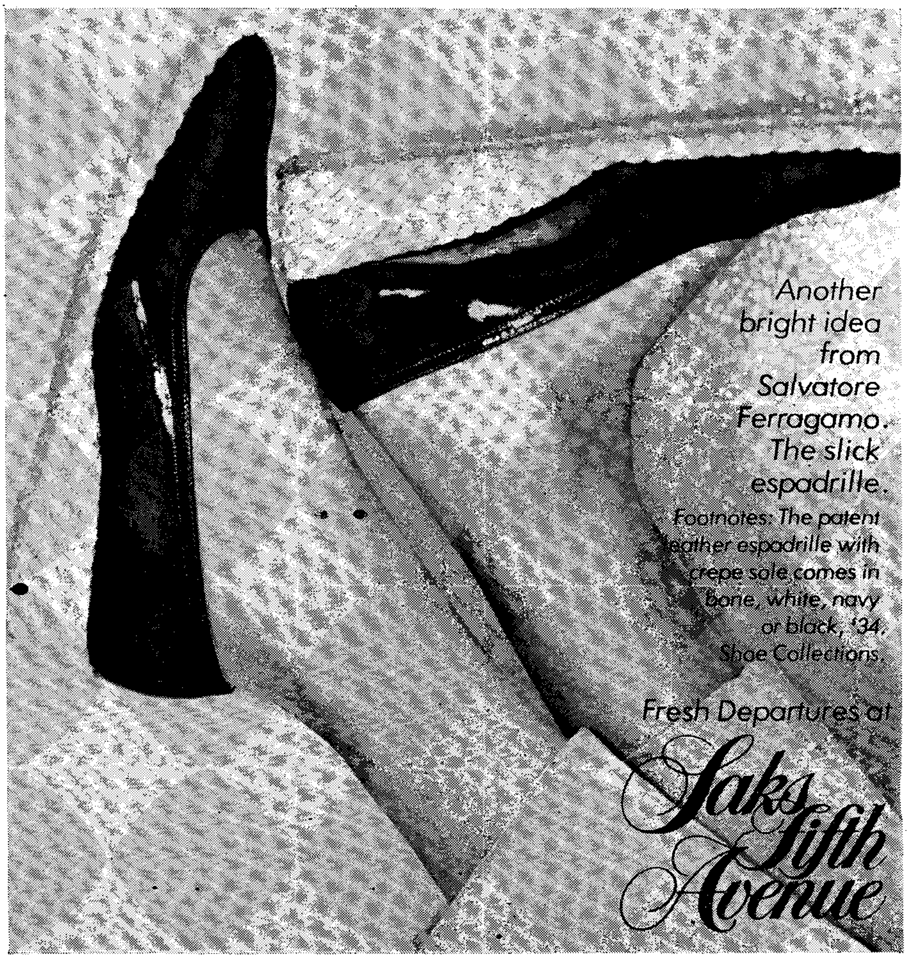

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leaves are beginning to turn. Dole is here for a rally in front of the Licking County Courthouse, a buff-colored American Gothic building. About four hundred people have gathered on the courthouse lawn, and a high-school band is playing an Ohio State song. Ohio seems to take its bands seriously, and has good ones, and this old-fashioned scene has the feel of a Midwestern football evening. Dole is tall, dark, and not quite handsome. He begins tonight by making a little joke that has become part of his standard routine. "Pineapple juice is a lot better for you than peanut butter," he says, "and, for one thing, it doesn't stick to the roof of your mouth." Dole has a true comic's sense of timing, and is capable of spontaneous humor. After he is cheered, as if on cue, following several statements, he remarks offhandedly, "Reminds me of *those spontaneous demonstrations in* 1972 in Miami," but the crowd does not catch his reference to Nixon. And then he swings into an attack on Carter: "I can't cover all of his positions on each issue, because you have a curfew here. I can say that so far Mr. Carter has yet to take a definite stand on anything." He talks against "big spending" and "programs." He pledges "fewer promises, and lower taxes, and fewer government programs, and less federal interference." This is not the Dole who told me last May that he was concerned that Ford was too negative in his approach and should favor more "people programs." Dole says that "Governor Carter will shade his discussions, he will tell you anything you want to hear." Dole's wife, Elizabeth, and his twenty-two-year-old daughter, Robin, are with him. He criticizes Carter for espousing a number of new programs and yet saying he will balance the budget. He cites different figures that he says are the varying amounts by which Carter has said he would cut the defense budget. He is making a negative speech, in his flat voice. He is tired, and his voice cracks from time to time. Continuing his attack on Carter, he says, "He won a few primaries here and there against scattered opposition," and he points out that Carter lost several of the last primaries. He goes into the interview that Carter gave to *Playboy* (he asks "what kind of a judgment a man has that would grant such an interview") and the one to the Associated Press about taxes ("He didn't know what the median income was"). "Does anybody here want their taxes raised?" Dole asks, and, of course, the crowd says "No." These people are undoubtedly already against Carter; the only point of this exercise is to inspirit them. And to get stories in the local papers for a couple of days. Dole continues, giving a slashing, negative speech. No smiles. No lift. No thought. Dole is capable of some thoughtfulness, but he has set that capacity aside. He asks the crowd whether it wants "the ultra-liberal ticket of Carter and Mondale" (it doesn't), whether it wants the candidate (Carter) who was endorsed by the Liberal Party of New York, and he says that if Carter is elected, he will have two hot lines—one to Moscow and one to George Meany. When he mentions the Americans for Democratic Action (which gave Mondale a voting score of ninety-four per cent), it is booed. At last, he adds a light note, saying, "Oh, yes, we want to win. I figured it out: if Ford gets elected, I get elected."

In the press bus later, in Springfield, Ohio, to which Dole and his entourage flew from Columbus, Nofziger says to me, "It was essentially a negative speech, but it worked. In small-town America, they don't want to hear your 'vision of the future.' It's no place for 'I see an America.' That guy in that house we're passing—all he cares about are his taxes and keeping his kids from being bused."

September 29

WEDNESDAY MORNING. I have a talk with Dole in a motor home in which he is being driven from Springfield to Lebanon, Ohio. After a breakfast speech to Republicans in Springfield, he gave three interviews to reporters from Dayton television stations. Local-television interviews are considered very valuable to campaigns. They offer free local-television exposure, and it is assumed that the interviewers will not ask difficult questions. For the same reason, campaigners like airport press conferences with the local press, which have the added attraction that because of the noise almost no one can hear what the candidate says. Dole told one of his Dayton interviewers, speaking of the role of a Vice-Presidential candidate, "We're under some restraint. We can't go beyond what our leaders have said. We can't say what we'd do in the first hundred days. You don't do anything in the first hundred days if you're a normal Vice-President. I think some of the press just sort of trail us all day long looking for a negative. I think that's the role of the press, but it seems to me if you go into an area and have an enthusiastic crowd it's not improper to report that. There is a tendency to find some fault with the campaign, to try to find some contradiction between what I've said and what Ford said."

I ask him how much he has to say about his own schedule.

"They go over the schedules with me, hopefully in advance," he says. "I scratch out part of it, or, at least, demand to know why we're going somewhere. There's got to be some real input before you decide to go to a factory or a farmhouse, unless you're just looking for a media event. I think we need also to stir up the Republicans, the workers, where we can. You can't always do that with the chickens and the cows. We were on a farm last week, and as soon as I started talking the cows all turned around and walked off."

I ask him why he isn't talking about "people programs."

"Well, we did it a night or two ago," he replies. "We don't do it too often, but Carter has such a fuzzy record I don't have time to talk about our programs. I also think there's merit in standing up and saying you've had enough programs—give me a little quality in government, not so much quality of life. Maybe that's a tendency we all have in politics—do a job on the other ticket before they do a job on you, stay even. Anyway, I am out working for a President, and I'm not at liberty to lash out, advocate this program and that program. The President has his record; there's some constraint there. Mondale and Carter can say anything—they can promise anything."

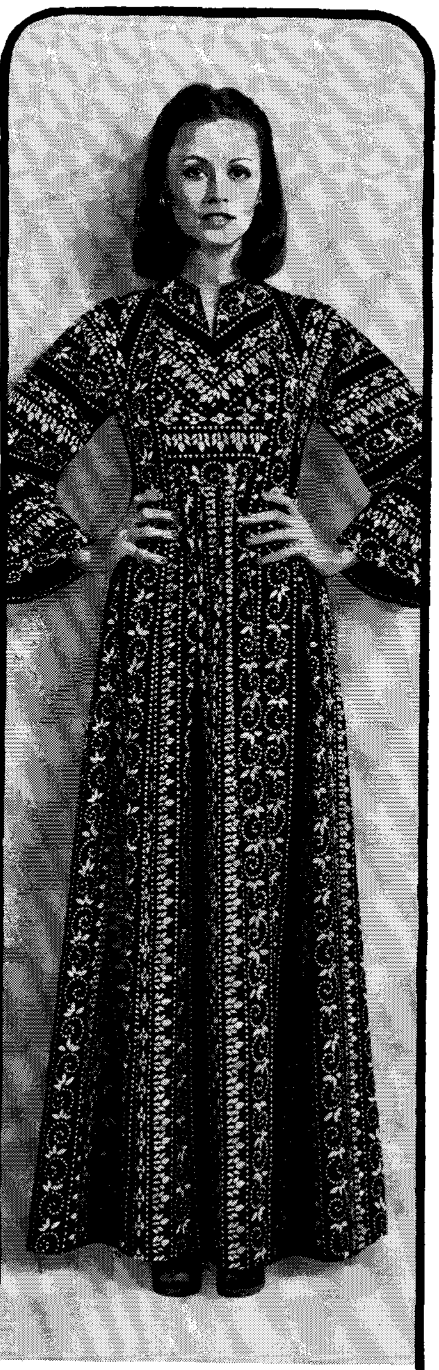
I ask Dole if he thinks he would enjoy being Vice-President.

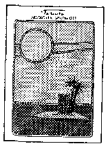
He replies, "I don't know. I talked to Hubert Humphrey about it the last time I was in the Senate. I said, 'Hubert, do you think you can really do something?' I've heard Hubert and Rockefeller indicate that it was rather a lonely job—nothing happened. Hubert said that if he had it to do over again he would do it. I'm certain Vice-President Rockefeller would say the same. Everybody says it's going to be a great opportunity. Mondale says that. Besides, you have a long time to plan for the next event."

When he says that, he gives Nofziger a knowing look, and the two of them laugh.

September 30

THURSDAY. Philadelphia. Shortly after 7 A.M., Walter Mondale is standing under the Walt Whitman Bridge, talking to longshoremen at their morning shape-up. Last night, he complained to his staff about today's





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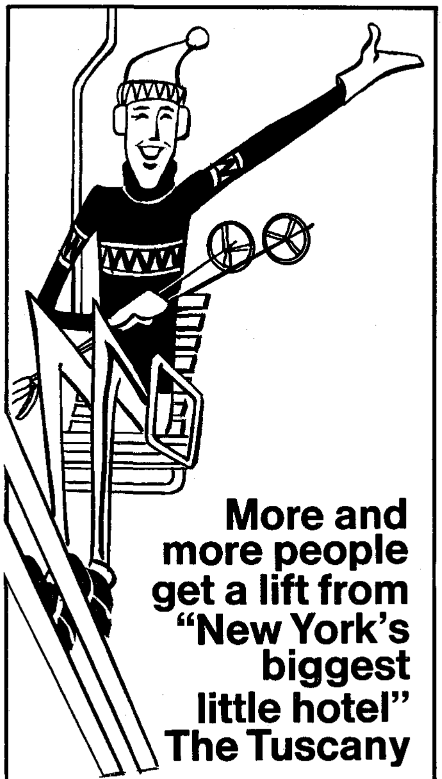
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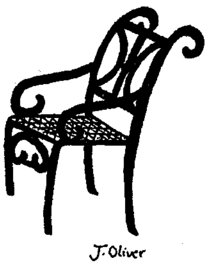

heavy schedule. On the plane from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, which we reached shortly before midnight, Mondale was tired—"I'm goddam tired," he said—but in good spirits. (Mondale's plane is just like Carter's.) After a shaky start, he has begun to find his own rhythms and themes. The economic issues are ones that Mondale is familiar with and, as a liberal Democrat, is comfortable talking about (as Carter is not). Like Dole, Mondale now has an entourage and an audience. "I'm getting a hearing," Mondale said on the plane last night as he relaxed in his forward cabin. He had his shoes off and his feet on the table in front of him, and he was smoking a cigar and drinking a couple of Scotches. (One could not imagine such a scene with Carter. Carter has forsworn alcoholic intake for the duration of the campaign, and, anyway, one could not imagine Carter allowing himself to unwind this way.) Mondale's entourage, reflecting the good spirits of the candidate, is a happy one now. Mondale, after all, tried running for the Presidency two years ago and couldn't stand the pace and the demands and the frustrations and the prospect of a candidate's life (such as Carter led) for two years, and he gave up. Now, having been chosen by Carter as his running mate, he has managed to leapfrog obscurity and get in position for another, and more promising, run for the Presidency. And it is probably the case that this is the only way Mondale could get in that position.

Mondale's appearance at the shape-up this morning is the equivalent of one at a plant gate. The dockworkers, most of them black, stand around in the gray morning outside a long, flat blue building. The briefing paper that Mondale's staff prepared for him tells him that longshoremen favor embargoes when domestic supplies are short (this puts them in opposition to farmers), and that they want more imports (this puts them in conflict with shoe manufacturers, cattlemen, and a variety of domestic manufacturers), and it counsels him to "stay away from a discussion of these issues." The longshoremen are underemployed, if not unemployed, and Mondale, his entourage nearly engulfing him, moves about talking with the workers about their difficulty in supporting their families. One of the workers tells me that last week he earned eighty-four dollars for fifteen and a half hours' work. "That's all I could get," he says. "I was here, but the work wasn't here." And then, nodding in Mondale's direction, he says, "Maybe he'll change my luck." I ask him what he thinks Mondale could do. "I *think* he could do *something*," he replies. "He could do more than I could. This year is the worst year on the waterfront. The worst year I can remember." Mondale's briefing paper does not tell him that this is a very rough area, that the union is run by labor toughs, and that the workers are said to have to pay off in order to get work. As he makes his rounds this morning, he is accompanied by Henry J. (Buddy) Cianfrani, the ward leader for this area. Cianfrani, an ally of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, was part of the machine that helped to deliver Philadelphia to Henry Jackson in the Pennsylvania primary. Today, Buddy Cianfrani is wearing a tiny gold peanut pin. The back-yard principle, which suffuses Pennsylvania politics—the principle whereby the actions that various people in politics take on behalf of the candidates have to do not so much with great questions about who should lead our nation as with how best to protect their own back yards—and which affected the primary, now promises to affect the general election. The question of whether or not a referendum on a proposed recall of Rizzo, the heavy-handed former police commissioner, will be on the November ballot is currently before the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. However, Rizzo's allies, Cianfrani among them, anticipating the possibility that it might be on the ballot, are said to have held down black registration. Mondale, talking with the dockworkers, looks humane and concerned. This is a good event for television. ("Almost everything we do is for television," says a Mondale aide, who is simply being more candid than aides to other politicians.) In addition, though, it is probably good for him to meet these people and hear some of their problems.

The next stop is the Melrose Diner, an eating place with a metallic façade, in the heart of an Italian district (also Cianfrani's), which is a frequent stop for politicians. This is to be another "visual." Shortly before eight o'clock, about fifty of us descend on the diner. We seem to outnumber the customers. Mondale makes his way along the counter, shaking hands. This might as well be the New Hampshire primary. Among those he greets are some waitresses who worked all night and got off at seven but waited to see him. It is not clear whether they are doing it voluntarily. Then Mondale sits down and has a cup of coffee, with Buddy Cianfrani on one side, and, on the other, Ozzie Myers, who is running for Congress from this district. Mondale's staff memo explains to him that the purposes of this visit are "(1) You will be seen with working people; (2) the location is well known to local people and will be good for the local press; (3) the event allows you to appeal to the Rizzo people."

Mondale is subject to the classic scheduling pressures: his schedulers in Atlanta absorb pressures from outside—from state organizers, from local politicians, and from representatives of interest groups who circumvent the state organizers—and tend to overschedule him. Someone is always saying, "You can't bring him in here without having him stop at . . ."

And so now, at eight-forty-five, at the Warwick Hotel, Mondale is meeting with his third group of the morning, a Jewish group, and is downing his third breakfast (this time, a bagel and cream cheese). Now Milton Shapp, the Governor and almost forgotten Presidential candidate, is with him. Mondale stands at a microphone and declares "my support for the State of Israel." He says, "Both Governor Carter and I are completely committed to a permanent and secure Jewish state of Israel." He says that the Ford Administration has not really fought the boycott by Arab nations of companies that do business with Israel, or supported legislation to combat the boycott. (The Administration has been maneuvering to defeat the boycott legislation.) Mondale also denounces "the wanton and dangerous profligate sale of arms around the world—especially to Saudi Arabia."

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MONDALE holds a press conference in the Warwick Hotel, and opens with a statement calling on President Ford to hold a press conference. Like Carter, he wants to draw attention to the fact that the President has not been as accessible as they have, and to the fact that there are now some fairly embarrassing questions before the President—questions about the Special Prosecutor's investigation and about the golfing weekends in which he was the guest of a lobbyist for U.S. Steel. Mondale, under pressure from the Carter camp, raised the issue of the golfing trips on Tuesday. Mondale denounces

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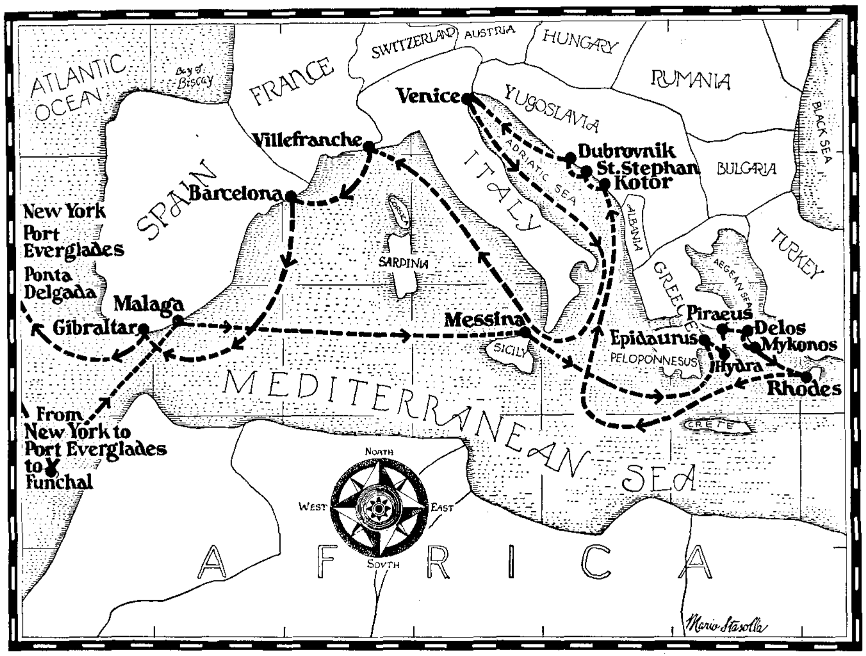
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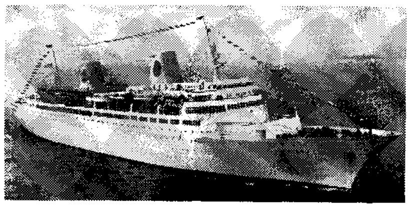

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"this policy of hiding behind that White House desk, speaking through spokesmen." He is asked if he is likening Ford to Nixon. "What I'm saying is, the tactic is the same," he replies.

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THE last stop of the day before Mondale returns to Washington is in Oil City, in the western part of the state, about seventy-five miles from Pittsburgh. It is a town of some fifteen thousand, with a heavy Polish and Italian population, and is said to be highly conservative. Mondale's briefing paper tells him that there are more registered Republicans than Democrats here. There is some question as to why we are here at all, and a good part of the answer may lie in the fact that Oil City is within reach of three media markets—Erie, Pittsburgh, and Youngstown, Ohio. Another reason Mondale has come here is to help Joseph Ammerman, who is running for Congress from this area. The advance workers have got out a decent-sized crowd for a rally on a slope overlooking the Allegheny River. Before we got here, the Mondale staff released a statement in which Mondale declared that "there will be tax cuts in a Carter-Mondale Administration" and that "the great majority of taxpaying Americans will share in those cuts." The statement does not explain how this will be brought about, but it does mention tax reform. So now we're having promises of tax cuts, whether they can be paid for or not, and without their being weighed against other needs, or even against balancing the budget, which Carter himself promises. The crowd here is cheerful. Little girls in blue-and-white cheerleader costumes with streamers across their chests declaring them to be "Minnesota Fritzers" do a little dance. As Mondale, standing in a metal geodesic bandstand, begins to speak, they dance again. Mondale smiles good-humoredly. He starts to speak again, and a high-school band begins playing, and so he stands there and waits for it to finish, alternately looking solemn and laughing. "Give me an M," the cheerleaders cry, spelling out his name, and then, at last, Mondale delivers his speech. "The issues are many," he says, but "I think those at the very top of the concern of all Americans" are jobs, inflation, taxes, needed programs, and how we pay for them. "There is no answer for this nation's problems that does not include full employment," he says. He does not talk about trade-offs. Still, Mondale does give the impression that he believes what he says, that he does have real feeling about injustice and inequity. "Please help us elect a people's President, and we will change this country on a course that will make you proud of your country," he says. He has not mentioned Carter. He doesn't mention him very much; in part, he is still smarting from criticism early in this campaign that he was too effusive in his praise of Carter. Now he says, "Elect Jimmy Carter the next President of the United States." After the rally, he attends a reception in a nearby Holiday Inn. On the way, he obliges when a woman asks him to hold her baby while she takes a picture of him with the baby. "She's a Bicentennial baby," she says. Mondale murmurs something about how his children were once that small, too. After the rally, we learn that the public-address system didn't work and about three-fourths of the audience couldn't hear what Mondale said. But, of course, the television equipment picked up the scene. We also learn that Ford met at the White House with the press.

•

ON the plane back to Washington, I have a conversation with Mondale. Despite his fatigue, he clearly enjoys his new role. "The days are hard and long, but it gives you a chance to be heard nationally on issues I feel deeply about," he says. "I have a feeling it's going well; I sense that when I'm with crowds, and that's reassuring. You know, I think I'm helping the ticket win, and I believe that it's important to the country to win. I think I'm having some influence in shaping the issues. The interesting thing is I can see where a lifetime of involvement in politics and in government all comes to bear. Your research assistants are helpful, but the crucial thing is really whether you've got it all together yourself, in your own head. You can call and get a fact or a figure, or people can suggest things you should say, but it's really kind of your own instincts. Your own training and experience are on the line. You can't really hide whether you're ready or not; either you are or you aren't. Now I'm getting to say things I've wanted to say but felt frustrated about, because I couldn't get a large enough audience to move the country." Mondale does not mention Carter, but I wonder whether he has Carter's current problems in mind. Mondale has lived with many important national issues for years, and Carter has not. The results do show in their respective campaigns.

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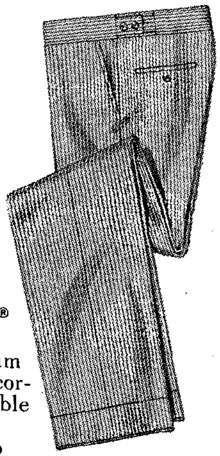
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I ask him if he thinks he is travelling just the right amount now.

"There is a constant fight between us and the schedulers in Atlanta," he says. "They always try to lay on more meetings, because they're getting tremendous pressure. We're turning down probably a hundred events for every one we take. There are senators and congressmen and candidates who want help, and almost every state is really a battleground. The schedulers are pushing in one direction, and we constantly fight for some rest, some time to read and think. It's part of this job to get a night's sleep, you know. They were killing us at the beginning of the campaign—twenty-two-hour days, flying from one end of the country to the other. We couldn't get through to them, so finally we got a scheduler to ride with us for three days, and he was so tired we couldn't get him out of his seat. So then for about ten days we started getting civilized schedules. Now they're back at it. But we're doing all right—we're about to get two days off. It's not 'off'—we'll be working on issues, and so on—but it's not travelling. I've tried to set aside time—maybe twice a week if I'm lucky—to work on a serious speech. If you go for more than five days, it's really dangerous because you get so tired that you make a lot of mistakes, and the press gets tired, too. One of the good things about being on the road is that so many people can't pull at you—they can't get hold of you. When I go back to the Senate, everybody's got problems. Everybody's got calls they want you to make, appearances they want you to make. At least, when you're on the road that doesn't happen. Then, some days when you get too tired and you're shaking hands, you know your eyes are glassy, and you wonder if people don't get that feeling that you're not with it. When you're fresh, it's fun to look at people's faces, look them in the eye, kind of get a little communication. And that keeps you going. But when I'm too tired I find myself not even looking in people's eyes; it becomes mechanical and it's work for me, and I'm sure a lot of them feel kind of let down, because it isn't human, it's machinery."

When I talked with Mondale early this year, he said that liberals should talk more about the need to cut back on federal programs, to reduce waste. I ask him if he is talking about this in the campaign.

"Not really," he replies. "Not since the campaign started. During those

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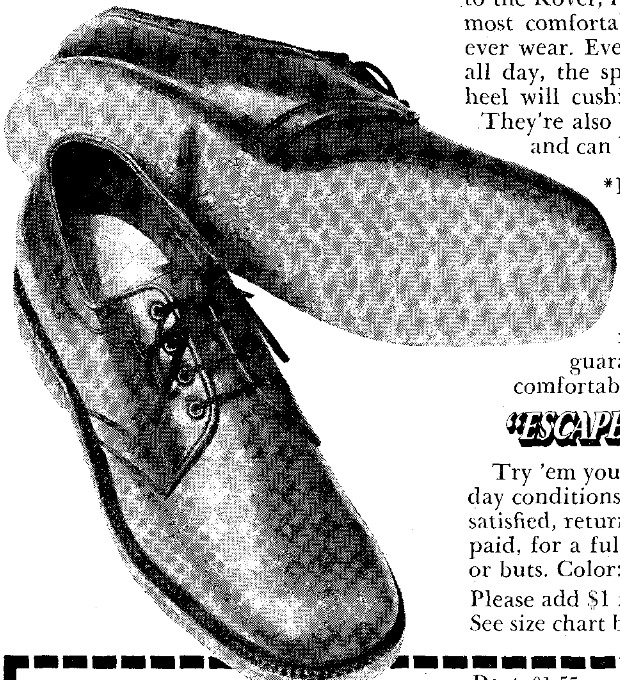

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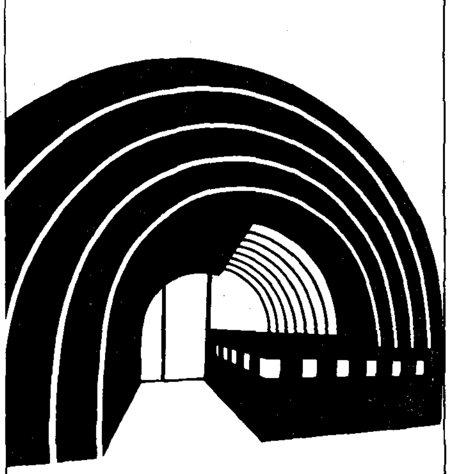

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early meetings in Plains, we talked about, for example, the welfare program, about program consolidation. We talked about that sort of thing, but we haven't had much chance since."

I ask if he thinks such subjects don't lend themselves to campaigns.

"It's hard to get specific," he says, "and if you get specific, people get glassy eyes. I don't think there's a lot of issues that you can talk about in a national campaign without getting spread so thin that themes don't come through. I think you have to decide what are the four or five themes that you want to emphasize almost constantly. Usually, depending on the audience, it's things they're most interested in: senior citizens talk about their problems, educators about their problems, and so on."

Then Mondale talks with sophistication about economic policy, about wage and price controls—about the sorts of things, and in ways, that he says don't lend themselves to campaigns.

OCTOBER 3

SUNDAY. Congress adjourned in the early hours of Saturday morning, amid the usual last-minute rush to pass a large number of bills. On the whole, the congressional year was one of housekeeping—passing routine measures, tidying up a bit here and there. This was what was largely to be expected under the circumstances: a divided government in an election year. The bill to limit nuclear proliferation by redistributing the responsibilities of the agencies that deal with it and imposing some curbs was gutted by the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which reflects the nuclear industry's interests, and then it died there. The bill, sponsored by the Administration (and the nuclear-power industry), that would have permitted and encouraged the private development of enriched uranium was also blocked in the final days of the congressional session. The "Watergate" legislation to make the office of Special Prosecutor a permanent one and to require financial disclosure by federal officials died. Such issues as the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill, national health insurance, and divestiture by the oil companies were put over until next year; a number of liberals had become increasingly leery of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. Only a limited measure to provide new jobs was enacted. The Administration's attempt to reduce and combine a number of federal programs dealing with health and education got nowhere. An unusually large number of senators and representatives are retiring voluntarily this year—finding the pressures from constituents greater and the pleasures of incumbency fewer.

OCTOBER 4

MONDAY. The White House. Another rock has rolled down from the hillside. Now the attention of the press, which does much to decide the agenda, is on the issue of Earl Butz, who made some low remarks about blacks to, of all people, John Dean, who was covering the Republican Convention for *Rolling Stone*. On Friday, the President gave Butz what the White House termed a "severe reprimand," apparently hoping that that would take care of the matter, but there is considerable demand that Butz be fired. Butz, as it happens, is very popular with many farmers, especially the more conservative ones, and with agribusiness firms. Even many farmers who aren't happy about farm prices like Earl Butz—they think he speaks out for them, and they like his blunt style. The President does not seem to understand the symbolism of insults to whole segments of society by high officials. Butz has always been a limited and somewhat crude man, and his policies have bespoken insensitivity toward the poor. Carter, of course, is making the most of the Butz episode. It's that kind of campaign.

Today, shortly after noon, reporters are ushered into the Oval Office, where the President will hold a little ceremony in which he will sign the tax bill recently passed by Congress. The ceremony is, of course, part of his campaign. He couldn't hold it in the Rose Garden, because the weather is too uncertain today, and he couldn't hold it in the East Room, because there aren't enough members of Congress in town to fill out the setting. The photographers were let into the Oval Office first. The Ford Oval Office is decorated in yellows and cinnamons, with a beige carpet. The décor is in sharp contrast to the screaming blues of the Nixon Oval Office. (I still remember the bright-blue carpet encircled with stars.) Ford's desk is empty except for two microphones, a telephone, and a copy of the tax bill, which is five inches thick. A big globe is behind the desk. A couple of weeks ago, when Henry Kissinger went to Africa, the White House released a photograph of Kissinger and the President, who was pointing to the globe. (Today's papers have a photograph, released by the Carter campaign, of Carter meeting with James Schlesinger, whom Ford fired as Secretary of Defense for arguing that Ford's defense budget was too low. Carter is pointing to a globe. The foreign-policy-and-defense debate between Carter and Ford will be held Wednesday night.) Pipe racks are all over the place—on tables beside and behind the President's desk. A bust of Harry Truman, whom Ford selected as a role model early in his Presidency, is on a table on one side of the room. And off to the right-hand side of the desk is a ship's wheel with a brass plate on it that says "S. S. Mayaguez." Ford must consider it the trophy of a triumph. (In the attempt to rescue the thirty-nine crewmen of the merchant ship, the Marines attacked an island from which the crew had already been removed and the Navy bombed an airbase after the crew had been released, and forty-one American servicemen died in the effort. But for this loss of life, it would have been a comic affair, straight out of a Terry-Thomas movie. At the time, the President and his aides made much of this "success.") An American flag is behind one side of the desk, the Presidential flag behind the other. That nearly bare desk is strange. This looks more like a museum than an office. The President is late for the signing ceremony. A number of reporters are here to see what he may say about Earl Butz. Even if the President does fire him, he will appear to have been indecisive, to have based a moral judgment on the polls. We are in the President's office, and the President is somewhere else: it's more as if he were dropping in on us than vice versa. The President has a nerve to take credit for this tax bill and to make a big thing out of his signing of it. Essentially, it represents a congressional repudiation of his own tax proposals, which would have been substantially regressive. This bill also contains fewer new tax breaks than it did this summer, when the Senate, in particular, loaded it with new tax benefits, several of them in the name of conserving energy. The energy bill, which began as a conservation measure and developed into a set of tax breaks included in an overall tax bill, has now all but disappeared. The tax bill, in addition to extending the tax cuts aimed at the recession which were passed last year, does impose slight curbs on some tax shelters, tightens up on some tax deductions (such as the one for vacation homes and the one for the use of one's home for business purposes), raises somewhat the taxes on capital gains, and makes a few other reforms. Given the form of the bill earlier this year,

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when it seemed to be open season on the Treasury, this bill is a minor miracle.

Finally, the President enters his office. He is wearing a gray pin-striped suit and vest. He sits at his desk and reads a statement to the television cameras: "Today, I am signing the Tax Reform Act of 1976." He says that he supported some of the provisions and opposed others, and he says that it "closes loopholes." He says he is "gratified that the Congress has adopted my program of estate-tax relief," which as proposed was not exactly a reform. The President offered this tax relief in his State of the Union Message and repeated it during his campaign; as enacted, it does help estates of modest size, and, as a result of Congress' action, gradually raises taxes on large estates. The President reads carefully, looking into the cameras. The bill "fails to make many important and necessary changes," he says, and he adds that his own philosophy is that "the best kind of tax reform is tax reduction." He says that he will again ask Congress to enact his proposal to raise the personal exemption from seven hundred and fifty dollars to one thousand—which would benefit those with higher incomes more than those with lower incomes. But he has stressed this proposal so often as a tax reform that perhaps he has convinced people that it is one. "The bill that reached my desk is far from perfect," he says, thus having it both ways. Then he signs the bill, and he gets up to leave. A reporter says, "Mr. President, has Secretary Butz offered to resign?" If they get rid of him, they may well prefer to have it couched in terms suggesting that it was all the Secretary's idea to go. The President says that he is going to meet with Butz in a few minutes and that Ron Nessen, his press secretary, will have an announcement shortly. Nessen says, "We'll have something at about one." What they will have, clearly, is Butz's head. But they may have taken too long to get it.

OCTOBER 6

IN the foreign-policy debate tonight, Carter answers the first question with a speech he has clearly planned to give, in which he says that "we can only be strong overseas if we're strong at home," that as President he would assure "a defense capability second to none," and that in détente "we've been out-traded in almost every instance." (He said this throughout the primaries.) The camera switches to Ford, whom we see glaring disapprovingly at Carter. I'm not sure it is just a pose. In

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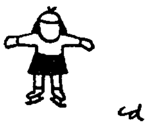
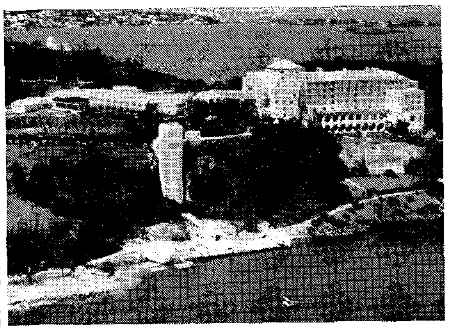
foreign policy, Carter says, "Mr. Kissinger has been the President of this country. Mr. Ford has shown an absence of leadership and an absence of a grasp of what this country is and what it ought to be." Strong stuff. He said after the last debate that he had been awed by being in the presence of the President and "was a little too reticent in being aggressive against the President," and that he would be more "aggressive" this time. Ford, too, says something that he probably planned to say, and that echoes his beginning of the first debate. "Governor Carter again is talking in broad generalities," he says. Ford is wooden tonight, and looks sort of angry all the time. It is the same look he often had on the floor of the House when he was Minority Leader. The camera switches to Carter, whom we see smiling—or, rather, smirking. Probably planned—it undercuts what Ford is saying. In short order, Ford and Carter are into an argument over which one is for a stronger national defense. Ford accuses Carter of wanting to cut the defense budget by fifteen billion dollars, and Carter once did, but now he advocates a politically safe five-to-seven-billion-dollar cut. He says he never advocated a fifteen-billion-dollar cut. Ford praises Kissinger's current efforts to ward off a racial war in southern Africa, and Carter argues that "we didn't go in until right before the election." He has something of a point. Kissinger's attention to Africa was belated, and seemed motivated by concern that the Russians were meddling there. Ford and Carter both express opposition to a Communist government in Italy, but what would they do about one? We are back to Cold War talk. It is as if nothing had happened since 1960. We are seeing a rerun. Carter refers to Ford's firing of James Schlesinger. Carter gives a little talk, like one he gave during the primaries, in which he says that there is a "deep hurt that's come to this country in the aftermath of Vietnam and Cambodia and Chile and Pakistan and Angola and Watergate, C.I.A. revelations," and says that "every time we've made a serious mistake in foreign affairs, it's been because the American people have been excluded from the process;" he says that he would end the "decision-making process in secret." No question, Kissinger got into some difficulties with his secretive ways, carrying out activities without informing Congress, much less consulting it, but I wonder if Carter would really make his foreign- and military-policy decisions in the open. There has to be some secrecy. Ford recites a list of things "we've done to avoid secrecy."



Actually, these men aren't very able debaters. Ford has his facts—which he recites in stentorian fashion—but he doesn't seem to have any idea how to use his facts, how to weave them into a fabric. He points out that the Pope signed the Helsinki Agreement. And then, talking about Eastern Europe, Ford says that "there is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, and there never will be under a Ford Administration," and in his follow-up answer he repeats the point. It's a slip, clearly—he obviously means to make one of those rhetorical assertions about how he will not acquiesce in this or that. Carter, sounding increasingly like Ronald Reagan, criticizes the Helsinki Agreement and Ford's refusal to invite Alexander Solzhenitsyn to the White House. Carter says that "we have become the arms merchant of the world," and that is an important issue, but it becomes lost in a welter of charges, as if he were reaching for every piece of crockery he could find. He's right when he says, "We still have no comprehensive energy policy in this country." If he could make a transition from these charges to thoughtful propositions of his own, he (and we) might get somewhere. Carter snidely says that "Mr. Ford acts like he is running for President for the first time," and that "he has learned the date of the expiration of SALT I, apparently." (No one expects the SALT talks to succeed before the end of the year. Like the negotiations over the Panama Canal, they fell victim to our election-year politics.) There is only a fleeting reference to nuclear proliferation: Carter criticizes the spread of nuclear technology, and Ford brags that he has recommended further development of the uranium-enrichment plant in Portsmouth, Ohio—which does not seem to get at the heart of the problem. The question in arms control is how to stop the nuclear-arms spiral, but they don't talk about that. Carter, arguing that our foreign policy is immoral, says that eighty-five per cent of our Food for Peace aid to Latin America went to "the military dictatorship in Chile." But most of the large Latin-American countries are self-sufficient or even food exporters.

It goes on like that. It's very depressing. Then, Ford having said that the low unemployment rates during



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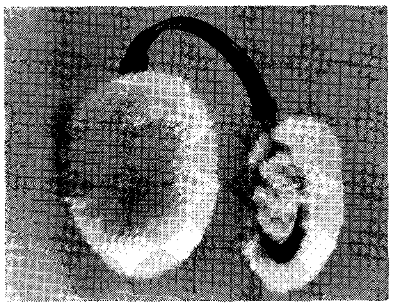

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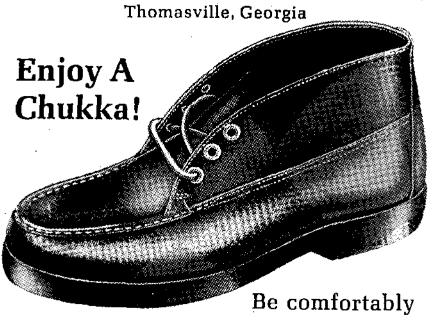

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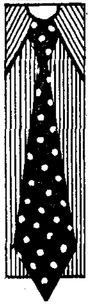

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Democratic Administrations which Carter "brags about" were in times of war, Carter suggests that Ford is subscribing to the theories of Karl Marx. Is that the sort of thing Carter would say as President? Does that bespeak his impulses? Carter says, "I would never give up complete control or practical control of the Panama Canal Zone, but I would continue to negotiate with the Panamanians." Ford claims that last week his Administration tried to persuade Congress to enact legislation that "would take strong and effective action against those who participate or cooperate with the Arab boycott." On the contrary, his Administration fought such legislation. Both make heavy-handed appeals for the Jewish vote, the ethnic vote. In their styles, they are more forceful than before, but what does that have to do with anything?

There are a number of important questions they haven't talked about. The Third World has been barely mentioned. Nuclear proliferation has been skimmed over. There has been no mention of world hunger and diminishing resources. They have talked about obsolete formulations—about a bipolar world in which the United States and the Soviet Union are locked in struggle. They have busied themselves scoring points—any points, even if the Pope and Karl Marx had to be dragged in. Ronald Reagan must feel vindicated tonight. Sometimes it has seemed as if Ronald Reagan were debating Ronald Reagan. There has been no indication of awareness of the need for new patterns of relationships among nations, or of the difficulties of changing old ones. The talk about a bipolar world is the ragged end of an old argument. Are they not aware, or do they think the public could not comprehend, that we now live in a multipolar world with multiple dangers? Proliferation has happened. Of the two billion people in the roughly one hundred developing nations, about forty per cent, or eight hundred million, are starving. We need new patterns of trade and economic development for the developing nations. The current world population of four billion is expected to reach six and a half billion by the year 2000. While problems and nations have become increasingly interrelated, foreign offices still play zero-sum games. We do in fact have to change the way we think. People who talk, as Harlan Cleveland, the former State Department official, does, of a "planetary bargain," or, as Buckminster Fuller does, of "planetary planning," or, as Jerry Brown does, of "planetary realism" are on to something. We have to face the fact that the developing nations, which are increasingly well armed, intend to demand a larger share of the world's wealth; that just as the United States has lost its military dominance of the world, it is going to lose its economic dominance. The Administration addresses the Third World in a Cold War context. It became interested in southern Africa when it discovered that the Soviet Union was meddling there. A cleavage of opinion between the State and Treasury Departments has virtually paralyzed efforts to deal with the economic problems of the developing nations. We need new ways of thinking about, and handling, questions of world ecological balances and world resources, including those beneath the seas. The reality is that there is now an interdependence among nations which is of unprecedented complexity and scale. Certain things must be done—if not out of idealism, then to preserve world stability. Either the candidates do not understand these things or they do not think the public deserves discussion of them. Either possibility is disturbing.

OCTOBER 7

ALREADY, the verdict in the press is that Carter "won" the second debate and that his campaign once again has "momentum." Very much is being made of the President's slip on Eastern Europe—as if Gerald Ford's anti-Communist credentials were questionable, or as if the United States might possibly liberate Eastern Europe—and it is now said to be a big problem. That's one trouble with the debates—a slip, which is highly possible under those circumstances, becomes magnified. But what does it have to do with governing? Today, Carter said, "I thought he disgraced our country." Ford campaigned at Rockwell International, the chief contractors for the B-1 bomber, and then at the University of Southern California, where he said, "We do not accept domination over any nation, period."

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TODAY, it was announced that wholesale prices increased by nine-tenths of a per cent in September. Bad news for Ford.

OCTOBER 10

SUNDAY. On Friday, Carter said that Ford had been "brainwashed" when he was in Poland, and called on him to explain his 1972 campaign finances, under investigation by the Special Prosecutor—to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He said that Ford was a more secretive President than Nixon, and was less aware of the world around him. Ford, trying to explain his Eastern European slip, made another misstatement: "This Administration does not concede that there should be Soviet domination of the Eastern European countries. They [the people of Poland] don't believe that they are going to be forever dominated—if they are—by the Soviet Union." How did we get into this mess? How did we end up with a campaign in which so many people find either choice unsatisfying? It seems to go back to the process and, to some extent, to the role of the press in that process. Carter understood the rules, played by them, and won. That so many people are now unhappy with the result, that his victory still comes as such a surprise to so many, that he is still to so many a stranger, who takes getting used to, is not his fault. There is a time lag in the focussing on important questions about the candidates. It has happened before. Not that there were not, in the course of the primaries, analytical pieces of journalism about them. There were. But the major attention of the public as well as of a good portion of the press was on the horse-race aspects of the primary season, and there was particular fascination with the phenomenon of Carter, the "outsider," taking the early primaries. Carter *was* propelled to the nomination by his "winnerness," which, alone, some people find agreeable and attractive. And he established his "winnerness" in a system that rewards doggedness and time. He visited a hundred and fourteen towns in Iowa, beginning in 1975 (and his family made countless other visits), and, in precinct caucuses in which ten per cent of Iowa's Democrats—or about fifty thousand people—voted, "Uncommitted" received the most votes, but Carter beat the other Democrats; and substantial segments of the press, as Carter and his aides had expected, ballyhooed a Carter "victory." Similarly, his victory in New Hampshire, over a crowded field, was a narrow one, and the credit given to it was disproportionate. The process by which we nominate candidates for the Presidency is brutal, and laden with distortions. Being driven may not be the only qualification for surviving it; someone of enormous political flair and drama—such as Edward Kennedy or Jerry Brown—can perhaps get through it, but it is a process that is enormously preselective. There were a number

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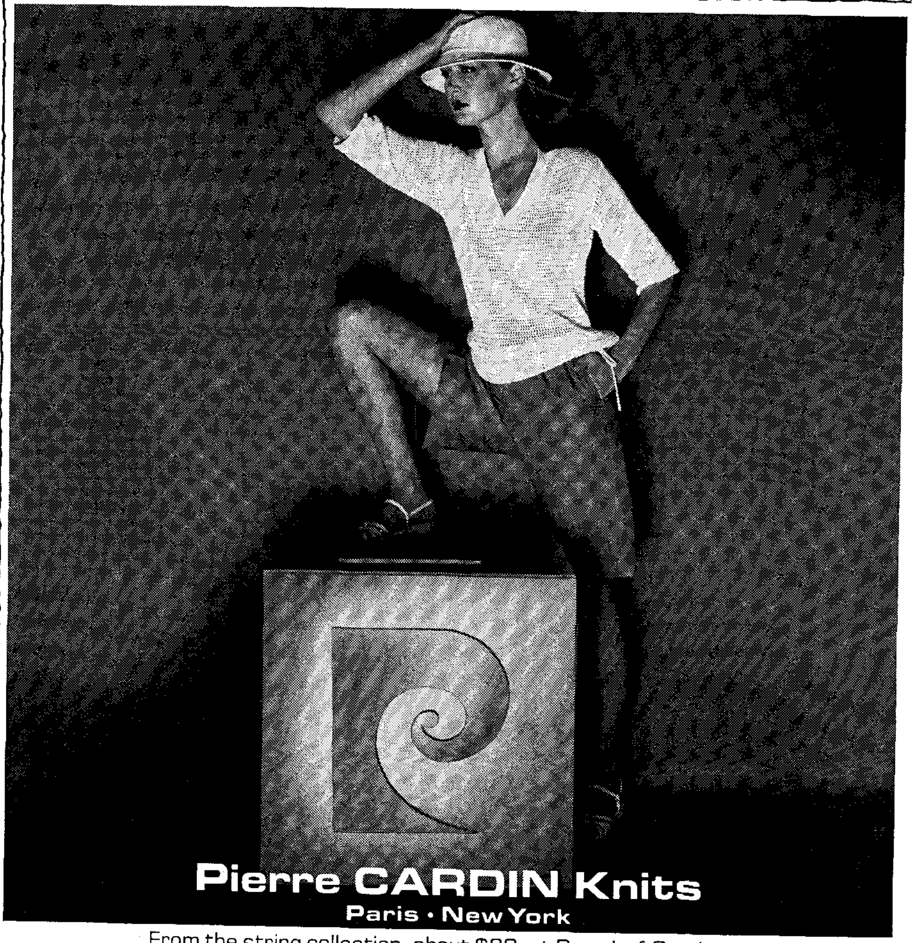

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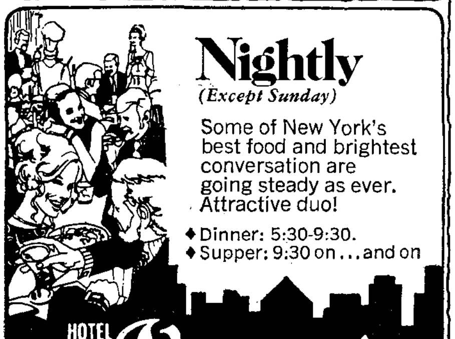

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of accidents along the way this time. But there always are. One occurred just after the Pennsylvania primary: as one of Carter's aides explained to me last spring, the widespread assumption that he had the nomination "sewed up" after the Pennsylvania primary led a number of people to throw their support to him. (Among them: Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri.) Others got ready to move his way. The assumption got Carter past what an aide termed "the courtesies stage" with Mayor Daley, and it made it seemly for Carter to begin conversations with Senator Henry Jackson, a former candidate, and Senator Adlai Stevenson, each of whom was led to believe he was a Vice-Presidential possibility, and each of whom also held substantial blocs of votes. (Daley's were in Stevenson's name.) It persuaded Robert Strauss, the Democratic Party chairman, that Carter would be the nominee, and that it was time to consolidate the Party behind him. This gathering of support on the assumption that Carter had the nomination sewed up helped him survive a series of subsequent primary losses and was, as it turned out, one of the factors in helping him get the nomination sewed up. Moreover, each Tuesday night on which there were primaries—and there were many of them—was treated as if it were Election Night, and thus added to the distortions of the "victories." It is hard to see how to break these old habits. Some people argue that a number of men—Muskie, Humphrey, Udall—whatever their own liabilities, would have been better general-election candidates than primary candidates. Mondale, starting from where he had to, probably wouldn't have made it through the primaries. So something is off. This spring, Hamilton Jordan remarked to me that he knew Carter would beat Udall in the primaries when he read that in the course of long days of campaigning Udall took naps. (So does Mondale now.) I'm not sure that regional primaries would solve the problem; they might, in fact, simply reward the same qualities that the present system does, perhaps tipping the balance a bit toward prior well-knownness. Ford is the Republican candidate for more obvious reasons; if he were not the incumbent President, he would not be the candidate for President. The disappointment in Ford is the result of our having subjected him, as President, to the imputation process, by which we impute to public figures qualities we want to be there. When he was Minority Leader of the House, no one—not even he, probably—seriously considered him a Presidential possibility. But we have more of a monarchic streak than we care to think. His incumbency drove from the race all but the best-known, best-financed Republican candidate—a man who had already built a substantial constituency. So we have these candidates through a combination of process and accident.

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ANOTHER consensus has arisen: that Ford has blown whatever gains he had been making against Carter and is now on the defensive, that he came across in the debate as clumsy and not very bright—two images he had been struggling to shed. The disproportionate focus on his Eastern European statement is an indicator of something else that goes on in our politics—the *magnification* process. Carter, of course, is making the most of the statement—as if somehow he were dedicated to the liberation of Eastern Europe. But the press also picked it up and made much of it. Such is the intensity of focus on what candidates say—after a certain point—that one misstatement can be devastating. It can become as important as all the other factors that go into our national decision as to who is best qualified to govern us. And it is easier to focus on. There are probably few people in this country remotely interested in politics who do not know (1) what Jimmy Carter said about lust in *Playboy*, (2) that President Ford appeared to suggest that the Soviet Union was not dominating Eastern Europe, (3) that Earl Butz said some obscene things about blacks. But how many citizens have any idea what the real questions are about the economic and social collapse of our major cities, or what the candidates propose to do about it? The furor over the Eastern European statement, of course, also has to do with the chase for what is known as the ethnic vote. By a coincidence, today and tomorrow mark the celebrations of Pulaski Day and Columbus Day, giving the candidates ample backdrops—dinners, parades—against which to campaign for the ethnic vote, just as they seek other backdrops for campaigning for the Jewish vote and—to the extent they wish—the black vote.

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PERHAPS people of taste and dignity and thought can get through the process with those qualities intact, but at the moment it would seem to be very difficult. Why doesn't a candidate, up against the kinds of pressures that now exist, just say (1) "I don't know," or (2) "That question does not deserve an answer." When candidates feel that they have to go around being answer men, pleasing everyone, the effect isn't really very pleasing. I frankly don't think that tinkering with the electoral process is going to help these things. And when we get done doing what we do to our candidates, we do not feel very good about them or about ourselves.

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YESTERDAY (Saturday), en route from Oklahoma to Texas aboard Air Force One, the President signed a proclamation restricting the importation of beef. The day before, Carter had said that the President should do something about beef imports. In Texas, Ford said that "Lyndon Johnson never distorted the truth when discussing the tough issues." And today in Dallas, the Reverend W. A. Criswell, the pastor of the largest Baptist church in the country, endorsed President Ford. Tonight on television, we see the minister saying that he asked the President what he would do if *Playboy* sought an interview with him, and that the President replied, "I was asked by *Playboy* magazine for an interview, and I declined with an emphatic no."

OCTOBER 11

THE White House has let it be known that the Administration will sell to Israel some sophisticated weapons that that nation has long sought. Tomorrow, the President goes to Brooklyn, where he will campaign for the Jewish vote.

Today, Carter was in Chicago, where he made an appearance with Mayor Daley. One of the things that are hurting Carter in Illinois is that a product of the Daley machine is expected to get badly beaten in his race for the governorship against the Republican candidate, James Thompson, who made his reputation as the United States Attorney who prosecuted several members of the Daley organization. So there is the odd situation in which Carter is being damaged in Illinois by the Daley machine and is therefore all the more dependent upon the machine to get out the vote for him. In his appearance with Daley, Carter said, "I believe in tight, carefully organized political structures."

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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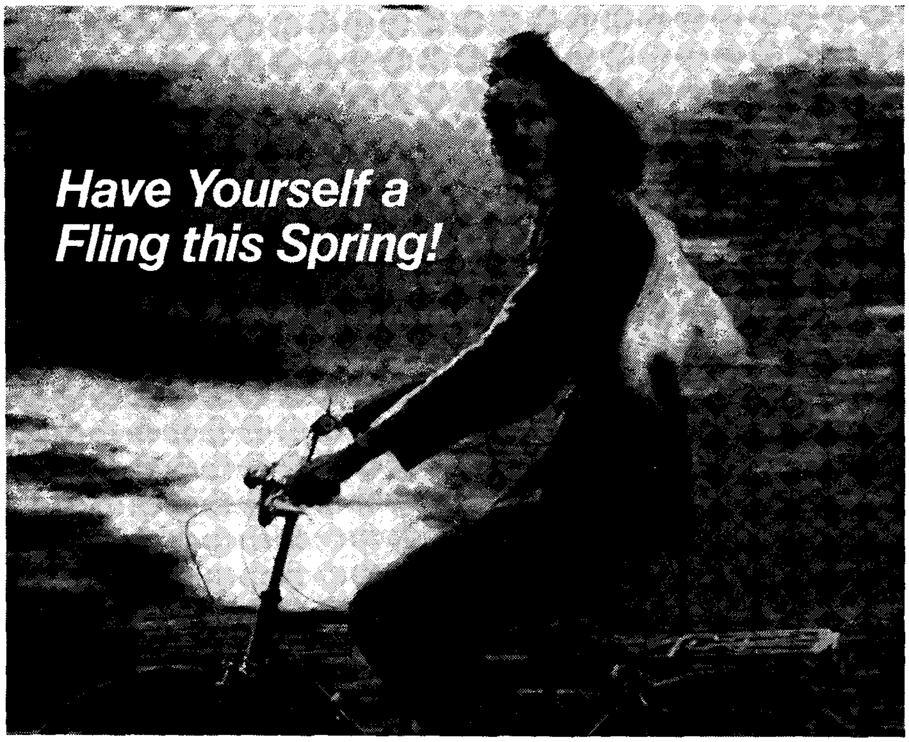
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THE THEATRE

IMMORTAL TWADDLE

AFTER a few years' absence, "Fiddler on the Roof" has come back to town for an engagement at the Winter Garden that is announced as lasting only until June. I say "only," as if June were a few minutes away, because in its original incarnation the show ran from 1964 to 1972, for a record-breaking total of three thousand two hundred and forty-two performances. The present production is an admirable one and might ordinarily expect to achieve a substantial run on its own; the difficulty is that the star of the show, Zero Mostel, has other commitments to fulfill this summer. In any event, he and the show have been enjoying an immense success on the road for many months now, and although there isn't a trace of ennui in his performance, he cannot be eager for his Tevye to go down in theatrical history as a rival to James O'Neill's Count of Monte Cristo. Success on too great a scale holds risks graver than those of failure; O'Neill grew rich off Monte Cristo, but audiences refused to accept him in any other role. The Count became his doom: decade after decade, he spouted the same arrant fustian while his talent withered, his body thickened, and his mind preoccupied itself onstage with real-estate investments in New London and the drunken misbehavior of his sons Jimmie and Gene. Unlike O'Neill, Mr. Mostel has it in him to be many things besides a Tevye; he would never consent to become the victim of his audiences' selfish wishes. It is fair to add that, Mr. Mostel having been the first Tevye, his plump ghost will probably continue to inhabit the role no matter who else happens to be playing it, but the role is apparently rich enough to be assumed by a very wide variety of actors. Paul Lipson, for example, who is playing the part of Lazar Wolf in the current production, has played Tevye more than eighteen hundred times, which is far more times than Mr. Mostel has played it.

All of which leads me to say that I am aware of being very much in the minority when I offer the opinion that "Fiddler" is, in two words, sentimental twaddle. True, it has given pleasure to millions (the *Guinness Book of World Records*, which sedulously frets about such matters, estimates that "Fiddler" 's gross earnings throughout the world are in excess of sixty-four million dollars), and no doubt it will go on giving pleasure to millions long after the carping likes of me have fallen silent. Nevertheless, there it is—on opening night, I found the show an intolerably long and tiresome succession of caricatures of *shtetl* life, based much more firmly on Broadway show biz than on their purported source, the stories of Sholem Aleichem. I am willing to be instructed to the effect that Broadway and Aleichem often draw from the same deep well of the Russian Jewish past; if that is indeed the case, then I shake my head in dismay over how readily people accept the vulgarizing of an authentic tradition—a vulgarizing that sets one's teeth on edge in the other arts as well. (One thinks at once of the false-naïve fantasies of Chagall at his worst.)

The book of "Fiddler" is by Joseph Stein, the music is by Jerry Bock, and the lyrics are by Sheldon Harnick. The settings are by Boris Aronson, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, and the lighting is by Ken Billington. The direction is billed as being "reproduced" by Ruth Mitchell; ditto the choreography by Tom Abbott. Whatever that biological terminology may mean, it appears to be a fact that Jerome Robbins, who directed and choreographed the original, has placed the blessing of his talent and skill upon this revival. Mr. Mostel is supported by a large and always adequate cast; they play broadly, but how else is brightly colored cardboard to be brought to life?

"SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW," at the Morosco, is a new comedy by Henry Denker. I use "new" and "comedy" out of courtesy, not conviction. An old widow and an old widower fall in love and decide to marry; anticipating (for reasons not clear to me) objections on the part of their children, of which each has a single unsavory specimen, they announce that they are planning to live together without taking the trouble to get married. This not very racy proposition so upsets their conventional middle-aged offspring that the offspring end up not objecting to the relationship but pleading that it be sanctified. Down comes the curtain. I assure you that this is almost all that takes place throughout the three acts of the play, which is not improved by being suffocatingly middle-class-West-End-Avenue-*cum*-Scarsdale in tone and utterance. Molly Picon and Hans Conried play the leads; Miss Picon is approaching eighty, and Mr. Conried is something less than that. They display admirable energy and stage presence, but as a couple in love they are necessarily less compelling than, say, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. The conscientiously tacky set and the costumes are by Lawrence King and Michael H. Yeargan, the lighting is by Clarke Dunham, and the direction is by Robert H. Livingston. —BRENDAN GILL

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On Saturday, the first game begins at 9:30 a.m. with the Halfmoons playing Hat Creek, and Happy Camp challenging Medford at 11 a.m. The losers of the Rex Club-St. Elmo's game will play the losers of the City Market-Klamath River game at 12:30 p.m.

The losers of the Halfmoons-Hat Creek game will play the losers of the Happy Camp-Medford game at 2 p.m. in the first round of the consolation bracket.

At 3:30 p.m. Saturday, the winners of the Rex Club-St. Elmo's game will play the winners of the City Market-Klamath River game. The winner of the Halfmoons-Hat Creek game will play the winner of the Happy Camp-Medford game at 5 p.m.

The loser of the 3:30 p.m. game will play the winner of the 12:30 p.m. game at 6:30 p.m. while the loser of the 5 p.m. game will play winner of the 2 p.m. game at 9:30 p.m.

On Sunday, the winners of Saturday's 3:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. games will play each other at 12:30 p.m. after the winners of Saturday's 6:30 p.m. game play the winners of the Saturday 9:30 p.m. game at 11 a.m. Sunday.

At 2 p.m., the winner of the 11 a.m. game will play the loser of the 12:30 p.m. game. The winner of the 12:30 p.m. game will play the winner of the 2 p.m. game for the championship at 3:30 p.m.—*Yreka (Calif.) Siskiyou Daily News.*

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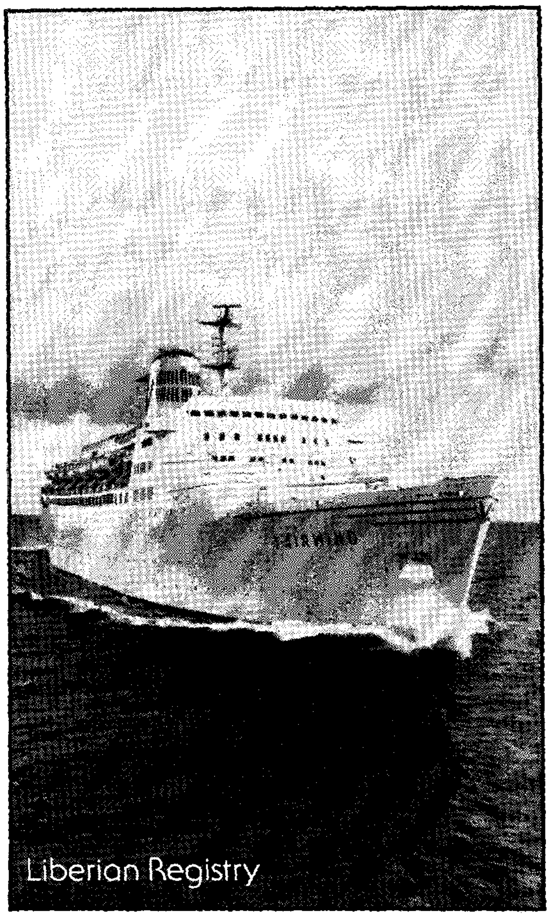

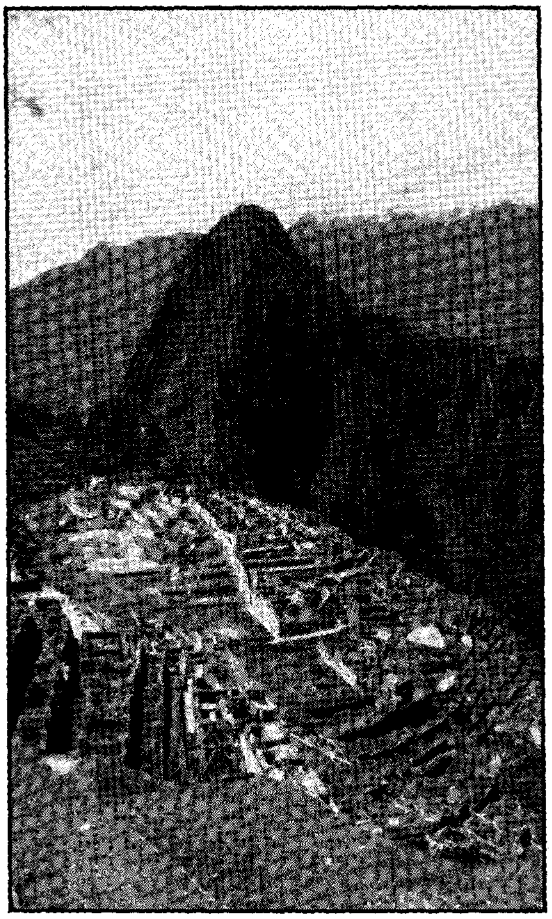

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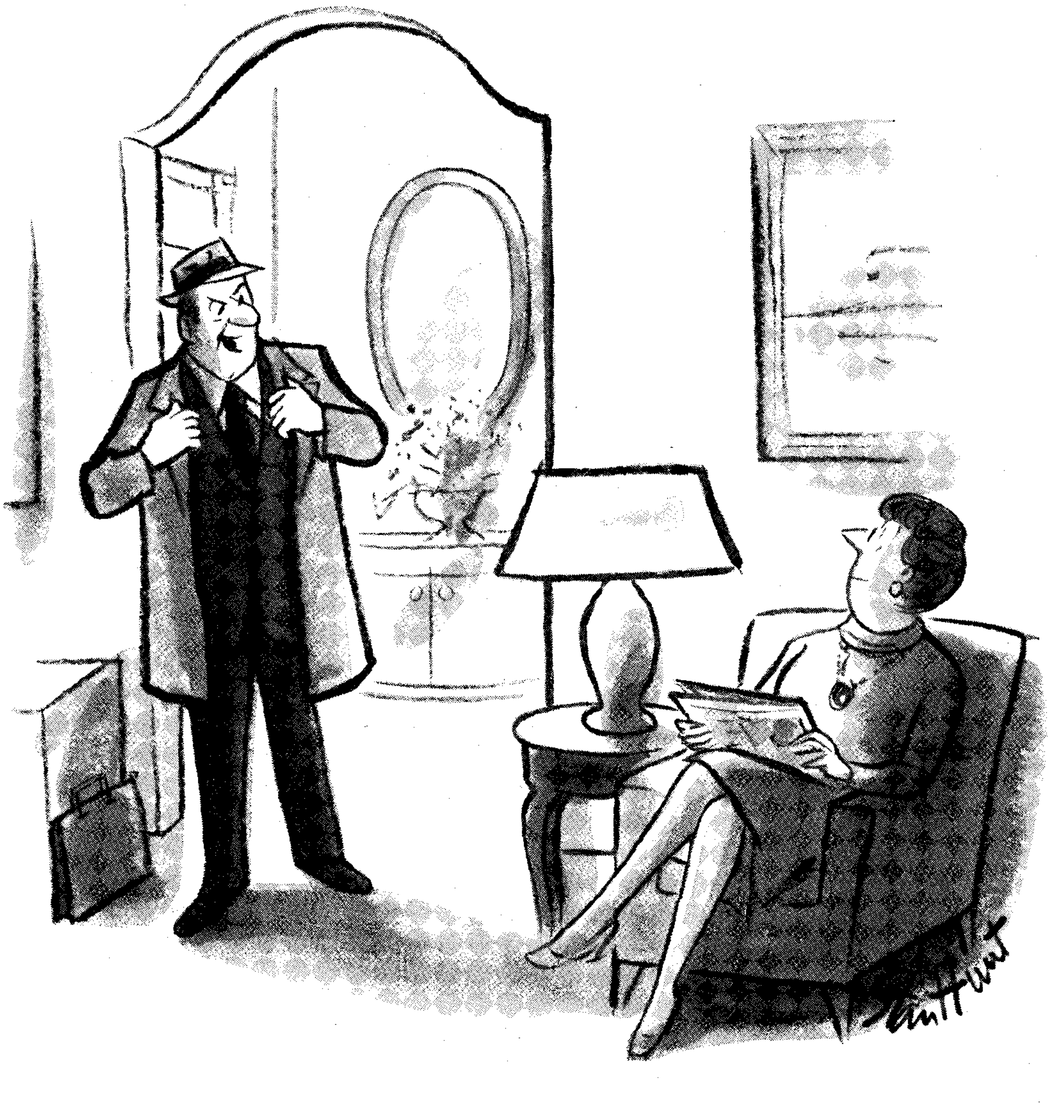
MUSICAL EVENTS

Visions Beatific

THE Sacred Music Society of America, inaugurated last season by a performance of Massenet's "Marie-Magdeleine," this season gave a concert performance, in Avery Fisher Hall, of Licinio Refice's "Cecilia." The work was first performed at the Rome Opera in 1934; this was its North American première. "Cecilia," described by its composer as an "*azione sacra*," is a music drama about a saint. In Act I, Cecilia, a secret Christian, is married by ancient Roman rites to Valerian but resists her husband's embraces; when he pursues her ardently, "an angel of God appears, flaming in light, on the pagan altar, defending Cecilia's purity. . . . A silvery cloud surrounds the angel, the altar, and Cecilia." In Act II, Cecilia takes Valerian to a Christian gathering in the catacombs; St. Paul appears, in a blinding vision, and Valerian is converted. At curtain fall, an angel is seen, as in the Domenichino painting, holding garlands of lilies and roses above Cecilia and Valerian while they kneel at the altar. In Act III, Cecilia is condemned to death by being thrust into an overheated hypocaust. From the heart of the furnace her song pours out, and from above a shower of dewy rose petals pours down upon her, keeping her from harm. A soldier stabs her, and she falls to the ground "in the position in which Stefano Maderno sculpted her." The scene dissolves into a vision of the Saint "surrounded by the heavenly host, in a garden of blazing golden light."

It is an opera of miracles, and it could look marvellous on the stage. Emidio Mucci's libretto carefully describes the richly picturesque settings, filled with historical detail lovingly observed. (An edition of it with English translation was specially printed for this performance and distributed gratis.) The imagery of his verse is D'Annunzian: flowers fill the first act, blazes of mystic light the second, and sweet heavenly songs the third. The effect is perfumed and luxurious, as of a pious counterpart to Wilde's "Salomé." There is some Strauss in Refice's score—Strauss softened and sweetened as he was by Puccini, Cilea, and Zandonai. The music, although cloying and unmemorable, is effective while it lasts. Refice uses Gregorian chant to underpin his rich textures, but the love strains his heroine sings to God differ little in idiom from the love strains Cilea's and Zandonai's sopranos sing to their tenors. Similar things, of course, could be said of much eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sacred music. The trio from Verdi's "Attila" was easily converted (by William Jones, organist of St. Alban's, Blackburn) into a three-voice anthem, "O Sacrum Convivium."

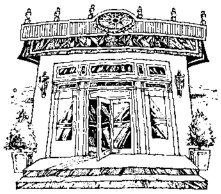
The heroine of the Sacred Music Society performance was Renata Scotto. When asked if she had listened to Claudia Muzio's recordings of two numbers from "Cecilia," Miss Scotto replied, "No, I have not. I make it a practice never to listen to recordings of roles which I am singing. The role must be completely my own. . . . I want to give the work everything that I have of my deep self." Since the opera was composed for Muzio, and the recordings are conducted by Refice himself, that is rather like, say, proudly refusing the chance of a coaching session from Jenny Lind and Verdi while learning the role of Amalia in "I Masnadieri." (Do singers who take this curious stand believe themselves to be incapable of being taught anything by others, or are they so insecure that they fear to have their own personalities swamped?) In any event, Miss Scotto sang the role with tenderness, warmth, and passion, and although at climaxes her tone became hard and squealy as she forced more volume into her high notes than they could comfortably bear, her soft and mezzo-forte phrases were very beautiful. In smaller roles, the contralto Gwynn Cornell and the Greek bass Dimitri Kavrakos made favorable impressions. Harry Theyard was Valerian, and Clamma Dale the Voice from Heaven. Angelo Campori conducted an able pickup or-



"Well, that bastard Hepplewether wished me a Happy New Year, but I told him to go to hell."

chestra with enthusiasm but without subtlety; "louder, louder" seemed to be the sense of his highly animated podium demeanor.

THE Opera Society of Washington began its 1976-77 season with a new production of "Attila," a work that, while not the most neglected of Verdi's operas—there has been a sprinkling of productions round the world since the first postwar staging, in Florence in 1962—has proved just about the hardest to carry off successfully. Operas of his once dismissed as failures—"Alzira," "Il Corsaro," "Stiffelio"—have been brought back to life on the stage and on disc to greater acclaim than has "Attila," which pursued a triumphant career for some decades after its première, in 1846. What is wrong with the piece? The usual answer is the libretto, which Verdi himself admired—"Oh what a fine subject! And the critics can say what they wish, but I shall say: Oh, what a fine, musicable libretto!" Its source was the five-act romantic tragedy "Attila, König der Hunnen," by the playwright-preacher Zacharias Werner, whom Beethoven admired. (He crops up several times in the Beethoven conversation books; Beethoven thought of using his "Wanda" and possibly his "Attila" as opera subjects.) Werner's play mingles Nordic and Teutonic myth (Attila is Etzel in the "Nibelungenlied," Atli in the "Volsunga Saga"), Italian history, and cloudy notions of Redemption through Love. The apparatus is Wagnerian. Offstage, the Norns spin their fateful rope. Wotan has sent Attila to be the scourge of a degenerate Europe. When thousands of Attila's men are killed in battle, he remarks, "They drink now in Valhalla with their fathers, Refresh themselves at Wotan's cheerful feast." The heroine is derived from the Norse Gudrun, who, brooding on her beloved Sigurd's murder, stabs her husband Atli and then herself. Two years before Wagner produced his first sketch for "The Ring," Verdi had brushed against some of the same material. But he brought it into the clear Italian light. In his opera, the mythology is reduced to frequent invocations of Wotan and Valhalla by Attila and his followers, and there are no mystical overtones in his tale. His Attila is a ruthless but greathearted giant ambushed and killed by three treacherous Italians. The soprano, Odabella, takes Judith, the least endearing of Old Testament heroines, as her exemplar. The tenor, Foresto, tries to poison his host at a peace



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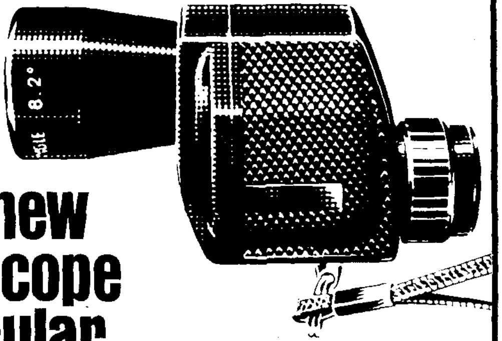

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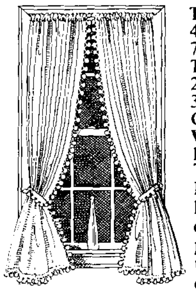

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banquet. The baritone, the Roman general Ezio, whose cry of "You may have the universe, if Italy remains to me!" roused Risorgimento enthusiasm, proposes in those lines to betray his emperor to the Hun. Attila, the bass, emerges in barbaric splendor, cruel yet magnificent, incapable of meanness or betrayal. At the end, instead of feeling that devoted Italian patriots have triumphed, we watch a lion netted by pygmies. That an ostensible villain should turn out to be the hero is not necessarily a dramatic flaw: Milton's Satan, Borodin's Khan Konchak (in "Prince Igor"), and perhaps Mussorgsky's Boris Godunov afford proof to the contrary. It does matter that Odabella's and Foresto's musical characters—Verdi sets them singing in the tones of romantic and patriotic heroes—should be hopelessly at odds with their odious and dishonorable behavior.

The verses of the libretto are by Temistocle Solera and—in the final trio and quartet—Francesco Maria Piave, but the poets worked closely to Verdi's instructions: the responsibility for the sequence of numbers and for the dramatic action is his. Before any details had been settled, Verdi had been drawn to Werner's play partly by the personalities of the inflexible warrior, of the heroine nursing revenge in her heart, and of the ambitious general (Foresto was an addition to Werner's dramatis personae; an opera needs a tenor), but chiefly by the thought of two very effective scenes that he longed to compose: curtain-rise on the smoking ruins of Aquileia, with cowed populace and strutting conquerors; and the solemn appearance of Pope Leo the Great on the Aventine, checking the barbarian advance at the very gates of Rome, while above him in the sky gigantic figures of St. Peter and St. Paul appear, with flaming swords, to bring the Scourge of God to his knees. (Raphael's Vatican fresco was at the back of Verdi's mind; toward the time of the première he sent to Rome for details of the costumes.) Later, he added another striking scene: a storm in the Adriatic lagoon; hermits emerging from wooden huts to pray; refugees from Aquileia arriving over the waters and founding the city of Venice. The desire for stage pageantry of an arresting, unconventional kind is often expressed in Verdi's letters. (The coronation and skating scenes of the Scribe-Meyerbeer "Prophète" were models that he more than once held up to his librettists; the camp scenes of "La Forza del Destino" and the auto-da-fé

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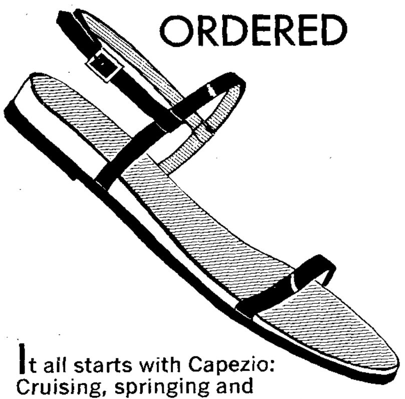

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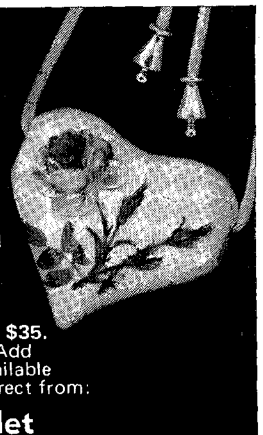

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ceremonies of "Don Carlos" were added to those works at his request; and the lagoon scene of "Attila" recalls the celebrated gathering of the cantons in Act II of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell.") It may be that what "Attila" needs first of all is a more bravely picturesque and colorful kind of production than is fashionable today. James de Blasis's staging in Washington, like a 1963 Sadler's Wells staging, played in near-perpetual darkness. Spotlights traipsed after the principals, and there seemed to be not quite enough of them to go around: in the fuller ensembles, some of the soloists were lit and others not. The general effect was of murk and gloom—enough to destroy a stronger work than "Attila," and particularly ill-suited to an opera that depends so largely on bold color contrasts and scenic splendor. Robert E. Darling's décor looked striking enough when it could be seen.

But staging cannot solve all the problems. Even if the Aquileia, Venice, and Aventine scenes come off superbly, they only get one through the prologue and the first of the three acts. Moreover, by then the best solo numbers—Foresto's cavatina, Odabella's romanza, and Attila's dream—have already been sung. The finale to Act II is strongly shaped, but of trite materials. Act III begins with a conventional tenor romanza. Verdi twice replaced it before the year was out, composing arias tailored to the individual gifts of Nicholas Ivanoff (the score, in private hands, is unpublished) and of Napoleone Moriani (a sentimental but beautiful piece). The rest of the act, a duet that becomes a trio and leads to a final quartet, is good music but poor drama, and inadequate to close an opera laid out on so public a scale. Solera had intended a choral close, a solemn hymn, as at the end of "I Lombardi." Verdi wanted to try something more unusual, but it was not until the revised "Forza" that he learned how to end a grand opera—as opposed to a personal drama—with only the soloists on the stage. Solera remarked fairly that the new dénouement made nonsense of the characters as he had conceived them.

Reluctantly, I echo Julian Budden's summing up in "The Operas of Verdi": Despite the "fitful gleams of a 'Nabucco'-like solemnity" and the "moments of tenderness and beauty," the opera is "blunt in style, daubed in thick garish colors; full of theatrical effects with no depth to them and containing more than its fair share of brash cabalettas." Yet I still hope to encoun-

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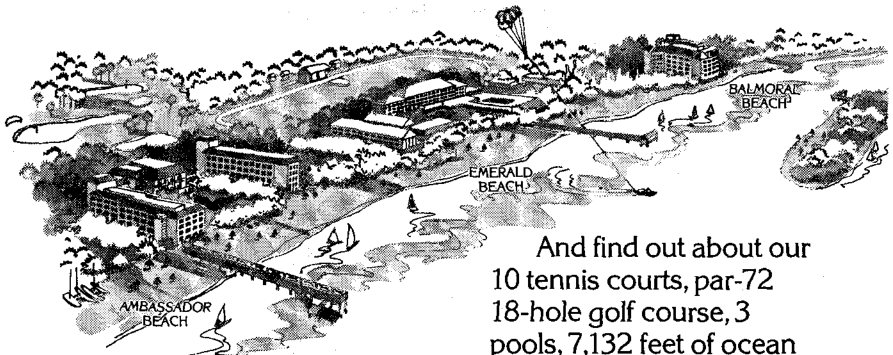

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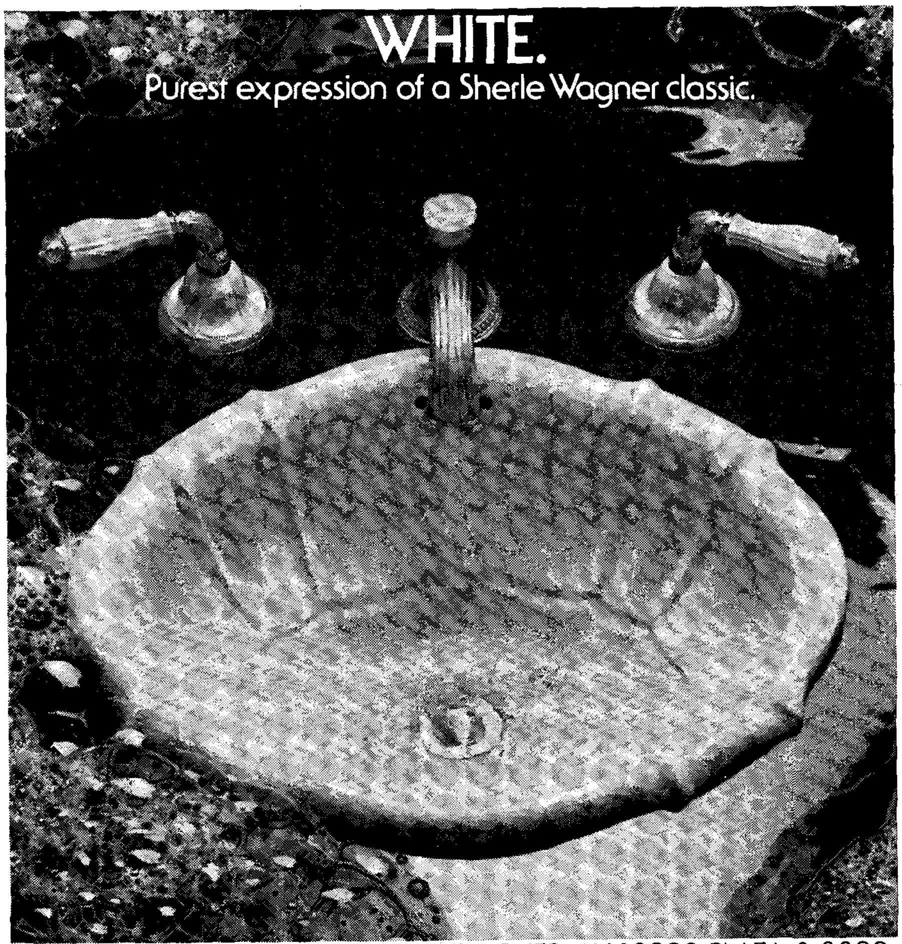

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ter, one day, a performance that will make me change my mind. The singing in Washington was but moderately effective. Marisa Galvany was the Odabella. Usually, she is exciting on the stage, but on this occasion she seemed to be under a cloud, vocally and dramatically. As Foresto, Harry Theyard sounded raw and stringy. Antonio Salvadori made his American début, as Ezio, revealing a full, burly baritone, bluntly used. Justino Díaz, in the title role, lacked the necessary weight and grandeur. Anton Guadagno conducted in routine fashion. Foresto's and Attila's brash cabalettas were not improved by being reduced to a single verse each. "Attila" is already a short opera (a hundred and two and a half minutes in the uncut Philips recording); cuts can make what, if brash, is vigorously so seem merely perfunctory.

—Andrew Porter

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

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Philip in a fit of manic bravado attempts to take over the family factory and proves so inept and paranoid that he incites a riot among the employees. Ward and the increasingly worried Stella come to his aid, and thanks to Ward's tact and cool-headedness the riot is averted. Philip is now insanely jealous of Ward and attempts to kill him by pushing him off a tower while they are inspecting the factory.

Ward by now has become suspicious of Philip and there is tension.—"*The Films of Ingrid Bergman," by Lawrence J. Quirk.*

Oh, some people are so touchy!

U.S. JOURNAL: CLEVELAND, TENN.

MELISHA MORGANNA GIBSON

RONNIE MADDUX met Wanda Gibson eight years ago, when she was a widow in her late twenties with three children and a lot of men visitors. They met in Cleveland, Tennessee, on the southeast side of town—a neighborhood that attracts some rural people, who wander into Cleveland from the hill counties to work in a furniture factory, and some local people like Ronnie Maddux who never seem to work very long anywhere. "During the first two years, we went together on a regular basis," Maddux said later, in a statement to the Bradley County Sheriff's Department. "I quit going over to see her because of the drunks that hung around over there and because Joe Pete Cochran came over to where Wanda was living on Woolen Street looking for me with a sawed-off shotgun because of a gambling debt. Joe Pete Cochran cheated me out of the title to my car in a dice game, and I had to give him my title, my tags, and my keys. I had another set of keys, so I got Ronnie Goins to get the car and bring it to the corner where I was so I could go home. That was another reason I stayed away from Wanda. We didn't see each other for about eight months. We got back together just before she had Thomas Glenn Maddux, my son. He was born on the tenth day of March, 1970. We were together that time for about a year. Then I got married to Josephine Holder. I lived with her for about three months, then left when I found out she was pregnant when I married her. We got a divorce later. During this time, Wanda got pregnant with Melisha Morganna Gibson by Ronnie Fairbanks. Wanda and I were together again when Melisha was born. I knew when she was born that she belonged to Ronnie Fairbanks." A social worker who had reason to visit the home after the baby was born, in the spring of 1972, has described it as "one drunken party after another." A church worker also visited regularly, bringing clothing for the children and testimonies to the advantages of a Christian life. "Jesus loves everybody," the church worker said recently, "but those people didn't respond real well." The family called the new baby Ganna. When she was eleven months old, Ronnie Maddux and Wanda Gibson were indicted for beating her up. During the court proceedings, Ronnie and Wanda—inspired, some people in Cleveland suspect, less by ardor than by the rule protecting a wife from having to testify against her husband—became man and wife. And that is how Ronnie Maddux became Melisha Morganna Gibson's stepfather.

The doctor who treated Melisha at eleven months—treated her for a black eye and bruises of the back, thighs, chest, and face—was a pediatrician named John Appling, who for ten years had been trying to persuade people in Cleveland that more had to be done to prevent child abuse. At his instigation, the Jaycees had raised enough money to construct a Child Shelter for temporary care, and a district child-care committee had been established. Before Appling had gone far in his crusade, though, it was clear that many people in town would have been happier if he confined himself to the quiet practice of pediatrics. Cleveland, its boosters often point out to visitors, is not some backward village in the southeast Tennessee hills but a steadily growing city with the advantages of diversified industry and a location right on the Interstate, between Chattanooga and Knoxville. Appling and others have argued that the very jobs Cleveland is so proud of generating are bound to attract the sort of displaced workers who, lacking the support of family and friends they had at home, may turn on their children from the stress of the first layoff. But Cleveland people tired quickly of being told that they lived in a center of child abuse. Cleveland has always been a place strongly bound to fundamentalist Christianity—a place where Baptists are likely to be found in church on Wednesday evenings as well as on Sunday mornings, a place that serves as international headquarters for two large Pentecostal denominations, a place that has grown from a town into a middle-sized city without allowing bars or

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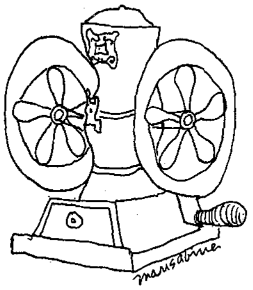
even liquor stores. There was some feeling among Cleveland residents that the sort of incidents Appling kept haranguing them about could not happen in Cleveland—a feeling reinforced by the fact that the confidentiality imposed on the court handling child-abuse cases caused most of them to go unreported in the press.

Appling—a man who had treated hundreds of abused children like Melisha Gibson, a man who claimed that six to ten children in Bradley County died every year from child abuse—could not stop the harangue. He can talk about national studies and generally accepted theories on child abuse—about the special risks, for instance, faced by children of teen-age mothers and by illegitimate children and by children perceived by the family as being different in some way—but he tends to drift toward specific cases. When he discusses the details of a child-abuse case, he occasionally pauses to take a deep breath, as if willing himself under control. "I've gotten too emotional with it," Appling has said. "I see all these children in the emergency room beat all to hell, and then I see them *back* in the emergency room beat all to hell. The people seem like 'This child here is mine. He's my property. I can maim him. I can kill him. It's none of your business.' " People in the agency officially responsible for processing child-abuse cases in Bradley County—an agency recently renamed Human Services, but still referred to by just about everybody as Welfare—considered Dr. Appling an interfering zealot whose method of protecting children was to keep them away from their parents forever. The policy of the state happened to have the opposite emphasis—reuniting the family whenever possible. Once, a welfare-department county manager reacted to Appling's refusal to discharge a child from the hospital without additional reports on the child's home by threatening to have him arrested for kidnapping.

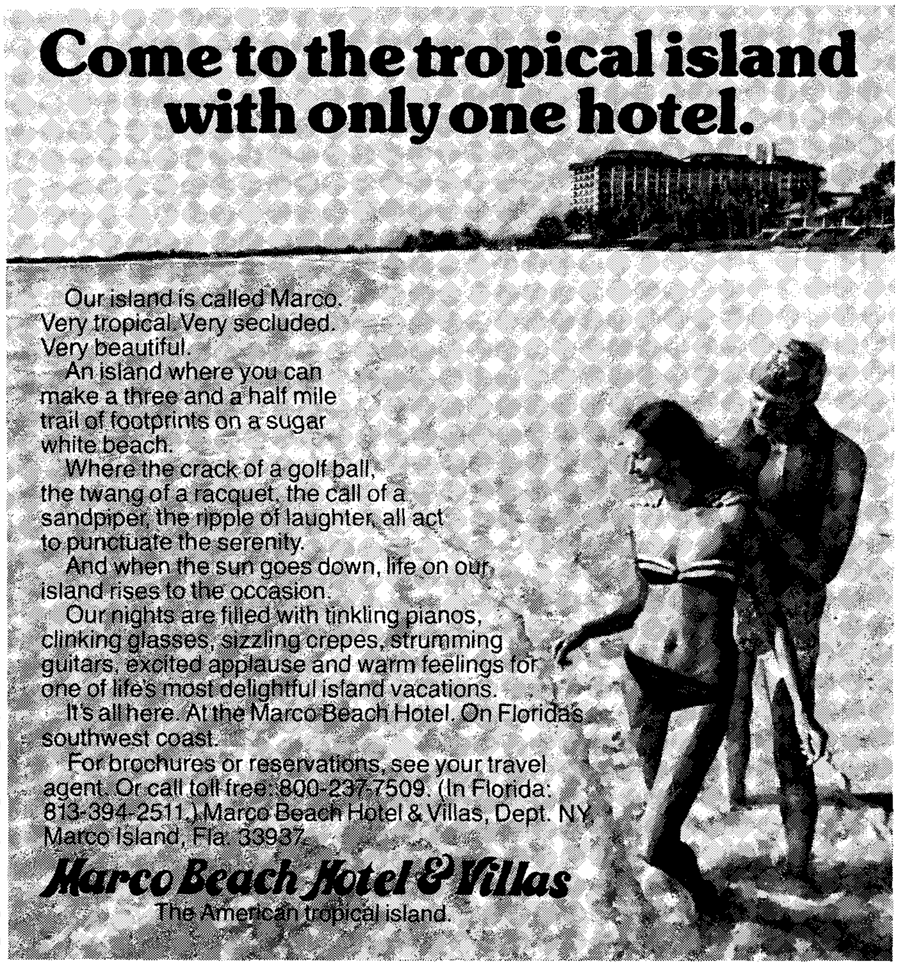


There was no question of releasing Melisha to the care of Ronnie Maddux and Wanda Gibson, who were then awaiting trial for beating her up. When she was discharged from the hospital, a welfare worker took her to a foster family; when that family moved away three months later, the worker placed Melisha in foster care with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Hawkins, who live on thirty acres at the end of a country road seven miles south of Cleveland. Gilbert Hawkins, who works at maintenance in a chemical plant near Cleveland, built his own house a few years ago, with the help of a nephew—a solid brick ranch house that looks as if it has never missed a day's cleaning. The Hawkinses, both of whom grew up in the country within a couple of miles of where they live now, are active members of the Goodwill Baptist Church. Mrs. Hawkins has known Ronnie Maddux's sister for years, but she tends to speak of Ronnie and Wanda Maddux as if they belonged to a different race of beings. "They just don't think like we do," she said not long ago. Mrs. Hawkins sometimes uses "love" as a synonym for "hug," so she can say that when foster babies are in the house it is not unusual for even her eighteen-year-old son to "pick them up and love them." The Hawkins family loved Melisha in both of the ways they use the word. They called her Missy. She grew into a lovely-looking blond little girl—shy with strangers but apparently talkative at home. She was subject to high fevers but otherwise healthy—an agile child who loved to do acrobatics. She lived as part of the Hawkins family for nearly three years—until it came time, last May, to return her to Ronnie and Wanda Maddux.

THE Madduxes had been sentenced to what people in Tennessee call eleven twenty-nine—eleven months and twenty-nine days in the county jail, the maximum sentence for a misdemeanor. After some delay for appeal, they served six months. When they were released, in November of 1974, they settled down to what their social worker saw as a considerably more stable and sober life than they had led before. They eventually rented a tiny house, planted a vegetable garden, and even made a pass at sprucing the place up. They got by mostly on the Social Security payments Wanda Maddux drew as the beneficiary of her first husband. Apparently, Maddux hoped to make a big killing from a lawsuit in which he claimed to have suffered a back injury from falling down some stairs. A woman who lived across the street, Mattie Sue Riggs, said not long ago, "He'd say, 'Now, Mattie, anyone comes around here asking about me lifting anything heavy, don't you go talking to them.' And I said, 'Ronnie, I've not never seen you lift nothing no heavier than a dinner plate.' "

The Madduxes wanted the children back. By last February, the four older children had been returned—at different times, according to the normal welfare-department procedure. The children seemed content and reasonably well cared for, but the social worker, Judy Hampton, was still concerned about returning Melisha—the one child who was known to have been abused. Maddux had denied from the start that he and his wife had beaten Melisha; he even wrote a letter to the local paper denying it publicly. Still, Mrs. Hampton tried to talk Wanda Maddux into putting Melisha up for adoption. She refused. Mrs. Hampton waited until the end of the school year, on the theory that the presence of the older children at home would be a safety factor for Melisha. Then, with the consent of the juvenile court, she took Melisha back to her family.

There was nothing at all unusual about taking an abused child back to the family that had abused her. One alternative—legally terminating parental rights so that the child can be put up for adoption—is difficult practically to the point of impossibility under Tennessee law. Even children who have been beaten up are often eager to return to their own families, and their parents are often eager to have them back—an eagerness that may be affected in some cases by the fact that Aid to Families with Dependent Children payments represent the only form of welfare money available in southeast Tennessee. In the welfare department, there was a natural bureaucratic pressure to close cases and get children out of temporary foster homes. In theory, an interagency Child Protection Team that was organized a year ago in Cleveland by David Sweitzer, the regional coördinator from the state Office of Child Development, was available for consultation about how to approach any child-abuse case, but the welfare department regarded the Child Protection Team mainly as a vehicle for Dr. Appling's interference. Routinely, a welfare worker—often overburdened with cases and paperwork, almost never having had any significant training in child protection—would recommend that a child be sent back home, the recommendation would be approved by the welfare department's chain of command, and the juvenile-court judge would order the child sent home. The judge's assent to the welfare report was considered so automatic in Brad-



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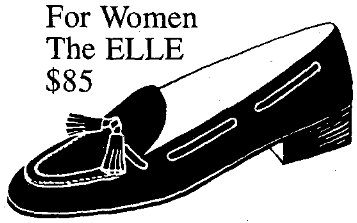

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ley County that some foster parents who had become concerned about sending children back to homes they considered unsafe approached a local legislator last summer to ask whether it would be possible to have the judge impeached.

The Hawkinses were not among the protesting foster parents, but they were concerned all last summer about Missy. On trips to Cleveland, they found themselves detouring through the Madduxes' neighborhood to catch glimpses of her playing in the front yard. Finally, in the fall, Mrs. Hawkins called Ronnie Maddux's sister to ask if Missy could use a winter coat. The Madduxes relayed an invitation to bring the coat by, and, stretching the rules about visiting former foster children, the Hawkinses accepted. They were greeted cordially. Mrs. Hawkins took Missy's measurements so she could make her some dresses. Mr. Hawkins, who had been uneasy about the visit, could sense nothing amiss. Even Mrs. Hawkins had difficulty putting her finger on any specific indication that Missy was not well cared for—although she said later that when she was about to leave "Missy looked up with those beautiful brown eyes and said, 'Mommy, can I go back out to your house?' "

On her regular visits, Mrs. Hampton often found Missy being fussed over by her older sisters. The neighbors considered the Maddux family pleasant enough, although Ronnie Maddux seemed strict with the children about such matters as returning promptly from errands. He also had a tendency to let out a prolonged howl occasionally for no apparent reason. "Like none-none talk or people speaking tongues," Mattie Riggs has said. "I'd say, 'My Lord, Ronnie, you crazy?' And he'd say, 'I must be, Mattie.' "

ON the night of October 11th, about four weeks after the Hawkinses' visit, Ronnie Maddux got angry at Melisha. Apparently, the trouble started when she would not go to sleep, and was aggravated when, in the early hours of the morning, she wet herself. On the morning of the twelfth, Maddux began making Melisha walk back and forth between the kitchen and an organ stool in the bedroom. "I wanted to tire her out so she would sleep," he explained later. "I got some hot sauce and made her take a tablespoon of it. She threw it up on the floor. . . . She began to slow down, so I told her to get on her toes and trot. A while later,

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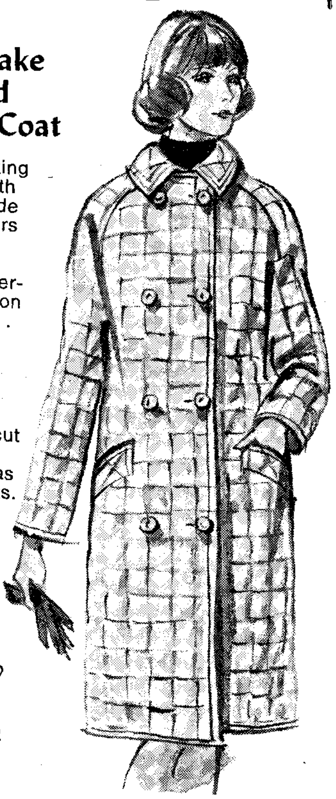

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I gave her another tablespoon of hot sauce, and she threw up again. . . . I was drinking whiskey. I made her keep walking back and forth all day to try to tire her out so she would sleep that night. . . . She asked me for a drink of water. I got a glass of water and told her if she would take the tablespoon of hot sauce I would give her a drink. She swallowed the hot sauce and I drank the glass of water." Maddux said he continued to make Melisha walk back and forth after supper, hitting her with a stick as she passed him. That night, he got her up and put her in a cold shower, apparently because she had wet her mattress. On the morning of the thirteenth, when he tried to wake her up she didn't respond. He began to rub her with alcohol, trying to bring her around.

That morning, Mrs. Hawkins was hemming some corduroy pants she had made for Missy when the telephone rang. It was her sister-in-law, saying, "There's something wrong down at Missy's house." A moment later, the doorbell rang. "It was two of my welfare workers," Mrs. Hawkins said later. "I knew the minute I saw them. 'Did he beat her up again?' I said. They said, 'Mrs. Hawkins, it's worse than that this time.' " Melisha had never awakened. The next day, Ronnie and Wanda Maddux were charged with first-degree murder, and held without bail.

INVESTIGATIONS were launched. Committees were formed. The state Commissioner of Human Services disciplined three members of the Bradley County office, and almost everybody else in the office joined in a one-day walkout in protest—arguing, rather persuasively, that the workers involved were being scapegoated after handling the case more or less the way it would have been handled by any welfare worker who followed normal state procedures. The commissioner announced a moratorium on returning abused children to their families, and speculated on the possibility of easing the procedures available for terminating parental rights. Members of a Teamsters local picketed the Governor's Mansion, urging that Ronnie and Wanda Maddux be given the death penalty if found guilty. Hank Snow, the country-music singer, wrote the governor, "I've heard countless people say that if these radicals were burned in the electric chair or even lynched in the city square, it would start some of these lowdowns to giving some serious thought before committing

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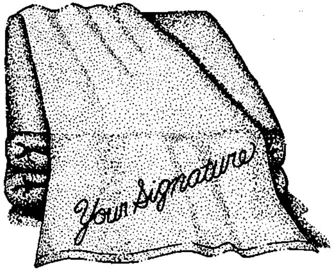

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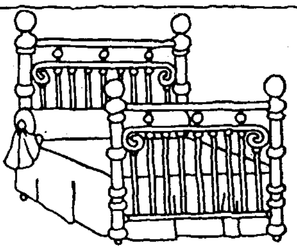

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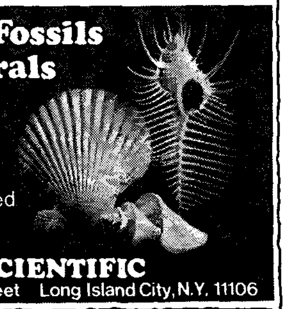

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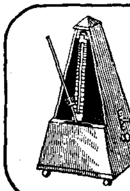

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these gruesome crimes." There was some talk about sterilization as a way to prevent child-abusers from producing more children to abuse. Those in the child-protection field who believe that reform should concentrate on prevention of child abuse rather than on punishment of abusers found themselves grateful that the state legislature will not be passing any new laws until spring.

In Cleveland, a thousand people attended Melisha's funeral. The Sheriff's Department decided it would be prudent to hold the Madduxes in a jail outside the county—presumably not the state penitentiary, where Melisha's natural father is serving time for armed robbery. Welfare workers complained of harassment and even threats. There are people in Cleveland who believe that the intensity of reaction there can be traced to some acceptance of guilt for not having heeded the warnings of Dr. Appling long ago. Appling and David Sweitzer, who blame Melisha's death partly on rigidity and secrecy in the welfare department, used the public outcry to exert pressure for interagency coöperation and improved training, although in one of his first meetings with the Human Services commissioner Appling found himself unable to get away from the subject of three children who had been returned that day to a home he considered potentially unsafe. Appling and Sweitzer finally won agreement that every child-abuse case in the county would be referred to the Child Protection Team—a team that now includes not only a psychiatrist and a pediatrician and a social worker but an attorney to represent the child's interests in court. The public outcry had a different meaning for the forces fighting a referendum in the November election which would have permitted liquor stores in Bradley County: they pointed to Ronnie Maddux's behavior as an example of what drink could lead to, and they defeated the referendum easily. Hank Snow came to Cleveland for a concert to benefit the fund that local people are raising to enlarge the Child Shelter, which has been renamed the Melisha Gibson Child Shelter.

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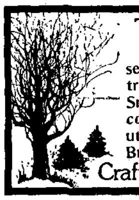

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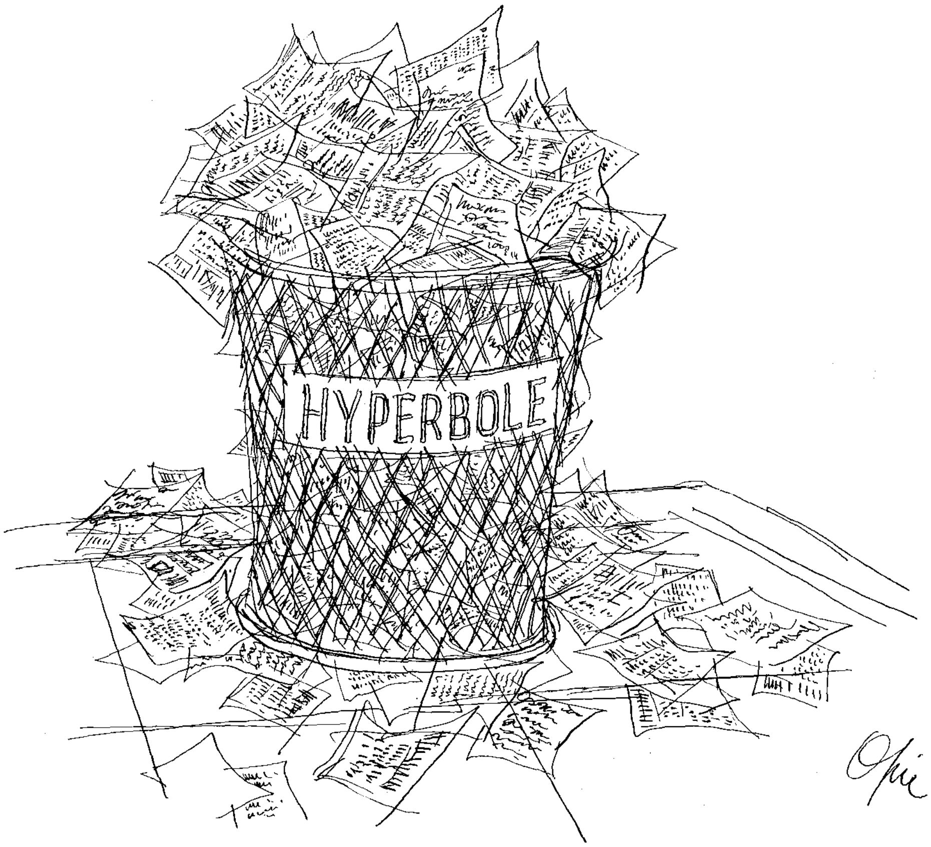
THERE'S a trap built into the story of "A Star Is Born," and though just about everybody who has worked on the various versions must have been aware of it, each picture, in turn, falls into it. The story is about the marriage of a fading, boozing male star to a woman who's rising, and while the man is glamorously, tragically self-destructive, the Cinderella heroine is so hardworking, loyal, and untemperamental that she's insufferable. For reasons that go beyond the bounds of criticism, this role attracted Judy Garland, as it has also attracted Barbra Streisand, who stars in the new version with Kris Kristofferson. The story originated with Adela Rogers St. John and was turned into an early talkie, "What Price Hollywood," directed by George Cukor in 1932, in which the boozer, a director, played by Lowell Sherman, was the central character; Sherman patterned his performance after the self-mocking alcoholic style of his brother-in-law John Barrymore, and Gene Fowler, who worked on the script, later wrote the Barrymore biography "Good Night, Sweet Prince." It was reshaped into a "woman's picture" in the 1937 "A Star Is Born," with Janet Gaynor's Esther Blodgett passively ascending to stardom, and trying to conceal her heartache over the deterioration of her actor-husband, Norman Maine; she never stops loving him, even after he kills himself. And that was basically the story of the 1954 version, though Judy Garland looked far from fresh and rising. The men who played Norman Maine (Fredric March and then James Mason) gave the performances, though the overwrought Garland was galvanizing—like it or not, you couldn't take your eyes off her. Her turbulent behavior during the making of the film drove the budget so high that the costs were barely recouped, but the film presented her as the true-blue show-must-go-on heroine who never causes anybody any trouble. Garland's Esther Blodgett was prepared to give up her stardom to save her husband, and the emphasis was on her loyalty to him, rather than on his revulsion at having become a disgrace—a figure in a comedy. In the Streisand version, supposedly set in the rock world, the heroine, Esther Hoffman, isn't about to sacrifice her singing career. But this, too, is a "woman's picture;" that is, it's designed to make you weep not for the dead hero but for the noble heroine (though I think few will).

If Streisand hadn't gone on the noble wagon—if she'd played Esther Hoffman as a little bullet of talent who met a big star, used him and loved him at the same time, and pushed him to compromise his career for her ends—there might have been a movie with some tension to it. As John Norman Howard, the rock idol, Kris Kristofferson has the angry frustration of a man who's doing something he's sick of. He has the despair of an entertainer whose contempt for the audience is the only emotion he has left. John Norman no longer has anything to give his public: when he sings, he goes through the gyrations of a demonic performer, but his voice is shot—it's gravelly and raspy—and you can hardly hear him above the instruments. (Kristofferson doesn't sing in his usual sleepy manner; he's aggressive here, a shouter, and it's exciting, but—deliberately, I assume—empty.) John Norman is mean and boozing, because he can't handle the life that goes with being a rock star; the craziness has got inside him. His body is still young, but his eyes are clouded and frightened—the soul has moved out. If he were trying to pull himself together by hanging on to Esther's sanity, and she knew that and parlayed it, there would be some dynamics, and some edges. The vacuum in this movie is the purity of their relationship. John Norman catapults her to success without her knowing what his plans for her are; each is above using the other. The picture is a drippy love story about two people who love each other selflessly. And so the scenes between Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson, which one would expect to have some sexual combustion, are exhaustingly, fraudulently romantic. When they have a physical fight, it's just an exhibition match. The picture is really a little insulting to us in assuming that we want to accompany them on their honeymoon in the desert, to share their kisses and admire her trousseau. "A Star Is Born" treats us as if we were gawkers at the gates of the stars' homes, and when it opens the gates—for an admission fee—it fobs us off with a carefully posed view.

The picture has had the worst advance press I can recall (with the possible exceptions of "Cleopatra" and the 1954 "A Star Is Born"). A press junket to the outdoor concert site in Arizona last spring resulted in a flood of negative publicity, and those who have written pieces exonerating themselves include John Gregory Dunne, who—along with his wife, Joan Didion, and the director, Frank Pierson—gets the screenplay credit. In November, Pierson published his apologia be-



fore the fact—an article in which he wrote that the picture he turned over to Streisand and her co-producer, Jon Peters, was, according to the "unanimous" view of the Warners people, "a huge hit." He rigged things both ways for himself: if the picture we got to see was anything less than great, it would be because Streisand and Peters had wrecked it in the final cut, while if it *was* great, we had him to congratulate. Pierson did not mention that he had previously directed only one movie, the 1970 spy thriller "The Looking Glass War;" it was a failure, largely because there was no controlling dramatic intelligence at work—it didn't involve the audience. Neither does "A Star Is Born," and its faults can't all be laid to Streisand's interference or to her and Peters' editing.

When John Norman Howard enters the joint where he first meets Esther, she's singing between two black women, in a group called The Oreos; the camera centers on her before he's even inside—it has selected her before he gets a chance to. Why doesn't he first hear her voice—a voice with the eagerness and drive he used to have—and be turned on by it? (That's something we could identify with.) And wouldn't he then look to see whom it belonged to? Instead, Esther comes over and bawls him out for being noisy; he admires her sass and "cute" face and figure, and then he listens. And does she know who he is when she bawls him out? If she does, wouldn't this affect how she speaks to him? And if she doesn't, when is the moment when she finds out? According to this picture, Esther is so indifferent to his fame that she doesn't take cognizance of it at any point; she's a little princess from another planet. There are two smart, intuitive supporting performers—Gary Busey, as John Norman's fast-talking road manager, and Paul Mazursky, as his unsentimental record producer—but their roles are at subsistence level. The movie concentrates on the love between Esther and John Norman, yet in that abomination "For Pete's Sake" Streisand looked at Michael Sarrazin with more affection than she shows for Kristofferson. This man has a burly physical beauty, like Sean Connery's, and she rakes him with her fingernails as if he were a dead fish.

Thinner, and in a soft, curly Harpo hairdo, Streisand doesn't have the unhappy look she had in "Funny Lady," but she acts a virtuous person by not using much energy. She seems at half-mast, out of it, and you don't get engrossed in reading her face, because she's reading it for you. She wants to make sure we get what's going on all the time. That kills any illusion—that and the camera, which is always on her a second too soon, and seconds too long, emphasizing how admirable she is, how strong yet loving. How gracious, too. When she blows a commercial that The Oreos are doing, the two black vocalists don't even get sore at her; they have no personalities, and practically no lines or singing sound, either—they're there for her to hug. Streisand comes on all soft and sincere. Why? Is it for Esther's image or her own? Esther doesn't have to be done up in big hats and desert ensembles out of "The Sheik;" she doesn't need to be glamorously noble. She just needs to be *sane*. Surely that has to be her attraction for John Norman, who's been high too long and needs to come down—he would respond to a woman who was grounded. And Streisand is, but tries to cover it up with an ethereal haze, as if the important thing for him (and for us) were to find her adorable. The movie loses its last chance to make a character of Esther when it shows that she's guiltless of John Norman's death. Has there ever been a husband or a wife of a suicide who could feel as guiltless as Esther does? In the Garland version, we could see from James Mason's performance that what was killing the husband was his wife's pity for him; the last shred of dignity he had left was to design his own death. Here Esther is as innocent of her husband's death as she is innocent of her own success. She's not as humble as Janet Gaynor, but she's just as pure.

Streisand has got herself into too many false positions: her singing isn't rock, as it's meant to be, but show-biz pop, and we're acutely aware of the Broadway-Las Vegas intonations. The director and the writers, those credited and those uncredited, must be partly responsible, but the sinking feeling one gets from the picture relates largely to her. One is never really comfortable with her, because even when she's singing she isn't fully involved in the music; she's trying to manage our responses. Streisand loses that managerial eye in only one number—"The Woman in the Moon," when she faces down the people at a benefit who wanted John Norman to sing and resent his foisting her on them. It's not much of a song, but she gives herself over to singing it, and her voice—rougher than usual—is joyously confident. This is the moment

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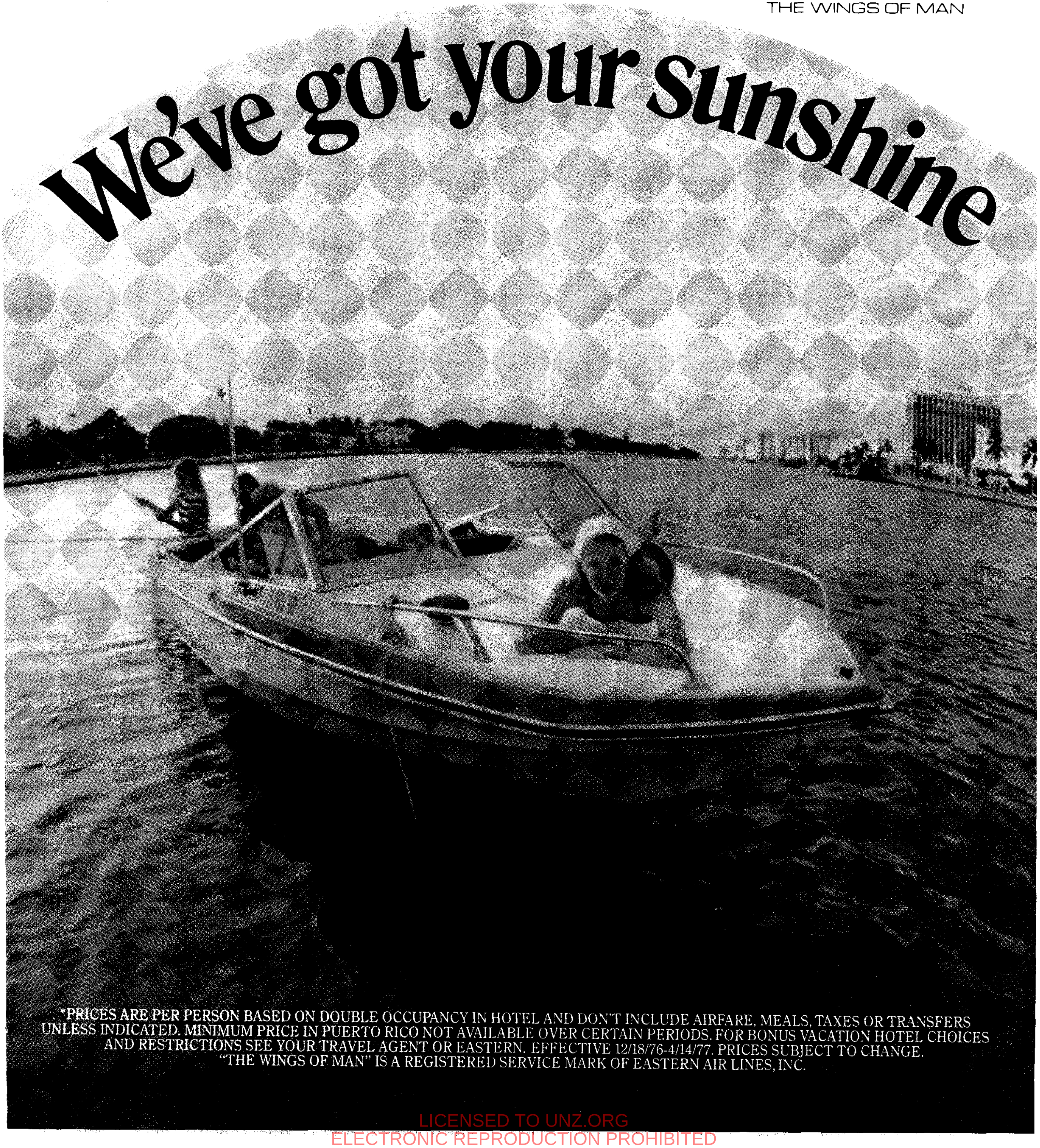

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when the "star is born," and it's the only time in the movie when she has the force to match Kristofferson's. The picture, which still has some drive up to this point, goes completely to hell afterward. The romping honeymooners' bliss as they build their own house in the desert is enough to do the movie in, without Streisand's image dissolving into a sunset. There doesn't seem to be any script, and the film wobbles around, from montages of Esther's success to convictionless adaptations of bits from the earlier versions, such as John Norman at home taking phone messages for Esther. There is even a replay of the old Academy Awards scene; in the last version, as Garland accepted her Best Actress award the drunken, broken-down Mason climbed on the stage, told the élite assembled there that he needed a job, and then, flinging out his arm in an expansive gesture, inadvertently walloped her in the face. Now the sequence takes place at the Grammys, and John Norman breaks into Esther's receiving the award for best performance to ask for the award for worst performance. If you're going to do this sort of maudlin scene, you ought to make it count for something. In the earlier version, this extravaganza of self-humiliation prepared for the husband's suicide; here it serves no particular purpose, except as an occasion for Esther to show her fighting spirit. And whoever adapted the scene doesn't seem to have noticed that times have changed: John Norman's drunken display wouldn't produce the shocked response it does in the movie—he'd be the media hero of the week.

Kristofferson is actually the star who's born in this picture, and because of the physicality of his performance, the hidden, weak eyes, and the suggestions of depth, we're ready to feel a lot more for John Norman than the film encourages us to. When John Norman crashes his Ferrari and lies dead, the emphasis is on Esther's reaction. The weeping Streisand does a star turn, asking for something to cover him with, and the scene is so underdirected she seems to want a sack to shove him into so she can get on with the grieving. Later, at home, Esther hears a tape of him singing; apparently unfamiliar with the technology of voice reproduction, she thinks he's alive, and runs through the many, many rooms looking for him. Time is wasted on these drivelling, just about unplayable scenes while the picture fails to raise the issue that seems at the very heart of the rock-fame subject. We see the conditions in which John Norman

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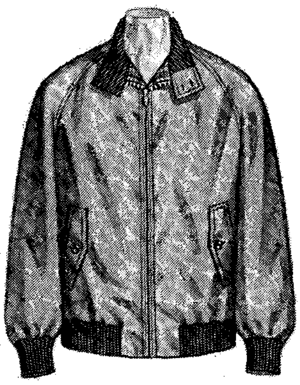

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worked—the noise and amplification and orgiastic crowds—which turned him into a sadomasochistic wreck, but we don't see Esther contending with the same problems. Is Esther invulnerable, or does she, too, become infected with the craziness, and the hatred of the audience? Streisand herself can't summon up the love of performing to make Esther's rise to stardom convincing. There's contempt implicit in Streisand's awareness of how she wants us to react to her. She wants more from us than she's giving out; even her singing is tightly controlled—she's singing for effect.

The songs (by Paul Williams and a batch of other people, including Leon Russell and Streisand) are often terribly slow and slurpy, with flight-of-fancy lyrics; they're disappointing throughout, with orchestrations that are fake gospel, fake soul, fake disco, or fake something else. At the end, there's some sort of commemoration service for John Norman, and Esther is introduced to sing. Here is the spot for Janet Gaynor's and Judy Garland's great mawkish moment: "This is Mrs. Norman Maine." Streisand does a compromise update on it: she's introduced as Esther Hoffman Howard—which is worse, but let it pass. What doesn't pass is her song, a double number that goes on for more than seven minutes, in a single take, with changing light cues. When she did her virtuoso finale in her first movie, she had a great song—"My Man"—and her strange, disturbing face was mesmerically involved in reaching us; the song was an act of assertion that carried all before it. Here the song dramatizes the widow's restoration to life, and she sheds tears, she smiles through her tears, she has an orgasmic interlude, she gets tougher and faster. But the song itself is endlessly uninteresting, and when, at the last, she flings her head up and the frame is frozen, her self-dramatization has got out of hand. It's one thing to act your songs, it's another to overact your songs. Streisand has more talent than she knows what to do with, and the heart of a lion. But she's made a movie about the unassuming, unaffected person she wants us to think she is, and the image is so truthless she can't play it.

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BOOKS

True Blue

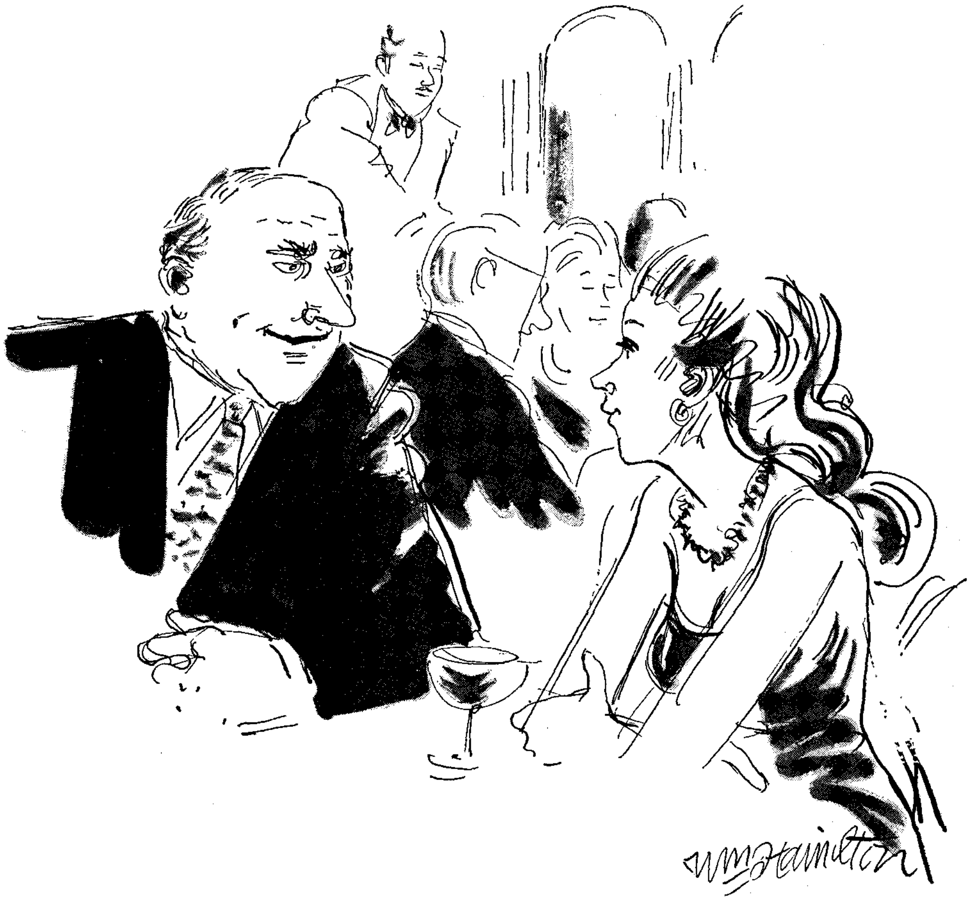
SOMETIME in the thirties, Virginia Woolf wrote an essay on going to see the paintings of W. R. Sickert: to my mind the most original of her shorter imaginative ventures—one in which one hears her voice giving its sudden turns and sees her mind taking its fantastic leaps. For those who do not know Sickert's encrusted brushwork, I must explain that he turned the smoky quarters of Camden Town into a kind of sensual, curdled Venice, where his subjects were the bored hours of the lodging-house day, the drooping domestic lives of local prostitutes, the boozy, flushed, and fleshy audiences and players of the music hall in all its gilt. Sickert was deep in the respectability of London low life. This hardly seemed a milieu to interest a lady who shuddered at "Ulysses" and was fastidious about the flesh as it slumps around us; but, of course, she was also robust, and easily sailed out of the dilemma by puzzling briefly over Sickert's art and then writing, as essayists do, about something else. Her real subject was color, and especially redness and greenness—beginning with traffic lights and soon on to tropical forests, the mysterious color changes in insects, and what color does to our nerves. Even this was not her subject: she was evoking the patterns of an evening's conversation among her gifted and suggestible friends. There was no direct dialogue. She was trailing the imagination of the company.

I mention this essay because William Gass is playing a similar game with associated ideas in a much longer essay, "On Being Blue" (Godine), a mixture of insinuation, argument, and hymn to blueness. Professor Gass notes with admiration Virginia Woolf's account of Orlando's doubts about color, more than a century before he changed sex, when he finds—as the Professor says—"every subject he . . . wishes to pursue so embroiled, cluttered, and betangled with every other that it appears impossible for him to say a single, simple, clear, true thing." The Professor himself is embroiled and has a hidden subject, although *his* conversation is with himself. He, too, is "betangled" in sensations of color. Ostensibly, he is carried away by the multiple nature of our response to blueness: blue as an image of serenity, love, natural hope, the equable and well-found, and its abrupt, underground connection with such items as blue-nosed, blue-lipped puritanism, blue laws, and sexual fantasy. He teaches philosophy, and has a serious question to ask: Why are contemporary poets and novelists liable to nervous breakdown when their prose attempts that now compelling subject the closeup of the sexual act? How hoarse the voice of the literary hippopotamus becomes when it takes to being blue at mating time! Blueness, he says, is tricky; in writing it is not a matter for amateurs.

Professor Gass is, of course, familiar as a grammarian dazzled by word-paint, a natural philanderer with epithets and images who draws on the manners or interests of Joyce, Beckett, and Colette. In his writing we very soon catch notes from Wallace Stevens as he strikes his Blue Guitar. Gass loves the glittering lists of blue things that free association pours into his mind. He has the greed of the connoisseur, the sensuality of the palette:

> Half-breeds belong to the blue squadron. Sometimes they are called "blue skins," as Protestants once were. *Blue Boy* is the popular title of a painting by Gainsborough, the name of a prize hog in *State Fair*, and the abscess from a venereal disease. . . . A group of Germans got itself called the *Blaue Reiter* and Piero della Francesca did indeed make the Virgin's mantle blue in his *Annunciation* . . . in his *Nativity*, too. Nor did the Lorenzettis neglect her, Giotto neither, though he colored his pit-of-hell devils blue as a soul dismantled.

We read pages of these fanciful catalogues. Professor Gass is a true essayist, who certainly prefers travelling to arriving, who treats wisdom as a game in which no one wins—although as a Platonist he carries very choice and loaded dice; Platonists are apt at coming out mellifluously on the winning side in the end. His personality, his wit and affectations are part of the game. People say that the essay died when club-and-teacup culture went out in the smashup of 1918, but they must now admit that the Professor has brought the skills of the acrobat to it. His intentions are severe but tolerant. His weakness is the grammarian's habit of archness and spiritual punning; this gives him a glitter, but, while he has a lot of fun with blueness as delight or blasphemy and is excellent in his literary quotations, it is



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hard to see that blueness itself has much to do with the case. Still, the philologists are on his side: in popular slang, they tell us, blueness is the reckless symbol of what we love or despise. Blue is for heaven and the equable, but we scream blue murder; it is the color for uniforms and servants (but what about Thackeray's Mr. Yellowplush?); blue for liberation and jeans, but also for melancholy; for trout, oysters, but also for the horrible rinse and the lascivious beard; blue for the cheery aprons of butchers and dairymen and the collars of jolly tars, but also for pimples and bruises. In interior decoration I find blue cold. Think of our grandmothers' dining rooms, with all those rows of chilly Dutch, Portuguese, or Chinese plates wired to the walls and policing us; "no one" can stand them now, medallions (as they were) of the complacent bliss of the bourgeoise with all her servants. Professor Gass can chant distracting catalogues of such things like a litany until we are blue in the face. On one point he is happily silent. He has avoided giving us a historical lecture on the mystical theologies of color: he avoids color as music or flavor. The omission shows tact.

There are five ways, he tells us, by which the blue goodies and the blue baddies of sex got into literature:

> The commonest, of course, is the most brazen: the direct depiction of sexual material—thoughts, acts, wishes; the second involves the use of sexual words of various sorts, and I shall pour one of each vile kind into the appropriate porches of your ears, for pronouncing and praising print to the ear is what the decently encouraged eye does happily. The third can be considered, in a sense, the very heart of indirection, and thus the essence of the artist's art—displacement: the passage of the mind with all its blue elastic ditty bags and airline luggage from steamy sexual scenes and sweaty bodies to bedrooms with their bedsteads, nightstands, waterglasses, manuals of instruction, thence to sheets and pillowcases, hence to dents in these, and creases, stains and other cries of passion which have left their prints, and finally to the painted chalk-white oriental face of amorously handled air and mountains, lewdly entered lakes. The fourth I shall simply refer to now as the skyblue eye... and the fifth, well, it's really what I'm running into all my inks about, so I had better mention it: the use of language like a lover... not the language of love, but the love of language, not matter, but meaning, not what the tongue touches, but what it forms, not lips and nipples, but nouns and verbs.

I think he is arguing that we have become obsessed with the visual; we cannot *see* what we are doing:

> As Rilke observed, love requires a progressive shortening of the senses. I can see you for miles; I can hear you for blocks; I can smell you, maybe, for a few feet, but I can only touch on contact, taste as I devour. And as we blend, sight, the sovereign sense and concept's chief content, blurs.

The writer who tries to render sexual experience directly must face the facts

> that the writhings which comprise it are ludicrous without their subjective content, that the intensity of that content quickly outruns its apparent cause, that the full experience becomes finally inarticulate, and that there is no major art that works close in. Not an enterprise for amateurs. Even the best are betrayed.

"A stroke by stroke story of a copulation" (that once modish and now defunct abstraction) is, he says, "exactly as absurd as a chew by chew account of the consumption of a chicken's wing." "It is always necessary," he says again, "to deprive the subject of its natural strength just as Samson was, and blinded too, before recovering that power and replacing it within the words." The writer must construct an ambience, and the natural sensualists, like Colette in "Chéri," or plain rough Burns, or (once, at any rate) Ezra Pound, have done this. The written words must belong to a system "so supremely organized it cannot be improved on."

The kind of blueness that riles Professor Gass is the now fashionable use of the three-, four-, or five-letter dirty words: a secret thrill of our sexy childhood. They sprang forward as part of the masonic self-insurance of soldiers in the filth of the mass wars of this century, coming straight from the underground of boredom, hate, and outrage. The real obscenity of our times has been maiming and killing: these words are, among other things, a protest. They may come also, as he says, from below—from the poor, who can't speak, and who shout and require the gaudy or the monotonous as a sneer against the "toffs" and their cultivated euphemisms. Bad language, or blasphemy, as old laws used rightly to describe it, is a direct challenge from social revolution and popular culture. Our dear aunt who saw something she called "inconvenient" going on in the woodshed was clearly a kulak, and only her own obscene ravings under anesthetic could make her one of us. Yet the best four-letter words have a long and once genial lineage. Is it possible to rescue them? Lawrence made a mess of his attempt in "Lady Chatterley": he was tutorial and had no notion of how to convey the intimate sly and imaginative humor of the sexual life—indeed, of all the life of the body. Sexual life is surely a pleasure. Yet now that these words have come up in the world their use on principle does make them sound, as Professor Gass says, "unmeant and hypocritical"—even computerable items of a consumer culture, and a sign of our boredom with it. Still, bluntness is a form of wit. It is certainly Anglo-Saxon. (The Germans call a bra a *Büstenhalter*. They do not fear the grotesque.) I don't see why literature should not convey our double life. Professor Gass is not happy with Hamlet's innuendos when talking with Ophelia about country matters, but Ophelia understood his puns, for she must have had the sort of nurse Juliet had; Ophelia's demure protest showed her anxiety at hearing Hamlet break a social convention, talking to ladies about what they knew full well. Today she would answer back. My own objection to bad words comes when I hear them uttered, as troops do, by professional compulsion. They are good in Byron's letters. They are swank in Hemingway. What a mess *he* made when he tried to teach us Spanish obscenities, as if we were so many Lady Chatterleys on a tour.

I think that Professor Gass is right when he says that it is important for poets and novelists to live in language, and not to take a package tour into the act, but I do find him a tease. He is ingenious in getting a large number of sexual words and images into his essay by cleverly surrounding them with blue coloring matter. As far as I can make out, he is against the faking that archaic styles have gone in for—the worst being fake Elizabethan, fake medieval French. What a terrible puritan fake "Jurgen" was; the sardonic is inverted prudery. Balzac's faking in "The Droll Stories" is laborious fun except when that festive inventor hit upon patches of onomatopoeia. (He sent a volume of "The Droll Stories" to Count Hanska, the husband of his mistress, with the hope that it would cure him of "blue devils." Tactless, but a point in favor of the blue: it inoculates.) Of course, the older fakers quickly moved on to vague and conventional ecstasies once they had created suspense. (Suspense is at the heart of sex.) In their time, ecstasy was all the go: no clinical troubles, no carried-over horrors from adolescent sicknesses; no sense that a society was in hospital. I sometimes think that, despite the sniggers, Sterne was sound as a two-faced exponent of Professor Gass's subject. Sterne's tongue was not in his cheek when he sharply remarked

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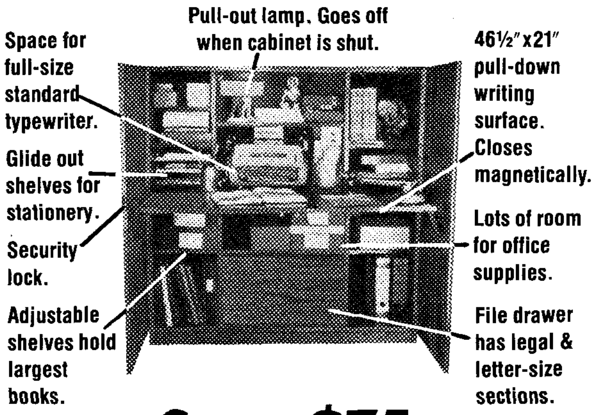
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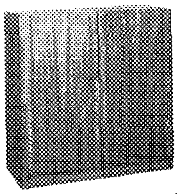

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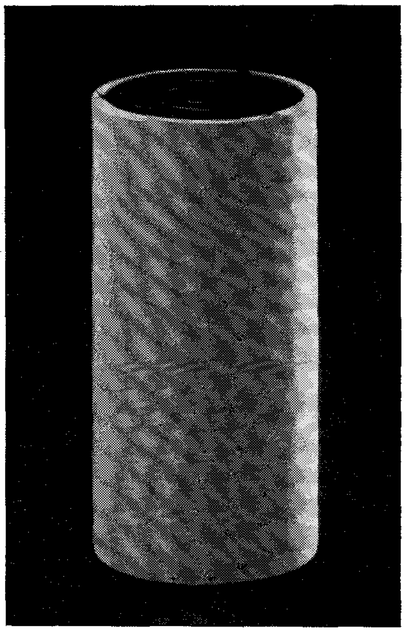

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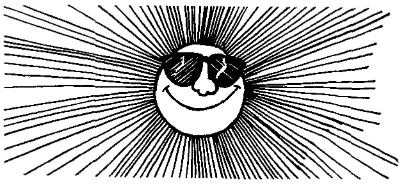

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that there is nothing so serious as lust: you may laugh before or after but not during. And he had the wit to be writing at the same time about something else—time, procrastination, habit, human inertia, and how one may be holding off the fear of death, the tick of the clock, the puzzle of having been born. Professor Gass loves his Beckett; this would oblige him to have a weakness for blue Sterne.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SLEEP IT OFF, LADY, by Jean Rhys (Harper & Row). Sixteen brief, nourishing stories about the ways in which people injure and comfort each other. Some of Miss Rhys's stories are set in the West Indies, where she spent her childhood, and some are set in London and Paris, where she has lived for large parts of her life. But no matter where they are set, they all are gossipy, deceptively artless, and honest in an unusually subtle way about the meanderings of people's emotions. In "Who Knows What's Up in the Attic?," a woman of indefinite age contemplates abandoning her staid life for an amorous adventure that has no future. In "Pioneers, Oh, Pioneers," the small daughter of a colonial doctor falls in love with an eccentric recluse, and in several stories ("Goodbye Marcus, Goodbye Rose," "The Chevalier of the Place Blanche," "Night Out 1925") Miss Rhys sniffs around the edges of sexual gamesmanship with the keenness of a dog on its favorite morning walk. It is probably the range of imagination that impresses one most: almost every story is filled with conversations that are so right in tone that one wonders how the author could have got under the skin of so many different sorts of people. And whether she is writing about seedy roués, aging spinsters, or hysterical secretaries, she manages to convey the quality of a whole life in a few pages.

THE WALLPAPER FOX, by Morris Philipson (Scribners). When Mr. Philipson, who is director of the University of Chicago Press, talks about current manners and morals, as he frequently does throughout this book, he seems a thoughtful and fairly worldly man. How, then, to comprehend the awful coyness and downright silliness of this novel about domestic felicity, in which

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even the salad dishes "snuggled up against the dinner plates." Small lies and how they threaten to mushroom into major crises are at the center of the soap-operaish plot. The main characters are Henry Warner (super-Wasp, department-store owner, appreciator of objets d'art), who lies about his business transactions; Kate Warner, his wife (beautiful, Jewish, loved by her husband "for the exaggerations, for the hyperboles . . . for this intensity"), who lies about her past; and Jonathan, their oldest child (a handsome jock), who lies about a hit-and-run accident he was involved in. The story takes place in New Haven and gives us a lot of tips about the difficulties of running a large, expensive house and some chilling looks at the dinner parties of the rich and powerful who play on the fringes of university life.

GENERAL

MELBOURNE: A BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LAMB, 2ND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, by Philip Ziegler (Knopf). The author explains that new Melbourne documents have become available since David Cecil's biography was completed, thirty years ago, and that after perusing them he finds that he differs from the earlier work, delightful and scholarly as it remains. Ziegler's Melbourne is a tougher fellow than Cecil's—a very ambitious politician. This author feels that William Lamb (1779-1848), who served as Chief Secretary for Ireland, as Home Secretary, and twice as Prime Minister (1834 and 1835-41), was a knowledgeable power-seeker who disguised his purposes with an air of charming unconcern. Melbourne's private life was unhappy, as we know, and his only child was mentally defective, but Mr. Ziegler does not argue that public life compensated Melbourne for private failure; instead, the Melbourne he draws is someone for whom the less intimate sphere is the happier. There were exceptions: he was extremely close to his sister and to the young Queen Victoria, yet in both cases (his sister was the wife of Lord Palmerston, a member of Melbourne's Cabinet) the intimacy was political as much as personal. Ziegler stresses some of the limitations of his subject. Melbourne appeals to us today because of his tolerance, common sense, and wit, but Ziegler agrees with Lady Longford, Victoria's biographer, in thinking that Melbourne's coolness hindered the

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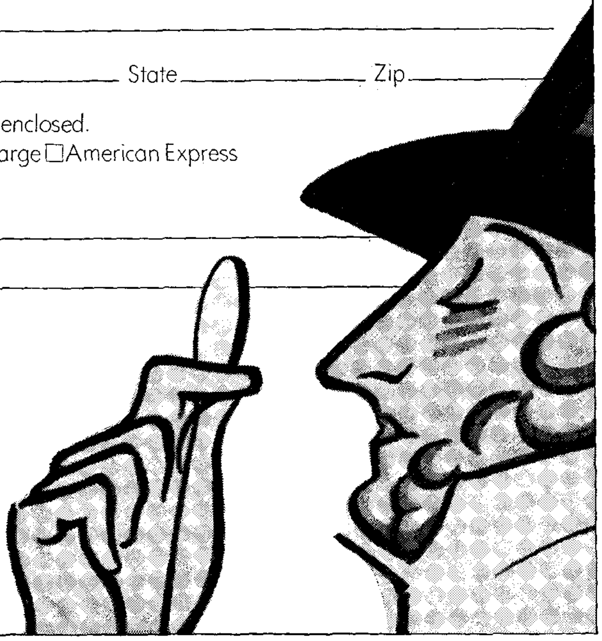

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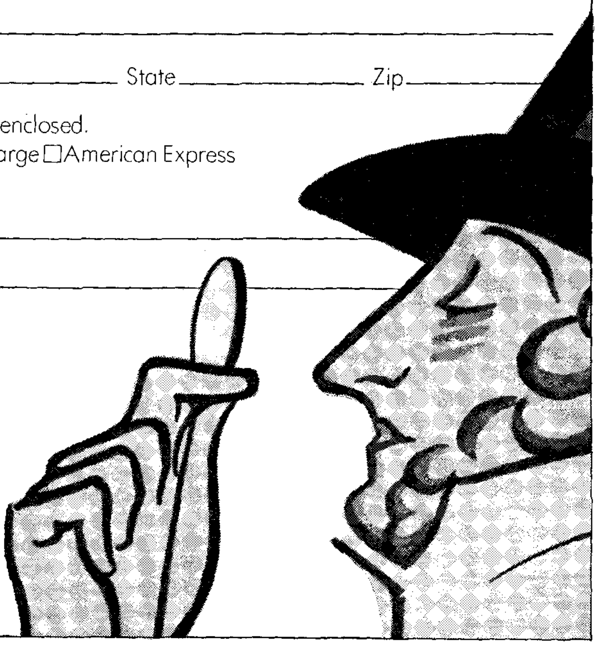

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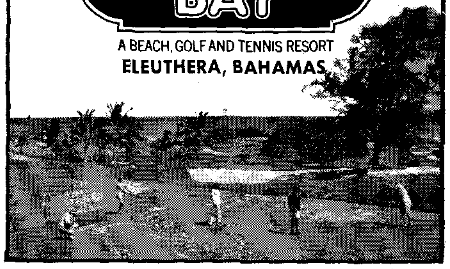

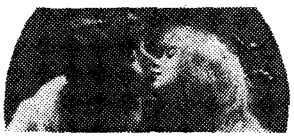

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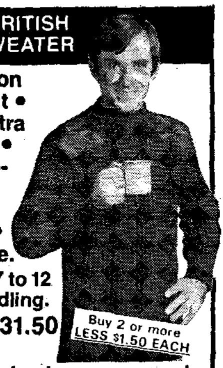

Queen's developing a social conscience. Melbourne will doubtless remain a legend; he is an enchanter. Nonetheless, Ziegler suggests, he was wiser in small matters than in great ones.

ETHICS AND PROFITS: THE CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE IN AMERICAN BUSINESS, by Leonard Silk and David Vogel (Simon & Schuster). An exposition of the opinions of a number of high-level corporate executives, drawn from their own words at a series of conferences sponsored by a business foundation, the Conference Board. The authors—Mr. Silk is the *Times'* authority on economics, and Mr. Vogel is a professor of business administration at Berkeley—have organized these free-ranging discussions by subject matter, such as what these men think about planning, say, or how they define the social responsibility of business. Though there is no doubt that the speakers (their quotes are not attributed) are extremely intelligent, there is also no doubt that they come over as rather narrow, and are prone to resent what they regard as lack of appreciation. They are hostile to what they consider government interference, and only intermittently conscious of the inconsistency of accepting—as many do—government subsidies. They fear that American politicians will ruin American business and leave this country in the same parlous state as Great Britain, but they describe the failures of British capitalism as primarily failures of public relations, rather than of efficiency and productivity. The editors point out that none of these businessmen is at all attracted to Fascism, since they loathe every form of statism. Their doubts about democracy suggest that their ideal state would be a commercial oligarchy—something like the Venetian and Dutch republics, neither of which could survive in modern times.

NOTE: "Geography III," a collection of Elizabeth Bishop's poems, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All the contents first appeared in these pages.

•

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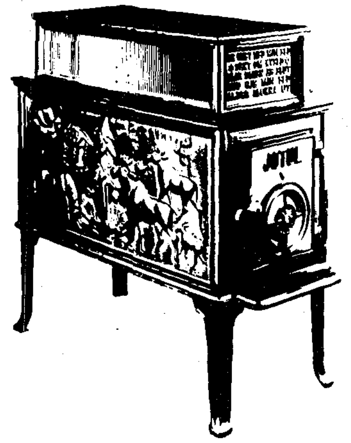

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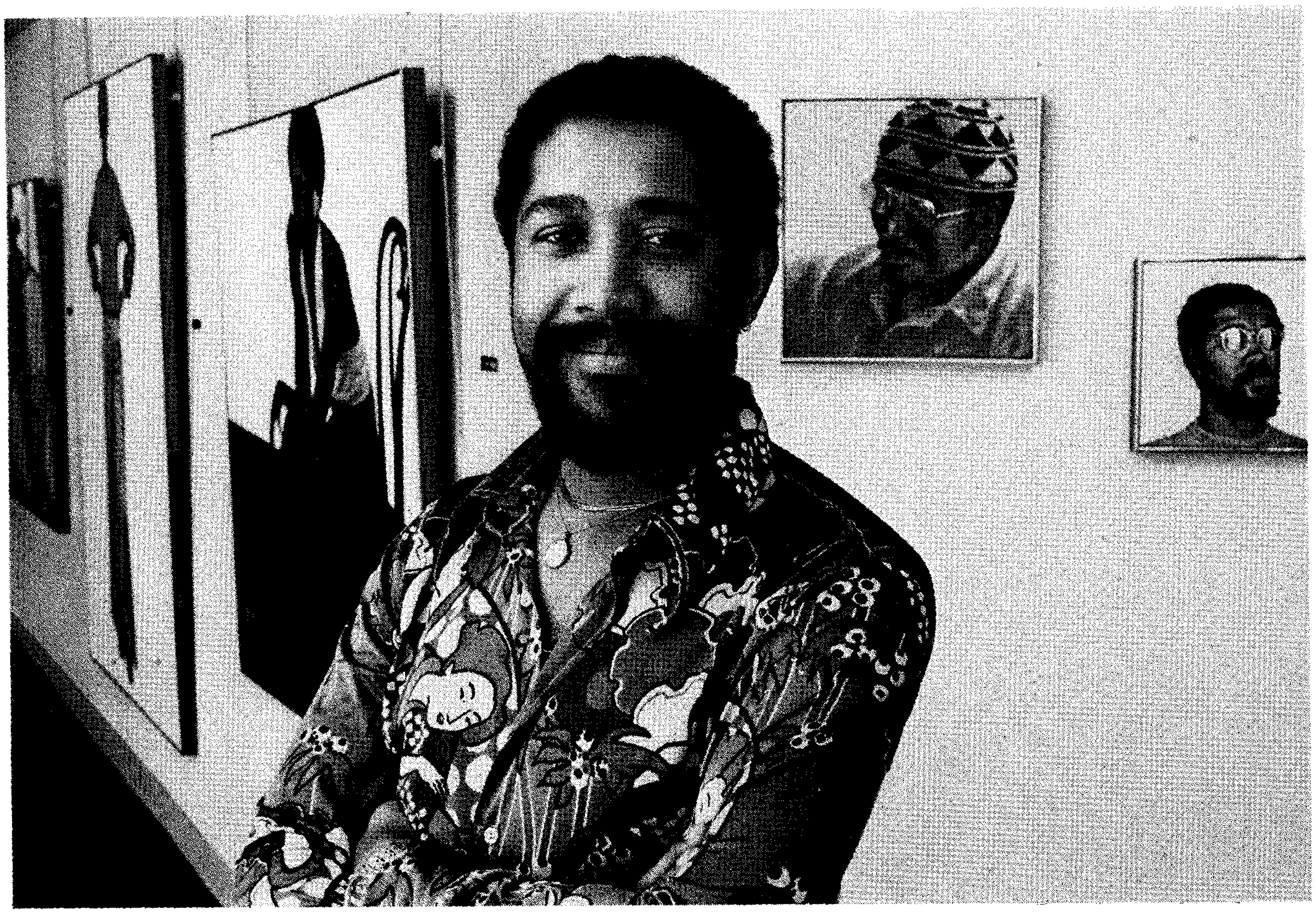

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